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*The English lake district, ed.
by the printer and publisher*

Harriet Martineau

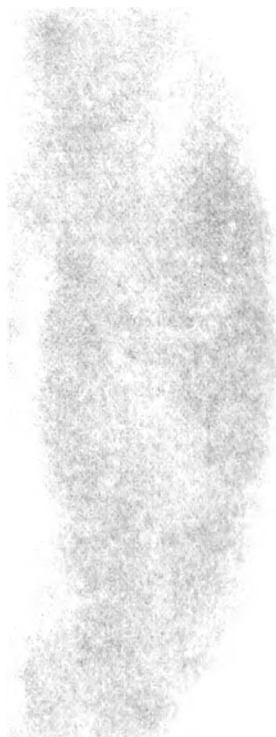
Lumberland 870



WINANDER MERE
from near Storrs.



BY JOHN GARNETT.



GUIDE
TO THE
ENGLISH LAKES
BY
HARRIET MARTINEAU.



Engraved by W. Banks Esq.

*The Grange, Ambleside.
The residence of*

H. Martineau.

WINDERMERE—JOHN GARNETT.

THE ENGLISH LAKE
DISTRICT

HARRIET MARTINEAU.



FIFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

* * * * *

Now that the work is just ready to appear, I am thankful to him [the Publisher] for the opportunity of saying in this prefatory page, with what pride and pleasure I have looked over the accessories and embellishments with which, by his zeal and spirit, and by the admirable co-operation he has been so fortunate to secure, my humble work is elevated to a quality of real importance. * * * If my gratitude to my coadjutors causes me to overrate the product of our labours, I shall not at least be mistaken in saying that we have all done our best to set forth a true presentment of the land we love, in the hope of inducing and enabling those who live in town or plain to know and love it as we do. If any think that we have painted it too fair, and that we love it fanatically, let them come and see.

H. MARTINEAU.

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THE RAILWAY APPROACHES.

The mountain-region of Cumberland and Westmorland and that part of the County of Lancashire which lies north of the Sands and embraces the fair and wealthy region of Furness, has for its nucleus the cluster of tall mountains of which Scawfell is the highest. THERE are the loftiest peaks and deepest valleys. These are surrounded by somewhat lower ridges and shallower vales ; and these again by others, till the uplands are mere hills and the valleys scarcely sunk at all. It is into these exterior undulations that the railways penetrate. If the time should ever come when iron roads intersect the mountainous parts of Westmorland and Cumberland, that time is not yet, loud as have been the lamentations of some residents.* It is a great thing that steam can convey travellers round the outskirts of the district, and up to its openings. These openings are numerous ; and we therefore give a few hints as regards the Lines and the points at which passengers are deposited. This will be much facilitated by reference to our Maps and 'Bradshaw.'

The 'Cumbria' Railway, (as viewed by the traveller from the south or east), makes its inroad into our precincts, by sending out its long arm (The 'Furness' Line) from Carnforth, stretching over Morecambe Bay and round the lower hills to the foot of Winandermere. As the name of this railway implies, it passes through the midst of England, on its route northward from St.

* Mr. Wordsworth, the late poet laureate, remonstrated against the intrusion of the railway.

Pancras Station, London. Besides the Metropolis itself, the cities and towns of Bedford, Northampton, Cambridge, Leicester, Birmingham, Worcester, Cheltenham, Lincoln, Peterborough, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Rotherham, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Skipton, send their inhabitants to Lakeland by this Line. The traveller passes through some of the towns and sees important manufactures carried on close by the train. Sheffield and Leeds are perhaps the most remarkable examples. Here are innumerable furnaces, with tongues of flame stretching out greedily, one thinks, to set on fire the whole neighbourhood ; there is a perfect forest of gigantic chimneys,—monuments of manufacturing industry ; and there also are the factories themselves, some of which are of mighty proportions and, by their beautiful architecture, suggest palaces rather than workshops. Witness also, about Leeds, the wilderness of railway-carriages, engines, and other vehicles, giving but faint idea of the enormous traffic to and from this wonderful focus of lines. The train glides steadily through, however, with huge mills and machine-works on either hand. When the open country is again reached, here, by the very side of the railway, we see quarried the beautiful free-stone of the region, which, besides supplying the demands of the locality, is conveyed hundreds of miles to form the important features of our best buildings. Now the railway runs in a fertile valley, and a fair view is obtained of the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey. Higher up, on the slope, are the estates, homes, and mansions of the wealthy of the neighbourhood,—such a panorama of the kind as we have seen from no other railway. At Keighley we are within three and a-half miles of Haworth, where dwelt the three Brontës in the rectory of their father, and between here and our destination the famous and most interesting Cave-district of Ingleborough is passed, which has been very graphically described by Mr. Payn in his ‘Leaves from Lakeland.’ Carnforth, with its large iron-works, is soon reached by our express train ; then Morecambe Bay, which the railway crosses by some marvellous engineering works, before reaching Grange, a thriving, and the traveller will say, as he views it from the carriage-window, attractive spot. Indeed, we may say, in passing, that

we know of no sea-side resort which has, besides its first attractions, rock, hill, and charming woodland in such abundance and variety as 'Grange-over-Sands.' We shall, of course, have to visit it after our devotions have been paid to the peerless lakes. For many miles we have the sea as our close companion ; now we cross its bays, now we skirt the shore ; then the hills begin to rise about us, the foliage to thicken, even the rugged rocks which are peeping out seem to bid us welcome ; and so, after a short tunnel or two, we are brought face to face with the 'Queen of the Lakes.' It is true she is tame here ; but, as a general rule, lakes should be approached from the foot, that the ridges may rise, rather than sink, before the observer's eye. The steamer is alongside the station, waiting our arrival ; we step on board and in a few minutes are steaming on our northward course. Fell Foot, on our right, is a charming residence ; and about us, on the water, are numerous sailing, steaming, and rowing boats indicating the occupant's aquatic tastes. Between this and Storrs, is the least interesting part of Winandermere, a distance of about four miles ; but it is everywhere beautiful and will, even here, give great pleasure to the eye fresh from scenes less fair. We shall have to revert to Storrs and its memories in a future page ; also to the Ferry Hotel and its surroundings. Meantime the visitor may very distinctly note from the deck of the steamer the road climbing the hill behind the latter, which is the nearest way to Esthwaite Water and Coniston. Now we skirt the south-eastern margin of Belle Isle, and almost immediately turn sharply upon the busy scene in Bowness Bay. The steamer winds its way through the smaller craft, and we are deposited on the landing-stage. Whether our destination be Bowness or Windermere Village, abundant means of transit will be found. The latter is a mile and a-half distant ; but the two are so intimately connected, that it will best answer the purpose of this book if they are taken as one, which certainly they shortly will be if building continues at its present rate in the gap between them. Our 'Midland' tourist, then, has arrived either at Bowness or Windermere, and will look for further instructions at a future page.

Conistone is reached by the Midland and Furness Lines ; and **W**astwater is only seven miles from Drigg Station on the latter railway ; but the number of tourists *entering* the district from these latter points is inconsiderable.

The '**L**ondon and **N**orth **W**estern' was the first to reach the Lake Country (in the year 1847) and consequently its matured connections, in and about the district, make it a most desirable route. Since that time **W**INDERMERE, at the terminus of the railway, a place rapidly rising to the dimensions of a town, has been built, and from thence run Coaches and other public conveyances which penetrate almost every part of the region.

In coming from London (Euston Station), we pass through the bright sunny fields of Hertfordshire and away on to Rugby, part of the town being visible on the left ; Stafford, Crewe (the depôt of the Company for locomotives, &c., in the construction and repair of which a large portion of the population is employed) ; Warrington ; Wigan (an important coal-field) ; Preston (cotton manufactures) ; Lancaster ; Kendal (famous for its railway rugs, horse-cloths, &c.) ; and then up the Valley of the Kent to the hills. The train is pulled up before reaching the terminus, and here the traveller gets his first peep of the river-lake. If he be going to Bowness (a mile and a-half distant), by the margin of the lake, carriages, omnibusses, coaches, and other vehicles are waiting to convey him to his destination ; otherwise, this new Village of Windermere, standing on high ground and commanding nearly the whole length of the lake, will afford him abundance of the best accommodation.

The next important railway-entrance to the district is by the new branch line out of the L. & N. W. from Penrith to Keswick. This route will, of course, be taken by passengers from the north and some from the south who wish to commence their tour at Keswick. Many of the latter, however, prefer leaving the railway or steamer at Windermere or Bowness, as the case may be, and taking the charming drive by coach from thence to Keswick,

which occupies about an hour longer than going direct from the south by railway. Keswick is also reached from the west, via Cockermouth and Bassenthwaite ; but this route is by no means a frequented one.

Supposing that the traveller desires to see the lakes and mountains thoroughly ; having now shown him the way thither, we shall divide our further directions into *Districts* round the towns and villages best suited for the purpose ; *first* giving short instructions how to get direct thence to other important places ; and then describing fully what is to be seen within a moderate Walk ; and *thirdly*, guiding him over the Drives and Mountain Trips which may be easily taken in a day. The '*MILES*' given by the side of each page are reckoned from the starting-point of the Walk or Excursion to which they are subjoined ; and the figures refer to the places alluded to in the line opposite.

The Plans of Towns and Villages, Mountain Outlines, and Maps, especially those showing the ways up the principal mountains, will materially assist the traveller in his rambles. The utility of these will, however, be greatly increased by the possession of a pocket compass, without which no novice should attempt mountaineering. We need hardly suggest a satchel, a flask 'with something in it' a light waterproof, and a stout stick or alpenstock, or, if preferred, a strong umbrella, which will be found serviceable in a scorching sun or as a shelter from the downpour which occasionally surprises the traveller in this region.

WINDERMERE AND CONISTON SECTION





SCALE 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 MILES

Wiltshire: J. J. J. J.

DISTRICT I.

Windermere and Bowness.

HOTELS.

RIGG'S WINDERMERE. — Near the railway station. Exceedingly good.

ROYAL, Bowness. — Good and old-established.

CROWN, Bowness. — Well conducted and in a charming situation.

OLD ENGLAND LAKE HOTEL. — Excellent. By the margin of the Lake at Bowness.

LOWWOOD. — Charmingly situated and exceedingly well managed. Many smaller Inns.

ABSTRACT OF DIRECT ROUTES.

Special Conveyances are always to be had at the Railway Station and the Hotels at Bowness and Lowwood.

The Maps are indispensable to the stranger who studies and adopts these Routes.

TO AMBLESIDE. — 1. Coaches start from the Railway Station after the arrival of most of the trains. 2. From Bowness by Steam Yacht to Waterhead, and Omnibus into the town.

TO CONISTON. — Coach from Railway Station via Ambleside and Hawkshead. 2. By special conveyance via head of Winandermere and Skelwith, which is the usual route. 3. By the Ferry and Esthwaite Water, which is perhaps the more interesting, but crossing the lake is an obstacle in bad

weather. 4. Pedestrians can cross the lake by boat at Miller-ground, go round the end of Latterbarrow, cross the valley to Hawkshead Hall, and then over the hill; this is a very short 'cut' from Windermere.

TO GREAT LANGDALE. — 1 (Special conveyance, or foot), via head of Winandermere and Elterwater; 12 miles. 2. By Skelwith, Colwith, Little Langdale, and Blea Tarn; 15 miles. 3. Pedestrians cross the lake at Millerground, go round Latterbarrow at the north-west, cross the valley to Hawkshead Hall, turn to the right at the top of Hawkshead Hill, then to the left by High House, Tarn How, Slate Quarries, Tilberthwaite, and Blea Tarn; 13 miles.

TO FERRY HOTEL. — 1. Omnibus to Bowness, thence by steam-yacht or row-boat. 2. To the Nab and thence by ferry-boat. 3. Walkers will take the path by the Rectory to the Nab.

TO FURNESS ABBEY. — 1. Steam-yacht to Lake Side, thence by railway. 2. To Coniston, thence by railway. 3. Drive to Cark or Grange Station, thence by railway.

TO GRANGE. — 1. Same as to Furness Abbey. 2. To Cartmel (Priory Church) and over the hill.

TO GRASMERE. — Coaches from the Railway Station, passing Lowwood, Waterhead, Ambleside, and Rydal. 2. At the head of Rydal Lake, take the middle or Wishing-gate road. 3. Pedestrians may deviate from the turnpike at Ambleside Toll Gate and take the eastern side of Loughrigg by the river Rothay, then skirt the south side of Rydal Water and cross Loughrigg Terrace, then down Red Bank, on the western side of Grasmere. 4. Or, there is a field-path commencing above Rydal Mount and continuing on high ground until it joins the Wishing-gate road.

TO HAWKSHEAD. — 1. Coach via Ambleside. 2. Special conveyance by the head of Winandermere. 3. Or, via the Ferry, Sawrey, and Esthwaite Water. 4. Walkers from Windermere will cross the lake and go round the end of Latterbarrow.

HELVELLYN is ascended from Grasmere (9 miles), Wythburn (12 miles), Dale Head (16 miles).

TO HIGH STREET. — The Patterdale coach may be used as far as the lane diverging to Troutbeck Park (4 miles) ; at the Park (farm) House keep to the right, and on reaching a sheep-fold, climb the hill ; 9 miles to the top. Conveyances may be taken as far as the farm at Troutbeck Park, which is two miles nearer the mountain than the coach-road. Ponies will go the whole way.

TO KESWICK. — Coaches leave the Railway Station three or four times a day, passing Lowwood, Ambleside, Rydal, Grasmere, Dunmail Raise Pass, Thirlmere (under Helvellyn), and Castlerigg ; 21 miles. 2. A deviation may be made through the Vale of St. John ; 23 miles. 3. Pedestrians may leave the main road at Grasmere, and go over the hills to Rosthwaite by Easedale Tarn ; 23 miles. 4. Or, they may go up Langdale and Stake Pass to Rosthwaite ; 25 miles.

TO LOWWOOD HOTEL. — In the season an omnibus meets the trains ; 3 miles. 2. The coaches to Ambleside and Keswick pass the door.

TO PATTERDALE AND ULLSWATER — 1. One or two coaches start from Bowness and call at Windermere, passing through the vale of Troutbeck, Kirkstone Pass, down the steep to Brothers' Water and by the beck ; 14 miles.

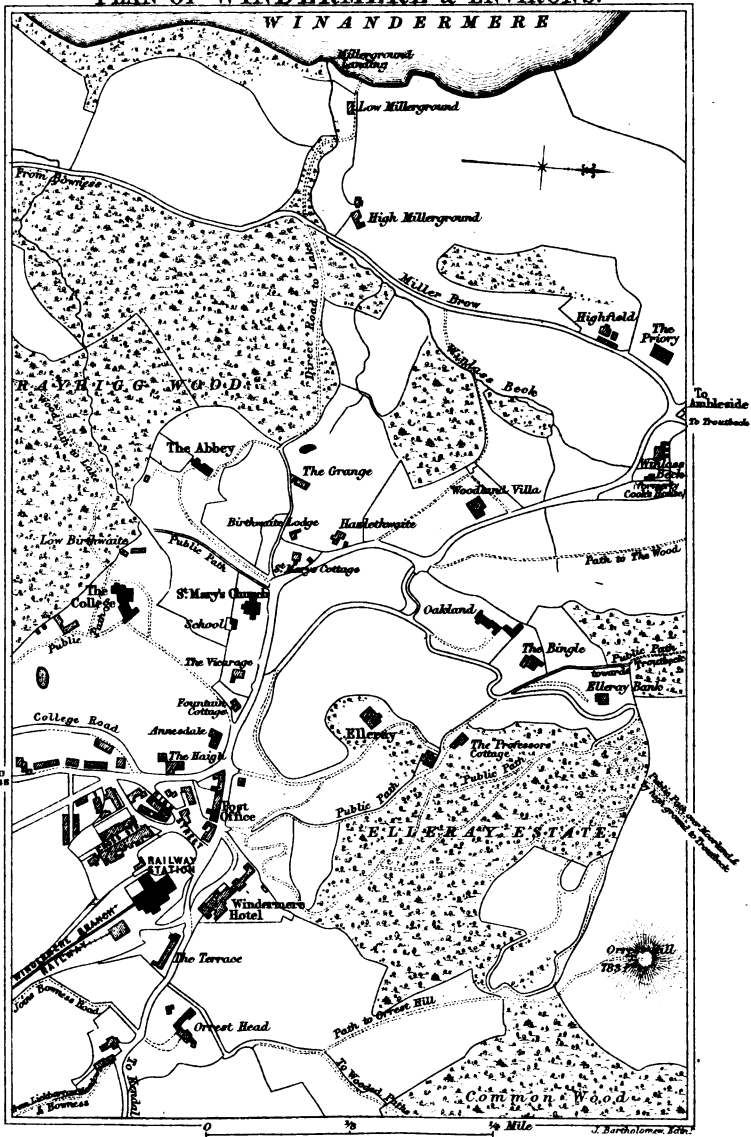
RYDAL, being on the way to Grasmere, the same information applies ; 7 miles.

THIRLMERE, at the foot of Helvellyn, is on the way to Keswick ; 13 miles.

TO TROUTBECK. — Up the eastern side of the valley, pass the church about a mile, turn up the hill behind the inn, keep to the right at the next junction, down to Lowwood, thence home on the turnpike-road ; 9 miles.

TO ULLSWATER. — See Patterdale.

PLAN OF WINDERMERE & ENVIRONS.



Windermere; J. Garnett.



MILES.

Thirty-five years ago, **Windermere** was so secluded that it was some distinction even for a travelled man to have seen it. Now there is a Windermere Railway Station, and a Windermere Post-office and Hotel, — a thriving **Village of Windermere**, with good inns, and many excellent Lodging-houses. The village occupies a commanding yet sheltered position, 300 feet above lake-level, on the western slope of Orrest Head, — well raised above the damp and mist that often overhang the lake; hence the climate is salubrious. The natural advantages, coupled with the possession of that most important of modern indispensables, — a ‘first-class’ railway station, with coaches starting therefrom to all parts of the district, have induced many families to settle here.

The neighbourhood is dotted with numerous villas, nearly all of which command charming views of lake and mountain. The new buildings (and all are new) are of the dark grey stone of the region; several of them in the mediæval style of architecture. The Rev. J. A. Addison, who built the church and was the first clergyman here, had a passion for ecclesiastical architecture; and his example has been a good deal followed. There is the Church of St. Mary, and there are the schools belonging to it with their steep roofs of curiously-shaped slates, both of which the vicarage overlooks. There is also the College of St. Mary, standing in a fine position between the main road and the descent to the lake. This college—which may be distinguished by its square tower,—was originally intended as a place of education for the sons of the clergy; but, proving unsuccessful in that form, is now a flourishing first-class school.

ORREST HEAD.*

The hill rising behind the hotel, called Orrest Head, is approached by a lane adjoining the house of that name. The traveller should by no means miss the walk. All the way up, the views are exquisite: but that from the summit,—above 650 feet above the lake,—is one of the finest the district can show. The whole length of Windermere extends below, with its enclosing hills and wooded islands; and towards the head, most of the highest peaks and ridges may

* It is necessary to say that this description of the walk to Orrest Head is as it was written in 1852, by the authoress of this guide. The path was then, and had for years previously, been used, without hindrance, by residents and tourists; but, in 1873, on the property changing hands, gates were locked and stiles walled up, and therefore the visitor must be apprised of these obstacles; but the editor thinks it right, under the circumstances, that the original description, with this explanation, should remain in the volume.

be seen :— Coniston Old Man to the west ; Bowfell and Langdale Pikes to the north-west ; Fairfield to the north, with Loughrigg lying, as a mere dark ridge, across the head of the lake ; while, to the north-east, Troutbeck is disclosed, with its peaks of High Street and Ill Bell. All below are woods, with houses peeping out ; on a height on the opposite shore is Wray Castle ; further north, Brathay Church, set down near the mouth of the valley ; and between Loughrigg and the lake, at its head, the white houses of Clappersgate, with the chateau-like mansion of Croft conspicuous above the rest.

The return walk may be varied by getting over the stepstile in the corner on your left, and, by the high-side of the fence, striking into the path in the field below (see plan), which presently enters the Elleray estate at another stile close to a wooden gate. From the top of this stile, through the trees in front, there is an exquisite view of the head of the lake. Keeping on the public path, which cannot be mistaken, and, just after passing a narrow bend, we have another glorious picture with Christopher North's cottage in the rich foreground, while, far away in the distance, we shall recognise again some of the mountain tops with which we have just become acquainted. The path soon joins a wider road ; entering this, and turning sharply to the left, we shortly come to the main road, nearly opposite the post-office, and to the end of our two miles' walk.

PATH TO THE LAKE.

Notwithstanding the popularity of Windermere Village as a place of residence, it may seem to the traveller to possess one great drawback, and that is its distance from the lake ; this, however, is not so formidable (three-quarters of

a mile), as may be supposed, for, through the second gate just beyond the church, a pleasant shady path of about half-a-mile, passing at its lower end a rocky stream with picturesque falls, conducts us to the margin of the lake at **Millerground Bay**. Here boats are kept for hire, and tourists will find it a convenient starting-point for many a pleasant trip. There is here also a suitable place for bathing.*

This is the widest part of Winandermere. The quiet beauty of the bay, with numerous yachts at anchor, will be an attraction to those who may prefer it to more frequented landing-places. The trees on the right are the Calgarth woods, planted by Bishop Watson. Skirting the lake, there is a rough path leading along its margin to Calgarth.

The return walk to the village should be by **Miller Brook**. On reaching the high-way, turn to the left. Passing between woods resounding with brawling streams, the road leads up a steep ascent, the summit of which is called **Hammerbank**. Hence is seen what, in our opinion, is a view unsurpassed for beauty in the whole of the Lake District. The entire lake lies below, the white houses of Clappersgate being distinctly visible at the north end, with the Finsthwaite Tower at the south: and the diversity of the frame-work of this sheet of water is here most striking. The Calgarth woods rising and falling, spreading and contracting below, with green undulating meadows interposed, are a perfect treat to the eye:

* From the summit of the knoll, called *Queen Adelaide's Hill*, that rises above Millerground to the left of the path, and easily distinguished by the flag-staff on the summit, the upper portions of the lake appear to great advantage. From this point the view is, in some respects, unique. Winandermere is seen at its greatest breadth and stretching away grandly to the north. Looking across the bay in the foreground, the graceful winding shore-line, with its numerous creeks and headlands feathered with wood to the water's edge, at once arrests the eye as a feature decidedly characteristic of the 'Queen of the Lakes.'

and so are the islands clustered in the centre of the lake. Wray Castle stands forth well above the promontory opposite; at the head, the Langdale Pikes, and their surrounding mountains, seem, in some states of the atmosphere, to approach and overshadow the waters, and in others to retire and shroud themselves in soft haze and delicate hues peculiar to cloudland.* There are two houses built just above the ridge, which we have thought from the time the foundations were laid, must form the most enviable abodes in the country, — commanding a view worthy of a mountain-top, while sheltered by hill and wood and with the main road so close that the conveniences of life are as procurable as in a street.

A few yards further and the pedestrian has reached a point where four roads meet. *Cook's House* has now disappeared, and a new residence has taken its place, but this junction of roads still retains the name. With it disappeared a fine specimen of the old fire place of the district, with its chimney corners. It is rather a drawback to the romance hanging about these wide old chimneys, to know that the good man had to sit with some special covering over his shoulders to protect him from the soot that the rain brought down. At *Cook's House* there were three recesses and cupboards in that roofless alcove, — the door being of the old oak of which such fine specimens may be seen in the farmhouses of the dales. We should rather say, might till lately have been seen; for we fear there are but few left. The great number of old chests, cupboard doors,

* 'By keeping the turnpike, you soon find yourself on a terrace to which there was nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water — the richest foreground of wood — and the most magnificent background of mountains — not only in Westmorland but — believe us — in all the world. That blue roof is Calgarth — and no traveller ever pauses on this brow without giving it a blessing — for the sake of the illustrious dead; for there long dwelt in the body Richard Watson, the defender of the Faith.' — *Professor Wilson*.

bedsteads, and high-backed chairs, covered with carvings, have found their way to the London curiosity shops, whence agents have been sent throughout the wildest parts of the district to buy up such relics at high prices; still there are specimens left, as the observant traveller will notice.

Of the four roads which meet here, the one on the left leads to Ambleside; the one directly in front, to Troutbeck; that to the right, to Windermere Village.

ELLERAY AND ST. CATHERINES.

The public path commences nearly opposite the post-office. After a few minutes' walk from the gate, a cart-tract will be observed striking off to the right, up the hill, immediately above Christopher North's old cottage. Winding over the shoulder of the hill by this cart-tract,—a rough road at the best, and in wet weather, a decidedly moist one,—the stile, which opens to the common is unmistakable. The top of the wall forms a most convenient seat for resting awhile and enjoying the amphitheatre of mountains hemming in the head of Winandermere, seen to perfection from this point, through a natural framing of the mountain fir. Keeping by the wall on the left for a few hundred yards a 'gap' will usher the pedestrian upon a new and more extensive scene. Not only is there a complete bird's-eye view of the upper reaches of Winandermere, on the left, but in front the eye travels up the beautiful valley of Troutbeck with its long, straggling, thorough Westmorland village on one side, and the steep grassy declivities of High Street and Ill Bell on the other.

Turning eastward, a long, bleak tract of moorland* is seen

* This moor is intersected by several straight and level roads: these are in many places overgrown with turf, forming excellent ground for equestrian exercise.

stretching away behind the hill,* dotted here and there with clumps of trees, — plane or fir, — in which nestle the isolated homesteads so characteristic of our northern scenery. These are the picturesque dwellings, not of the ‘farmer’ as the proprietor would be called in southern parlance, but, of the ‘statesman’ of Westmorland, — the owner of lands which have been inherited from a long line of ancestors, — the representative, perhaps, of the Thane of other days.

Keeping to the path (scarcely visible) which tends to the right-hand side of the hill, another step-stile will be found which drops you on a plot of ground, half-heath, half bog, $\frac{1}{2}$ called *Appletwhait Common*. This stile, in the broken-down boundary-wall, indicates the beginning of a track, the length of a field or two, which crosses the common and opens upon the high road. Then turning to the left,* commences a straight and shady road, leading to the trim white $\frac{1}{4}$ hamlet of *Crosses*. Here, a sharp deflection to the left, and a rapid descent, completes the most toilsome, but, at the same time, by far the finest part of the walk. At the foot of $\frac{1}{2}$ this hill we join the Troutbeck road, and on the left is a gate which admits to the public foot-path through the Elleray and St. Catherine’s grounds.

Once at this gate, the homeward line is a very direct one. The copse is shortly entered by a small wicket, and Winlass Beck is crossed by a rustic bridge. Emerging, and passing

* If, instead of turning to the left, the right-hand road is taken, a few minutes’ walk will bring the lover of antiquities face to face with *Near Orrest* farm, a fine specimen of the dalesman’s house. ‘Warriner’s’ — as the place is often called — still boasts its court-yard and quaintly-cut box and yew trees, its fine grove of planes, well-peopled with rooks, those indispensable adjuncts of ‘auld world’ scenes. Another picturesque example of this form of dwelling, called *Townend*, is at the western extremity of Troutbeck village. The taste of the proprietor, Mr. Browne, is displayed by the retention, in the most complete form, not only of the external, but also of the internal features of his ancestral abode, which, it is said, ‘if not haunted, ought to be so.’

between the grounds of Elleray Bank and the Bingle, the Old Cottage under the tree cannot fail to be recognised. A more suitable picture than this, wherewith to wind up the glorious series presented to the eye during the foregoing ramble, could scarcely be desired. Here Wilson came after his university career, and spent a merry life; and here he brought his bride in 1811. The last of the Professor's servants, 'old James Newby,' the gardener, held his post at this cottage until 1869. Billy Balmer, the favourite boatman, and others, had gone some years before. Observe the fine old sycamore, about which the enthusiastic Professor says: 'Never in this well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another tree! It would be easier to imagine two Shaksperes. Yet I have heard people say it is far from being a large tree. A small one it cannot be, with a house in its shadow — an unawakened house, that looks as if it were dreaming. True, 'tis but a cottage, a Westmorland cottage. But then it has several roofs shelving away there in the lustre of the loveliest lichens; each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons preening their pinions in the morning pleasance. O, sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee beyond all other trees.'

ELLERAY.

(One mile and three-quarters.)

A great portion of these beautiful grounds has recently been thrown open to the public by the kindness of Mr. Heywood. Here, on a summer evening, the admirer of Wilson can enjoy an hour's stroll under the shade of the trees whose growth the Professor himself watched with great solicitude. Entering by the gate nearly opposite the post-office, a narrow gap in the laurel fence on the right will soon be found. A small iron wicket gives access to the carriage-

drive which winds up the hill.* Along this the tourist may proceed, getting many a pretty peep and some wide views of the 'river-lake.' In returning, (when there is a choice of roads,) let him take the bend to the right, which leads to the public footpath (p. 13). Once here, he has only to turn to the left, reaching, in a few minutes, the point from which he set out, the whole round occupying not more than three-quarters of an hour.

LICKBARROW AND HEATHWAITE MEADOWS.

(3 miles.)

Standing before Rigg's Hotel, we see on the left, beyond the railway, the Heathwaite and Lickbarrow Meadows hanging towards the lake† This 'paradise' as Mr. Payn has it,

* 'Windermere, seen by sunset from the spot where we now stand, Elleray, is at this moment the most beautiful scene on this earth. The reasons why it must be so are multitudinous. Not only can the eye take in, but the imagination in its awakened power can master all the component elements of the spectacle—and, while it adequately discerns and sufficiently feels the influence of each, is alive throughout all its essence to the divine agency of the whole. The charm lies in its entirety—its unity, which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes—that 'tis in itself a complete world—of which not a line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty that lies recumbent there, wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary; and had a poet been born, and bred here all his days, nor known aught of fair or grand beyond this liquid vale, yet had he sung truly and profoundly of the shows of nature. No rude and shapeless masses of mountains—such as too often in our own dear Scotland encumber the earth with dreary desolation—with gloom without grandeur—and magnitude without magnificence. But almost in orderly array, and irregular just up to the point of the picturesque, where poetry is not needed for the fancy's pleasure, stand the Race of Giants—mist-veiled transparently—or crowned with clouds slowly settling of their own accord into all the forms that Beauty loves, when with her sister-spirit Peace she descends at eve from highest heaven to sleep among the shades of earth.'—*Professor Wilson*.

† Through these fields there are several paths, and more than one highway, which (excepting one of the latter on the higher ground, leading to Winster,) all end in the main-road to Bowness.

is easily reached by the gate just beyond the first farm on the Kendal road. Cross two fields and the railway; through Droomer Stile farmyard, and we have arrived where there are hundreds of spots well adapted for building sites. But the statesmen of Westmorland, who are not themselves remarkably in love with natural scenery, do not readily part with land bequeathed to them by their fathers: they have received it from a long line of ancestors, and they are determined to 'hand it foret.' Such a failing, doubtless, does them honour, but it is a pity that the same pious association which forbids them to dispose of their property does not induce them to improve it. There is no actual want in this favoured district; but nowhere in England are to be found so many neglected homesteads as within view of the Langdale Pikes. The roofless cottages are so numerous that the self-complacent tourist may imagine that they are suffered to remain so for the sake of the picturesque. Unless a new dispensation has recently commenced here, we shall have many relics of this kind to notice on our way; but far worthier of our sketch-book is the view of Windermere Village, with its guardian hill of Orrest Head, and the lake in front, stretching to the fine group of hills towards its head. After rambling on for a mile or two through fields and lanes, we join the main road to Bowness.

TO BOWNESS.

Having pointed out the short walks and chief points of attraction in the immediate vicinity of Windermere, we will now conduct the traveller to Bowness, observing that the walks which we have described, although nearer and more readily approached from the former place, can be taken from the latter, which is only distant from Windermere about a

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mile and a-half. On the way we pass the College on the right ; then Fairhaven, and, a little further on, the neat grounds and villa of Ellerthwaite. A mile further, we come to the Baths ; then, on the same side, is the entrance to the Craig, and the villa on the right is Craig Foot. Below this, the houses begin to thicken. Among them, a road to the left leads to one of the most charming points of view in the neighbourhood, — a hill named *Biscay How*, crested with rock, which affords almost as fine a station as the summit of Orrest Head for a view of the lake and its shores. As you pass, there is probably a cluster of happy excursionists to be
 1¾ seen pic-nicing about the summit, after a truly rustic fashion.

The main-road, between the two villages, should be avoided by pedestrians in dry weather, — the omnibus traffic creating a most disagreeable amount of dust. Better far spend five minutes more by taking the path towards the lake (p. 13) by St. Mary's Church, and complete this delightful
 1¾ walk by Rayrigg and Fallbarrow.

BOWNESS

Is the port of Windermere : and a bustling little port it is ; for there the steamboats put up, and thence go forth the large number of fishing and pleasure boats by which the lake is adorned. The lower parts of the village, near the water, are somewhat hot and steaming in summer : especially since the building of a new lodging-house in a space near the church, once called the lungs of Bowness. The great inns, however, are in airy situations ; the garden platform of the Royal Hotel (so called since the visit of Queen Adelaide in 1840), overlooks grounds that slope down to the shore ; the Crown is on a hill which commands the whole place ; and the gardens of the 'Old England' are by

the margin of the lake. These inns are well managed ; and it is for the traveller to say whether their charges, which he will find at the end of this book, justify a complaint which has been made (we think unreasonably as regards the Lake District in general), of high prices.

The old church-yard with its dark yews, and the Church, long and low, are the most venerable objects in the place.

‘ Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy ; for duration built ;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately cross’d,
Like leafless underboughs, ’mid some thick grove,
All wither’d by the depth of shade above !’

The chancel window of the church contains very fine painted glass from Furness Abbey or, as some say, Cartmel. The tomb of Bishop Watson will be found in the churchyard, near the east window. The rectory, which is hardly less venerable than the church, stands at a considerable distance from the village, and is approached through fields and a garden. The old-fashioned porch is there, of which this is said to be the last remaining instance in the whole district,—the roomy, substantial porch, with benches on each side, long enough to hold a little company of parishioners, and a round ivy-clad chimney immediately surmounting the porch. Within, there is abundant space, with little elevation ; plenty of room in the hall and parlours, with ceilings that one can touch with the hand.

BOWNESS BAY AND THE FERRY NAB.

(2 miles.)

The visitor will first repair to the strand, to salute the waters. The approach is at the south-west corner of the

church, through 'the lungs' before mentioned, which are inconveniently contracted for the accommodation of summer traffic. What a crowd of boatmen, boats, jetties, omnibuses, yelling steam yachts, and visitors of all grades, we suddenly come upon in that little bay! Why not, we at once suggest, more room, and a promenade suitable for such a favoured spot? A pier is built out into the lake; and to the end of this pier the steamers come many times a day during summer. To the right, gardens slope down to the bay, and the church just peeps out behind the houses above. Looking over the lake, **Belle Island** is opposite. In May and early in June, the woods of that island, and all the promontories round, present a most diversified foliage, — from the golden tufts of the oak to the sombre hue of the pines, with every gradation of green between. In July and August, the woods are what some call *too* green, — massive and impenetrable, — casting deep shadows on the sward and waters. Within the shadow on the shore stands the angler, watching the dimpling of the surface, as the fly touches it, or the fish leaps from it: within the shadow on the water, the boat swings idly with the current, and the student, come here for recreation, reads or sleeps, as he reclines, waiting for the cool of the afternoon. Turning to the north, the highest peaks are not seen from this strand; but **Fairfield** and **Loughrigg** close in the head of the lake.

Some of our readers will be tempted by the gay and well-cushioned boats, and will launch forth on the water at once, while others will prefer a stroll along the margin.

Turning southwards, and walking about a mile, through fields by the Rectory, the explorer reaches the point of the promontory, **Ferry Quay**, which stretches out opposite the Ferry house, — itself on the point of an opposite promontory. There can hardly be a more charming resting-place

than a seat under the last trees of this projection. It is breezy here ; and the waters smack the shore cheerily. The Troutbeck hills come into view, and the head of the lake is grander. The round house on Curwen's (or Belle) Island* is seen among the trees. The Ferry-house, under its canopy of tall sycamores, and with its pebbly beach, is immediately opposite ; and behind it rises the wooded bank, which is, in light or shadow, one of the chief graces of the scene. If the sun shines upon it, it is feathered with foliage to the very ridge, and the bay beneath it is blue and lustrous. If the sun has gone down behind it, the bay is black : every dipping bird sprinkles it with silver ; and the duck that comes sailing out with her brood, draws behind her a pencil of white light.

From this point, a view opens to the south. In the expanse of waters is another island ; and further down, on the eastern shore, a pier extends with a little tower at the end. This is Storrs : and at the pier did the guests embark, when Scott went to meet Canning at Mr. Bolton's, and the fine regatta took place (under the direction of Christopher North) which is celebrated in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. This was only two years before Canning's death, and seven before that of Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Bolton are gone, and Christopher North himself has followed.

It is probable that no stranger ever sees that pier without thinking of Professor Wilson ; and, indeed, there is no spot in the neighbourhood, with which his memory, and the gratitude of his readers, is not associated. Anywhere such a presence is rarely seen ; and it was especially impressive in the places he best loved to haunt. More than one per-

* The shady and well-kept walk round Curwen's Island is well worth a visit. The hotel-keepers of Bowness have authority to give tickets of admission.

son has said, that Wilson reminded them of the first man, Adam ; so full was his large frame of vitality, force, and sentience. His tread seemed to shake the ground, and his glance to pierce through stone walls ; and, as for his voice, there was no heart that could stand before it. In his hours of emotion, he swept away all hearts, withersoever he would. Not less striking was it to see him in a mood of repose, as he was seen when steering the packet-boat that used to pass between Bowness and Ambleside, before the steamers were put upon the lake. Sitting motionless, with his hand upon the tiller, in the presence of journey-men and market-women, his eye apparently looking beyond everything into nothing, and his mouth closed above his beard, as if he meant never to speak again ; he was quite as impressive and immortal an image as he could have been to the students of his moral philosophy class, or the comrades of his jovial hours. He was known, and with reverence and affection, beside the trout stream and the mountain tarn, and amidst the deep gloom of Elleray, where he could not bring himself to let a sprig be lopped that his wife had loved. Every old boatman and young angler, every hoary shepherd and primitive dame among the hills of the district, knew him and enjoyed his presence. He made others happy by being intensely happy himself, when his brighter moods were on him ; and, when he was mournful, no one desired to be gay. He has gone with his joy and his grief ; and the region is so much darker in a thousand eyes.

BISCAY HOW.

(Half-a-mile.)

In order to get a bird's-eye view of Bowness and its surroundings, an early visit should be made to Biscay How,

(p. 21). It is quite a short walk, with a scramble near the top, and may be done in half an hour ; but, on a calm, sunny day, the visitor will linger on these rocks and enjoy the grand panorama spread out before him. In the foreground is the richly-wooded village, sloping towards the shore : next comes the lake with all its charming islands, and the dark Furness Fells beyond, while to the north-west we have the highest peaks of the district. x

THE RAYRIGG ROAD.

(Round by Cook's House and Windermere, three miles and a-half.)

This is not only a pleasant short walk, but one that should be particularly noticed, as an important connecting link in the following Excursions. The first remarkable object is the entrance to the new residence at Fallbarrow, the house itself being better seen from the lake ; then we have shady trees, with frequent peeps of the lake and hills ; next we come to **Rayrigg**,—a low, rambling, grey house, standing on the grass near a little bay of the lake. It is a charming, old-fashioned place ; and its position has every advantage, except that it stands too low. The high wall by the road side, immediately before reaching the gate of Rayrigg, is an excellent introduction to the stone fences of the region, richly adorned as many of them are with mosses and ferns. The flagstaff, on an eminence overlooking the lake just before reaching Millerground farm, was erected to commemorate the visit of Queen Adelaide to the spot. Beyond this we come to the path to Millerground Bay (p. 14), and the opposite one through the wood to Windermere Village. The stranger will choose his route, and will, probably, go up Miller Brow and by Cook's House, round by Windermere Village. x

STEAMBOAT TRIP.

(24 miles, inclusive of the visit to 'The Beacon.')

The next thing to be done is to take a survey of the whole lake by a steamboat trip. During the summer, the steamers make several trips ; so that the stranger can choose his own hour, and go down or up first, as he pleases. In accordance with the rule of lake approach, we should recommend his going down first. He embarks at the pier at Bowness, and is carried across to ~~The Ferry~~, where the boats touch. ¹ ~~Passing~~ Ramp Holm on the left, and the pretty villa of Fell-
^{1/4} borough on the right-hand shore, the course is southwards for four miles, the lake being enclosed between hills gradu-
⁶ ally lower and lower, until we reach the Midland Railway Station, called Lake Side, about which the shores are beautifully wooded and of ordinary elevation.

⁷ The Swan Inn at ~~Newby~~ Bridge,* is nearly a mile from

* The best work that the whole neighbourhood could undertake would be the lowering of the weir which carries off the overflow. The inundations which take place on all the low-lying lands, even up to Rydal, from the insufficiency of the outlet, has much increased since drainage has been introduced. The excellent and indispensable practice of land drainage must be followed up by an improvement in arterial drainage, or floods are inevitable. The water, which formerly dribbled away in the course of many days, or even weeks, now gushes out from the drains all at once ; and, if the main outlets are not enlarged in proportion, the waters are thrown back upon the land. This is the case now in the neighbourhood of Winandermere, — the meadows and low-lying houses at Ambleside, a mile or two from the lake, being flooded every winter by the overflow of the lake first, then of the river, and then of the tributary streams. There is a weir below Newby Bridge, to serve a Corn mill. Now the time of weirs and watermills is coming to an end. In these days of steam-engines, it is not to be endured that hundreds of acres should be turned into swamps, for the sake of a water-power which pays, perhaps, thirty or forty pounds a year. We say this of watermills generally ; and, in regard to the need of sufficient arterial drainage, we speak of the shores of Winandermere in particular. The expense of carrying off the utmost surplus of waters in the wettest season would be presently repaid, here as anywhere else, by the improved value of land and house property, relieved from the nuisance of floods.

the Railway Terminus at Lake Side. The stranger will have to come here again perhaps, when making the circuit of the lake by land. If he has time, he should climb to the summit of the Beacon, for the sake of the sea-views on the one hand, and of the lake on the other; and then he is off again up the lake.* After the Ferry and Bowness, several islands are passed, and, on the eastern bank, we have the charming dwellings of Fallbarrow, Rayrigg, Highfield, the Priory, and then Calgarth, a yellow-looking mansion, standing finely in its broad meadows. Ecclerigg is next, with its over-shadowing trees and pretty pier: then we round the corner and call at Lowwood Hotel, where there are sure to be passengers landing or embarking. This inn offers many inducements to the traveller to remain, and is one of the most favourite resting-places in the district. Just above Lowwood, high up on the wooded side of Wansfell, will be seen Dovenest, some time the abode of Mrs. Hemans, when its appearance was more primitive and less pretty, than it is now. Next comes Wansfell Holme: this is another choice

* 'Now we are in the lovely straits between that Island and the mainland of Furness Fells. The village has disappeared, but not melted away; for hark! the Church-tower tolls ten — and see the sun is high in heaven. High, but not hot — for the first September frosts chilled the rosy fingers of the morn, as she bathed them in her dews, and the air is cool as a cucumber. Cool but bland — and as clear and transparent as a fine eye lighted up by a good conscience. There were breezes in Bowness Bay — but here there are none — or, if there be, they but whisper aloft in the tree-tops, and ruffle not the water, which is calm as Louisa's breast. The small isles here are but few in number — yet the best arithmetician of the party cannot count them — in confusion so rich and rare do they blend their shadows with those of the groves on the Isle called Beautiful, and on the Furness Fells. A tide imperceptible to the eye drifts us on among and above those beautiful reflections — that downward world of hanging dreams! and ever and anon we beckon unto Billy gently to dip his oar, that we may see a world destroyed and recreated in one moment of time. Yes, Billy! thou art a poet — and canst work more wonders with thine oar, than could he with his pen, who painted 'heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,' wandering by herself in Fairyland.' — *Professor Wilson.*

situation. On the opposite shore is Wray Castle,—a most defensible-looking place for so peaceful a region, but an enviable residence, both from its interior beauty and the views it commands. Just above it, Pullwyke bay, where lily of the valley is found, runs far into the land; and overlooking it is Pull Cottage. Next, the sweet tranquil Brathay valley opens, with the mansion of Brathay Hall, on a green slope above the lake; and just behind, on a wooded knoll in the gorge of the valley, the pretty little church of Brathay, built by the late Mr. Redmayne.

Two rivers fall into the lake, at this north-western corner, uniting just before they reach it;—the Rothay, which comes down from Dunmail Raise, beyond Grasmere, and the Brathay, which issues from Elterwater, a group of pools, rather than a lake, lying at the foot of the hills near Langdale. The valleys of the Rothay and the Brathay are separated by Loughrigg,—the ridge of which, at its further end, commands Grasmere; its Winandermere end shelters Clappersgate and Waterhead. The steamer sweeps round to the pier, where there is a cluster of dwellings, the most imposing of which is the large grey stone house called Wanlas How. The Waterhead Hotel is near the landing place. It is not large, but has the reputation of being clean and comfortable. Omnibuses are in waiting here, from Ambleside and Grasmere,—the one, distant one mile; the other, between four and five. With a view to carrying out our plan, however, we suppose our tourist will complete the circuit of the lake, by returning to Bowness.

SAILING MATCHES.

The traveller will be fortunate if he should chance to be here at the time of the regatta, which is usually held in July.

It is one of the prettiest of lake sights. There are generally several sailing matches, the most important being that for the challenge cup. The regatta club is composed of the gentry of the neighbourhood.

BOATING AND BATHING.

There are plenty of boats to be had at Bowness, Waterhead, and Millerground, and watermen who are practised and skilful. The stranger should be warned, however, against two dangers which it is rash to encounter. Nothing should induce him to sail on Winandermere, or on any other lake surrounded by mountains, unless with persons who understand the management of sailing-boats. There is no calculating on, or accounting for, the gusts that come down between the hills; and no skill and practice obtained by boating on rivers, or the waters of a flat country, are any sure protection here. Nothing should induce him to go out in one of the little skiffs which are too easily attainable, and too tempting, from the ease of rowing them. The surface may become rough at any minute, and those skiffs are unsafe in all states of the water but the calmest. The long list of deaths occasioned in this way,—deaths both of residents and strangers,—should have put an end to the use of these light skiffs long ago. The larger boats are safe enough, and most skilfully managed by their rowers; and the stranger can enjoy no better treat than gliding along, for hours of a summer day, peeping into the coves and bays, coasting the islands, and lying cool in the shadows of the woods. The clearness of the water is a common surprise to the visitors from a level country; and it is pleasant sport to watch the movements of the fish, darting, basking, or leaping in the

sunshine, or quivering their fins in the reflected ray. What the quality of the trout and char is, the tourist will probably find every day, at breakfast and dinner.

It may be thought superfluous to add a warning about the dangers of bathing. But the residents in the district know that there are deaths from this cause almost every summer. It is far too common a story that a man has been drowned while bathing. When inquiry is made how it has happened, the usual answer is that he could not swim, and that he got into a hole, and could not get out again. This is not, however, the only danger. Strangers see how clear and tempting the water looks, and are apt to forget how cold it must be, and venture in in a heated or exhausted condition. The result is that many deaths have occurred. Nothing can be more refreshing than bathing in the lakes or the mountain streams and pools; and it may be perfectly safe, if ordinary precautions are taken. The wonder is that they are not, while swimming is so easily learnt, and while every one must be aware of the danger of going into the water in an unfit condition.

BRANTFELL, WINSTER, WHITBARROW, AND CROOK.

There is a walk up to Brantfell, which commences by the National School, with a steep ascent, passes the Gas-works, and then reaches pleasant fields, commanding grand views of the lake and its shores. Paths branch off in various directions. The pleasant valley of Winster may be reached in a mile or two; and the walk may be lengthened in that direction by going as far as Whitbarrow, (other four miles) where several rare ferns will be found in abundance on the limestone rocks, and a whiff of the sea air may

be got. Or **Crook**, the valley of the wild boar, is about the same distance from Brantfell. Here it is said that the last wild boar was killed by one Gilpin, and the spot is pointed out; — not at all an unlikely place, one would think, with its numerous rocky hillocks, clad with beautiful heath and fern, and valleys thickly set with copse and plantations, for harbouring such an animal. In this region there is also a good rambling ground in a northerly direction, towards the railway.

THE TROUTBECK VALLEY.

By the Church, Bridge, and back by Troutbeck Bridge, 8 miles. By the Queen's Head Inn and Lowwood, 12 miles.

The country people will tell the traveller, as he turns up to Troutbeck at Cook's House, that he is going to see 'the handsomest views in these parts — especially at the back-end of the year;' and wonderfully fine views they are. Few will resist the appeal of the gracious owner of Calgarth, who has left a depression in the fence in order that the pictures over his lands may be seen: — the well-known features about the head of Winandermere can never be seen too often: their beauties can never pall, for they change with every flitting cloud, with every gleam of sunshine. At each bend of the road the view changes; and, when we come to the farm at the summit of a longish climb, we have there disclosed 'a more extensive, varied, and beautiful scene than from any carriage-road within the four seas.' In addition to the whole of Winandermere, with its islands and mountains, the panorama is completed by the great pointed masses of the Kentmere range.

The road now followed by the tourist descends into the valley sharply, by **The Inn**, and crosses the bridge in

¾

1

1¾

2¾

full view of the church, which was consecrated in 1662, and thoroughly repaired in 1861.* It is one of the small churches that, with their square tower and bell, look and sound so well in the dales. This one seats one hundred and sixty worshippers. On the left, high up on the hill-side,† is a long, straggling village, built in those days, when every man did what was right in his own eyes, the result in this case being highly satisfactory in an artistic point of view.

After crossing the bridge, the road is to be followed up the valley; and the tourist must lose none of its beauties. Behind him there are views of the receding lake, now diminished to the dimensions of a cabinet picture: below is the deep vale with its green levels: opposite, the grassy slopes ascend the ridges of **H**igh **S**treet and **I**ll **B**ell. Immediately after passing the Queen's Head Inn, a sharp turn to the left must be taken, which brings us to among the houses.

This singular valley was once a wooded basin, where the terrified Britons took refuge from the Romans, while the latter were making their great road from Kendal to Penrith. The road actually ran along the very ridge of the Troutbeck hills, as anyone may see, who will climb the mountain called, for this reason, High Street. What a sight it must have been

* Here it must be decided whether the route is to be 8 or 11 miles: those for the shorter must take the turn to the left, up the steep hill, and then again to the left, which brings them, in a mile and a-half, to familiar ground at Troutbeck Bridge.

† 'Yonder is the village, straggling away up along the hill-side, till the farthest house seems a rock fallen with trees from the mountains. The cottages stand for the most part in clusters of twos or threes — with here and there what in Scotland we should call a *clachan* — many a sma' toun within the ae lang toun; — but where in all braid Scotland is a mile-lang scattered congregation of rural dwellings, all dropt down where the Painter and the Poet would have wished to plant them, on knolls and in dells, and on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks, and all bound together in picturesque confusion by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards, rich as those of Hesperides?' — *Professor Wilson*.

— the pioneers felling the trees, and paving the way, and the soldiers following with their armour and weapons gleaming in the sun, while the trembling natives cowered in the forest below, — listening now to the blows of workmen, and now to the warlike music of the troops marching up from Kendal ! After Romans and Saxons were gone, the valley was a great park, and the inhabitants were virtually serfs, in danger of the gallows, (which had a hill to itself, named after it to this day,) at the will and pleasure of one great man. In the course of time, — this is a great many centuries ago, — the valley was disparked and divided among the inhabitants, only one very large estate being left, — the new park containing 2,000 acres. The vale looks, from the uplands, as if it had been scooped out into fields, of all manners and shapes ; and the stream, — the *beck* abounding in *trout*, — winds along the bottom, from the foot of High Street, to its fall into the lake near Calgarth.

Tradition tells of a giant, ‘a man of amazing strength,’ who lived in Troutbeck Park, in the time of Henry IV. He begged from house to house, till he came there, but, finding an empty dwelling, he took possession. This house had been forfeited to the Crown, and was of so little value that he remained for a time undisturbed. At last a tenant was found, and came to take possession ; but the giant, who was ‘quite uncivilized, and knew no law but strength,’ prevented him. Upon this he was sent for to London, where he so pleased the king by his feats of strength that he promised anything he might ask for. His petition was the house in Troutbeck, the paddock behind it to get peat for fuel, and liberty to cut wood in Troutbeck Park. It is said the king asked him what he lived upon, and his reply was ‘Thick pottage and milk, that a mouse might walk upon dryshod, for breakfast ; and the sunny side of a wedder to his dinner,

when he could get it.' His mother lived with him, and they toiled on these hill-sides, making a livelihood chiefly by cutting and burning the common brackens, from which they obtained a residue which was used in the manufacture of soap. Their graves are said to be discernible near the old 'hog-house.' This was the estate afterwards given by Charles I. to Huddleston Phillipson, for his services in the civil wars.

The valley now contains a string of hamlets, — Town Head, High Green, Crag, High Fold, and Town End; and its farmsteads and outbuildings show some of the most curious specimens of ancient edifices that are to be seen in the district. Among the curiosities of the village is a little inn bearing the extraordinary sign of 'The Mortal Man.' It owes its name to an old sign-board of which it formerly boasted. The board bore the portraits of two well-known inhabitants of the valley with this verse between them: —

'O ! Mortal Man that liv'st on bread,
How comes thy nose to be so red?'
'Thou silly ass that looks so pale,
It comes of drinking Birkett's ale !'

This board was afterwards removed to Cartmel, and is now defaced by the weather. But the author of this rhyme was not the only poet who was a native of Troutbeck. The uncle of the painter Hogarth lived here, and was famous for his songs. They were mostly of a satirical nature, his subjects being furnished by the peculiarities of his neighbours. The father of the painter also lived here, and the house is pointed out, being one of the group at the Crag. The village is almost entirely composed of old houses, most of which have undergone little change and few repairs, — the ancestral homes of the 'statesmen,' who still exist here in unusual force.

Josiah Brown, who lived at Orrest Head, found nearly his match in oddity in this vale. A strange fellow in Troutbeck had a prodigious bull; and so had Josiah: and what must they do but meet half-way and have a fight; the terms being that the winner should have the fallen animal. Josiah actually came riding on his bull. The battle was tremendous; but the Troutbeck animal fell down before Josiah's, and was given by him to the poor of Troutbeck. These anecdotes appear very strange to people who have lived in towns, or among the more level manners of the south; and this is why we relate them. They are among the curiosities of the district. To find any others so antique and characteristic, it is necessary to leave the high-road, and explore the secluded dales of which the summer tourist sees and hears nothing.

We shortly reach Townend, with its sombre yew trees and ivied chimneys. At the junction here 'right wheel' towards Lowwood; * the other road being to Troutbeck Bridge, and not so interesting. In a mile and a half from this the whole southern portion of Winandermere is spread out before us; † and, after a bend or two in the road, the upper end of the lake, with its majestic surroundings are grandly and gloriously

* There is, however, fine beck-scenery on the road between here and Troutbeck Bridge. 'Ben Slop' is one of the finest ghylls in the district.

† 'Who said that Windermere was too narrow? The same critic who thinks the full harvest moon too round — and despises the twinkling of the evening star. It is all the way down — from head to foot — from the Brathay to the Leven — of the proper breadth precisely — to a quarter of an inch. Were the reeds in Pull Wyke Bay — on which the birds love to balance themselves — at low or high water, to be visible longer or shorter than what they have always been in the habit of being on such occasions since first we brushed them with an oar, when landing in our skiff from the Endeavour, the beauty of the whole of Windermere would be impaired — so exquisitely adapted is that pellucid gleam to the lips of its sylvan shores. True, there are flaws in the diamond — but only when the squalls come; and as the blackness sweeps by, the diamond of the first water is again sky-bright and sky-blue as an angel's eyes.' — *Professor Wilson.*

revealed. The descent to the turnpike is steep, with beautiful pictures and villas on either hand for nearly the whole way : after that, our road home is on familiar ground. But it passes a spot where once, in our time, stood the house of 'butcher Longmire,'—a then conspicuous member of that ancient Troutbeck family. Old George had many sons, some of whom are now living, and no wonder when 'auld Peggy' lasted until she was one-hundred-and-four, and her grandson was the champion wrestler of England, aye of anywhere, for years and years. Well, one of these sons, who was young and inexperienced, met his nearest neighbour, the bishop, one day, and, ladlike, tried to pass his lordship without observing due decorum, whereupon he was peremptorily instructed how to behave when meeting his betters. Another day, the lad, in the course of his duties, was struggling on the road with a strong and restive calf, when, to his dismay, he descried his lordship. Plunge goes the calf ; then plunge again into the dreaded presence of the bishop, who was doubtless expecting the most respectful orderliness from the heated and almost breathless lad. However, he proved equal to the occasion by proposing an expedient to his lordship :— 'If ye' tak hod et' helter, I'll tak me hat off.'

THE WESTERN SHORE OF WINANDERMERE.

(From Bowness and back, 4 miles.)

We strongly recommend the visitor to cross the lake and ramble along the delightful road on the western shore north of the Ferry Hotel ; and this should be done early, for an

In leaving Troutbeck, it may be as well to state, that neither in this nor any other valley have we been able to describe all the walks and drives which it offers. The summer visitor may find, in each dale, delightful occupation for days and even weeks, should he have time to linger.

acquaintance with it simplifies other Excursions which we have to suggest.* He will be struck with the healthy growth of the ferns by the way-side. There are peeps of the lake and islands through the trees, and on some occasions wide openings which give grand pictures, but wanting the boldness of those from the opposite shore.

In this walk, the *Station House** above the Ferry Hotel, which must have been seen from the opposite shore of the lake, peeping out of the evergreen woods, will be visited. There the visitor obtains fine views, up and down the lake; and may mark on the way up, the largest laurels he has ever seen. Should it be towards evening, some resident will pro-

* 'Let us visit the fort-looking building among the cliffs, called The Station, and see how Windermere looks, as we front the east. Why, you would not know it to be the same lake. The isle called Beautiful, which hitherto had scarcely seemed an isle, appearing to belong to one or other shore of the mainland, from this point of view is an isle indeed, loading the lake with a weight of beauty, and giving it an ineffable character of richness which nowhere else does it possess: while the other lesser isles, dropt "in nature's careless haste" between it and the Furness Fells, connect it still with those lovely shores from which it floats a short way apart, without being disunited — one spirit blending the whole together within the compass of a fledgling's flight. Beyond

" Sister isles, that smile
Together like a happy family
Of beauty and of love,"

the eye meets the Rayrigg woods, with but a gleam of water between, only visible in sunshine, and is gently conducted by them up the hills of Applethwaite, diversified with cultivated enclosures, "all green as emerald," to the very summits, with all their pastoral and arable grounds besprinkled with stately single trees, copses, or groves. On the nearer side of these hills is seen, stretching far off to other lofty regions — the long vale of Troutbeck, with its picturesque cottages, "in numbers without number numberless," and all its sable pines and sycamores — on the further side, the most sylvan of all sylvan mountains, where lately Hemans warbled her native wood-notes wild in her poetic bower, fitly called Dove-nest, and beyond, Kirkstone Fells and Rydal Head, magnificent giants looking westward to the Langdale Pikes (here unseen),

"The last that parley with the setting sun."

— *Professor Wilson.*

bably take care that he does not cross the Ferry after dark. As reasons in plenty are always found for not marrying on a Friday, so it is said to be impossible, somehow or other, to get over the Ferry Nab in the ferry-boat, except by daylight. Thus if you should arrive at the Nab too late, you may call all night for a boat, and it will not come. The traveller may judge for himself, how much of the local tale may be true. He may, probably have heard of the Crier of Claife, whose fame has spread far beyond the district ; but if not, he should hear of the Crier now, while within sight of the Ferry Nab. If he asks who the Crier was, — that is precisely what nobody can tell him, though everybody would be glad to know: but we know all how and about it, except just what it really was. It gives its name to the place now called ‘The Crier of the Claife,’ — the old quarry in the wood, which no man will go near at midnight. It was about the time of the Reformation, when a party of travellers were making merry at the Ferry House, — then a humble tavern, — that a call for a boat was heard from the Nab. A quiet, sober boatman obeyed the call, though the night was dark and fearful. When he ought to be returning, the tavern guests stepped out upon the shore, to see whom he would bring. He returned alone, ghastly and dumb with horror. Next morning he was in a high fever ; and in a few days he died without having been prevailed upon to say what he had seen at the Nab. For weeks after, there were shouts, yells, and howlings at the Nab on every stormy night, and no boatman would attend to any call after dark. The Reformation had not penetrated the region ; and the monk of Furness, who dwelt on one of the islands of the lake, was applied to to exorcise the Nab. On Christmas day, he assembled the inhabitants of Chapel Island, and performed in their presence, services which should for ever confine the ghost to the quarry

in the wood behind the Ferry, now called the Crier of the Claife. Some say that the priest conducted the people to the quarry, and laid the ghost, — then and there. But Iain though it be, nobody goes there at night. It is still told how the foxhounds in eager chase would come to a full stop at that place ; and how, within the existing generation, a school-master from Colthouse, who left home to pass the Crier, was never seen more. Whatever may be said about the repute of ghosts in our day, it is certain that this particular story is not dead.

Meantime, the roomy ferry-boat is ready. Two or three, or half-a-dozen people take advantage of the passage ; and the machine is presently afloat. The Ferry Hotel looks more tempting than ever when seen from under its own sycamores, — jutting out as it does between quiet bays on either hand. The landing takes place on the opposite promontory ; and the traveller is presently at his inn.

4

ROUND ESTHWAITE WATER.

(11½ miles.)

Esthwaite is, confessedly, of secondary rank as to size and the character of its scenery ; but the views round about it are so pleasing and attractive, and the associations connected with it so interesting, that we confidently recommend the tourist to make the circuit of the lake, and to ascend the fells on either side, and survey the mountain range beyond.*

After surmounting the Ferry Hill, on nearing the village

¾

* Crossing Winandermere at the Ferry is the best approach to Esthwaite Water ; but those whose head-quarters are at Windermere Village, will find the Millerground route and round Latterbarrow (p. 43) about the same distance.

of Far Sawrey, the newly-erected church is an agreeable object in the valley below. The old school-house is next seen, standing on a rocky eminence, from which a fine view of the Coniston mountains is obtained. Scarcely a mile beyond,
 3½ we come to the village of Near ~~Sawrey~~, at the end of which turn to the left and reach the western shore of Esthwaite Water. Care must be taken not to proceed too far without veering towards the right and crossing a bridge at the
 4 foot of the lake. The stream which it spans runs towards Cunsey, where it flows into Winandermere. A large pool of water, lying across the marsh, to the left of the bridge, goes by the name of Out Dubs. Soon after crossing the bridge, a good view is obtained of the lake and distant hills beyond. The road, skirted with wood, runs along the lake-side, until, at the third gate, it opens on to the fells.*

Descending towards the lake, the road passes a farmhouse
 4¾ called Esthwaite Hall, the birth-place of Archbishop Sandys, founder of the Hawkshead Grammar School. Owing to recent alterations in the buildings, nothing indicative of antiquity or importance remains.

5½ About a mile short of Hawkshead is Esthwaite Lodge, formerly the residence of T. A. Beck, Esq., author of the elegant volume entitled '*Annales Furnesienses*.' The quaint
 6½ town of ~~Hawkshead~~ — a mile beyond — is described in the Coniston Section.

To complete the circuit of the lake, cross the bridge, and

* From this point an extension of the walk may be made by ascending the road which runs up the fells. When the summit of the hill is reached, the richly-wooded valley of Dale Park lies beneath, and Morecambe Bay is seen glittering on the horizon. Turning to the north and east, a fine panoramic view presents itself, extending to the Yorkshire hills. As you return, some singular and very fine old yews break the skyline of the fells to the left; and, in a marshy hollow beyond, lie others of a remarkable and contorted growth. Ingleborough is conspicuous from these heights.

leave the little hamlet of Colthouse to the left. The low building with its one window, like an eye peeping over the wall, is the Friends' meeting-house, and is of early date: facing you is their burial-ground, planted and strongly walled round, known locally as 'The Sepulchre.'

A round pond at the narrow end of the lake, connected with it by a narrow creek, exhibits a strange phenomenon. It has a floating island, — not like that on Derwentwater, which is a mass of mud and vegetable tangle, — but actually bearing trees; and this island has been carried by strong winds from one side to the other. A local poetess assures us it was a favourite resort of the fairies:

'Nor can I, Esthwaite! say farewell,
Ere of thy floating Isle I tell,
Where elvish fays and fairies dwell.'

The name of the pond is Priest's Pot: a fact which some explain by a tradition that a priest was drowned there; and another by a superstition of its holding about as much as a thirsty priest would like to drink, if the liquor were sufficiently good. The probability, however, is that it acquired the name of Priest's Spot, or Pot, from being appropriated as a fish preserve for the Furness monks at Hawkshead Hall, the picturesque and ivied archway of which, is passed on the road to Coniston.

About midway along the lake is a yew tree, often mistaken for the tree under which Wordsworth rested and studied when a schoolboy at Hawkshead: the real relic was cut down some years since, in consequence of cattle having been poisoned by eating the cuttings from it.

Lakebank is a pretty place; and further on Lakefield, at
Near Satorry, commands, perhaps, the best view in the val-

ley. Just beyond, the road turns to the left, through an undulating country of considerable beauty. We find a trace of the rebellion of 1745 in the name of a lane called 'Scotch Gate' (way). It was here that the fearful Highlanders were looked for, on their march to Derby; and here they might have had all their own way, if they had come, for Sawrey had no idea of showing fight. All the inhabitants, carrying their valuables, hied away, and took refuge together in a solitary building which was called 'Cook's hoghouse.' The view of Winandermere from the highest point is very fine.

TO HAWKSHEAD AND CONISTON.

VIA MILLERGROUND. *

(8 Miles.)

The pedestrian wishing to make a short cut and a most interesting and diversified walk from Windermere to Hawkshead and Coniston, will find the route by Millerground Bay very convenient. Having been rowed across the lake, he will see
 1/4 a road almost close to the margin: this must be followed for a short distance in a northerly direction: then the first turn to the left must be taken, through Heald Wood, and, after a short
 2/4 ascent, he will be gratified by, perhaps, the second-best view from a carriage-road in all the Lake District. Before him is the lake, while ranging in majestic grandeur behind, are to be seen the mountain tops from Ill Bell to the Old Man. Such a prospect as this he will seldom behold; therefore, let him stay a little and enjoy it; and, while he is doing so we will point out the principal features of the land-

* If to be done from Bowness, the road on the western side of the lake will be reached by boat at a point south of Belle Grange. An extra mile to the distance.

scape. To the right is Wansfell, rising immediately from the lake, and just over its side, sloping towards Troutbeck and Windermere, he will see Ill Bell and Froswick, belonging to the High Street range; next Wansfell, northward, are the Red Screes and Kirkstone, then Rydal Head, and far back is Fairfield, with Ambleside in the vale beneath it. The nearer hill is Loughrigg: above it may be seen High Raise, that long flat ridge terminating in Langdale Pikes; to the left, not far off, is Oxenfell, and above, Wetherlam and the Old Man. Wray Castle is close to us, while immediately beneath lies the modest little tarn of Blelham, quite unconscious of these distant grandeurs, and reflecting only a green field or two. Yonder little church, in the grounds of Wray Castle, is a charming object. The road, on reaching High Wray, turns sharply to the left and winds round the end of Latterbarrow.* After a mile and a-half of this lane, a sharp and uninviting turn on the right must be looked for, which leads by High Loanthwaite Farm, direct to Hawkshead Hall;† and from there the road is over Hawkshead Hill, and through Mr. Marshall's estate to the Waterhead Hotel, Coniston.

4½

5½

8

TO HAWKSHEAD AND CONISTON.

BY THE FERRY.

(The circuit, returning by Yewdale, 22 miles).

This Excursion is the same as that to Esthwaite Water, as far as Near Sawrey (p 41), — viz: over the lake to the Ferry, and through the two villages; from thence take the *eastern*

* If the traveller proceeds on the main-road, he will shortly reach the eastern shore of Esthwaite Water (p. 42) and home by the Ferry; 12 miles.

† The town of Hawkshead is only half-a-mile from this point.

side of Esthwaite Water (p. 42) to ~~H~~awkshead. Passing through the town, we soon cross a bridge, and reach Hawks-
 5 head Old Hall, where the turn to the left must be taken,
 5½ up Hawkshead Hill, at the top of which we join the road
 6½ from Ambleside. There is now a rapid descent through
 Mr. Marshall's fine wood, and Waterhead Hotel is reached
 8 in about a mile and a-half. The village is about another
 8½ half-mile further on.*

If the traveller intends returning to Windermere he has choice of routes. That commonly taken is by Oxen Fell, Skelwith Bridge, Brathay, Waterhead, Winandermere, and so back by the eastern side of the lake. This may be varied by deviating to the left when a mile and three-quarters from Coniston, through the romantic and bold Tilberthwaite Valley, and joining the above road near Colwith Force, — adding about two miles to the excursion. The other way home is back through Mr. Marshall's grounds to the top of Hawkshead Hill, where the turn to the left must be taken, and so via Borwick Ground in the direction of the head of Winandermere. The former round is more interesting.

THE VALLEY OF RUSLAND.

(17 miles).

Perhaps no situation is so suitable as this, from which to make an excursion through the agreeably-varied country lying to the west of the southern end of Winandermere. Crossing the lake at the Ferry and turning southwards, we
 2 soon reach the foot of the steep hill to Sawrey: leaving that to the right, we pass through a gate to the road by the lake-side leading through a copse-wood district, called Water-
 2½ barrows, and past Fellborough, a charming residence, re-

* For details of Coniston and its surroundings, refer to that Section.

cently erected. We soon arrive at ~~C~~unsey; with its few houses and saw mill and hoop manufactory. Further on is the bridge over Cunsey Beck which flows from Esthwaite Water into Winandermere. The pedestrian will not fail to observe how luxuriantly the ferns grow here, especially at the side of the stream.

The roads for some little distance are formed of clay and cinders from a furnace which formerly existed on the site of a neighbouring bobbin-mill. Vast quantities of iron ore were conveyed hither, where the extensive woods afforded a ready supply of charcoal. The road just in advance of the bridge is still called 'Ore Gates,'—leading from the furnace to the forge, which was placed a few hundred yards up the stream, and where a forge hammer was found, weighing 350 pounds. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the woods of High Furness were so much reduced by the charcoal burning for the blomaries, that many of them were suppressed at the common request of the tenants of Hawkshead and Colton, who used the tops and croppings of these woods to sustain their cattle in hard seasons, the tenants charging themselves with the annual payment of £20 annually to the Queen for ever. This was called the blomsmith rent. These far-stretching woods are cut down every fifteen years, supplying material for the manufacture of hoops, (many for the West Indies) bobbins for our cotton manufactories, charcoal, and a kind of strong and flat basket, used in coal mines. Some large landholders contrive to have a fall every year of several hundred pounds' value. These woods are said to yield a return nearly equal to the same extent of well-cultivated land.

Passing in succession Cunsey Farm, Holme Well, and Hammer Hall, we ascend the hill called Bassicks Brow to Cat's Crag, whence a noble view of Winandermere is ob-

tained,—so fine that it is to this day reported that the Roman army, struck with admiration, suddenly halted here on their march to their station at Ambleside.

5 The entrance-gates to Graythwaite Hall soon come in sight. This is the property of the Sandys family, descendants of the Archbishop. Low Graythwaite, pleasantly-situated among woods on the opposite side, and overlooking the lake, is the residence of the Rawlinsons. A very short distance below the entrance to Graythwaite Hall, and a turn to the right, over the end of Greenhaws, brings us within sight of the smiling meadows of Rusland: we proceed by a pleasant
6 road to Thwaite Head, where it crosses the Dale Park Beck, and continues under hanging woods and picturesque farms, until the church appears on the right-hand. Rusland Hall is seen from the neighbouring bridge which spans the Satterthwaite Beck. The two last-named streams, joining at a place called the Strands, form Rusland Pool. The tides, at high water, rise as far as this point.

7½ **Rusland**, or Rushland, as the vale was formerly called, is famous for cross roads and foot-ways; but the traveller must go right on, till he arrives at the pretty neatly-kept parsonage close to the road-side. He is now in the Ulverstone road, and a friendly guide-post at the corner will direct his steps. The neat white-washed buildings facing him are called Rook How, and include, with other tenements, the Friends' meeting-house, which is numerously attended on the last Friday in every month. During the late reconstruction of the church, the Friends kindly lent this chapel for the use of their church neighbours.

8¼ The cheerful-looking residence seen in the Ulverstone direction is Whitestock Hall, the seat of the Rev. J. Romney, who possesses many pictures by his grandfather, the celebrated artist.

A turn to the right conducts to Force Forge, another bobbin and hoop manufactory; and, a little further on, a finger-post points the way by Satterthwaite and Grizedale to Hawkshead, which is the most frequented road; the other is straight on past Force Mill, and so by bosky dells and snugly-sheltered spots, till we enter, at the bridge, the narrow valley of Dale Park. The road here again gives evidence of extensive blomaries.

In the latter part of the 13th century, the abbot of Furness obtained license to increase the number of customary tenants, and to enclose tracts of land: these enclosures are known by the name of Parks, as Abbot's Park, Stott Park, Oxen Park, Dale Park, &c.

In the excursion round Esthwaite Water, we have drawn attention to the extensive views which open out as the hill is gained after quitting Dale Park. Returning to the Ferry again by the foot of Esthwaite, a round of seventeen miles will have been accomplished. It will add between two or three miles, if we go round by the head of the lake.

FURNESS ABBEY.

(53 miles there and back: 19 by road and 34 by railway.)

There is choice of routes, — the most favourite one being southward on Winandermere to Lake Side Station, and thence by the new line of rails to the Abbey. Another way is to cross the lake at the Ferry and go by road to Coniston, from whence there is a railway to the ruins; but this is more frequently the return route of those who go *via* Newby Bridge.

Undoubtedly, the steamer is the usual conveyance to Lake

Side Station, at the foot of the lake, but, as we have described the lake, we will conduct the traveller by the road to

- 9 **Newby Bridge**, which passes the grounds of Storrs, and, over hill and dale, winds among the copses till it crosses the bridge opposite the inn. The copses of the district have, to the remotest date, been valuable for charcoal; and they have become more so since the increase of manufactures has stimulated the demand for bobbins. **Charcoal-burning** goes on still, we believe, with activity in these southern parts of the district. The spot the traveller has just passed was the scene of the life of two brothers whose name and fame will not be let die. Their name was Dodgson; and they lived in Cartmel Fell above a century ago. They were so intent on their wood-cutting that they spent Sunday in cooking their food for the whole week. They ate little but oatmeal porridge, and, when that fell short, they tried Friar Tuck's ostensible diet of dried peas and hard beans. As they grew old, they began to feel the need of domestic help. Said one to the other, 'thoo mën oot en tak thisell a wife.'—'Eigh!' was the reply; 'if thar be a hard job, thoo oless sets yan tult.' The thing was accomplished, however; and when the old fellows were still chopping away at upwards of eighty, rain or fine, ill or well, there was the wife in the dwelling, and the children to help. The brothers left considerable property; but it went the way of miser's money; and there are no Dodgsons now in Cartmel Fell.

There are few objects more picturesque to this day, than the huts of the woodcutters, who remain on a certain spot till the work is done. Upon piled stems of trees heather is heaped to make a shaggy thatch; and, when the smoke is oozing out, thin and blue, from a hole in the centre, or the children are about the fire in front, where the great pot is boiling, the sketcher cannot but stop and dash down the

scene in his book. The children will say he is 'spying fancies,' — as they say of every one who sketches, botanizes, or in any way explores; and, perhaps, somebody may have the good taste to advise him to come at night, when the glow from the fires make the thicket a scene of singular wildness and charm. A sad story about the charcoal-burners belongs to this neighbourhood. On two farms lived families which were about to be connected by marriage. The young lover was 'a coaler,' — a charcoal-burner; and one stormy day, when he was watching his fire, and sitting on a stone near to his hut to take his dinner, he was struck dead by lightning. The poor crazy survivor, his Kitty Dawson, went to that hut after the funeral, and would never leave it again. She did nothing but sit on that stone, or call his name through the wood. She was well cared for. There was always food in the hut; and some kind eye daily on the watch, — though with care not to intrude. One day in winter, some sportsmen who were passing took the opportunity of leaving some provisions in the hut. They became silent in approaching, and silenced their dogs. But she could never more be disturbed. They found her dead.

It is ten miles from Newby Bridge (Lake Side Station) to the cheerful town of ~~Ulverston~~ ¹⁹ with which it is now connected by railway. From Ulverston to Furness Abbey it is ²⁶ seven more. The former portion of the journey is pretty — by the side of the river Leven; and then we get a sea-view at the small port of Greenodd. After Ulverstone, the noticeable feature is the vast quantities of iron ore about the stations and the miner's shafts about the fields by the railway.

There is a handsome and excellent hotel at Furness Abbey, which has many attractions, besides the first-class accommodation which it offers, in the various relics of antiquity which

adorn its rooms. Here the tourist should bespeak his bed, if he means to study the ruins.

The **Abbey** was founded A.D. 1127. Its domains extended over the whole promontory in which it lies, and to the north, as far as the Shire Stones on Wrynose. They occupied the space between Winandermere on the east and the Duddon on the west. The Abbot was a sort of king; and his Abbey was enriched, not only by King Stephen, but by the gifts of neighbouring proprietors, who were glad to avail themselves, not only of the religious privileges, but of its military powers for the defence of their estates against border foes, and the outlaws of the mountains, — the descendants of the conquered Saxons, who inherited their father's vengeance. The Abbey was first peopled from Normandy, — a sufficient number of Benedictine monks coming over from the monastery of Savigny to establish this house in honour of St. Marye of Furnesse. In a few years their profession changed; they followed St. Bernard, who wore the white cassock, caul, and scapulary, instead of the dress of the grey monks. It is strange now to see the railway traversing the woods where these grey-robed foreigners used to pass hither and thither, on their holy errands to the depressed and angry native Saxons dwelling round about. The situation of the Abbey, as is usual with religious houses, is fine. It stands in the depth of the glen, with a stream flowing by, — the sides of the glen being clothed with wood. A beacon once belonged to it; a watch tower on an eminence accessible from the Abbey, whose signal-fire was visible all over Low Furness, when assistance was required or foes were expected. The building is of the pale red stone of the district. It must formerly have almost filled the glen: and the ruins give an impression to this day, of the establishment having been worthy of the zeal of its founder,

King Stephen, and the extent of its endowments, which were princely. The boundary-wall of the precincts inclosed a space of sixty-five acres, over which are scattered remains that have, in our time, been interpreted to be those of the mill, the granary, the fish-ponds, the ovens and kilns, and other offices. As for the architecture, the heavy shaft alternates with the clustered pillar, and the round Norman with the Gothic arch. The masonry is so good that the remains are, even now, firm and massive; and the winding staircases within the walls are in good condition in many places. The nobleness of the edifice consists in its extent and proportions; for the stone would not bear the execution of any very elaborate ornament. The crowned heads of Stephen and his Queen Maude are to be seen outside the great western window of the Abbey, and are now among the most interesting of the remains. But it is all sad and silent now. The chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds. Where the abbot and his train swept past in religious procession, over inscribed pavements echoing to the tread, the stranger now wades among tall ferns and knotted grasses, stumbling over the stones fallen from their place of honour. No swelling anthems are heard there now, or penitential psalms; but only the voices of birds, winds, and waters. Knowing what a territory the Abbots of Furness ruled over, like a kingdom, it is well to come hither and look how it is with the old palace and mitre, and to take one more warning, how Time shatters thrones and dominions and powers, and causes the glories of the world to pass away.

The tourist should be among the ruins late by moon or starlight; and again in the morning, before the dew is off, and when the hidden violet perfumes the area where the censer once was swung, and where the pillars cast long shadows on the sward.

In order to obtain the best general view of the whole ruin, the traveller* must pass through a small gate at the southern end, and ascend the grassy slope before him. From the ridge of this field he will see not only the Abbey, but a great deal of the surrounding country.

If the return be made via Coniston (a course we can recommend) an entire change of scenery will be had. On the route of the railway are noticeable the Ireth Quarries, which yield vast quantities of dark-coloured Slat, and remind one of the immense works in Wales; then comes Broughton Tower, which, (and no stranger who sees it wonders,) has the reputation of being haunted. We quickly glide along, and soon come in sight of Coniston Lake, for information about which we refer the tourist to our Section on that part of the District. See also page 45 for the return drive to Windermere and Bowness.

TO PATTERDALE AND ULLSWATER.

(28 miles there and back.)

This may safely be pronounced one of the finest drives in the Lake Country:—all the beautiful valley of Troutbeck (p. 32); the grand pass of Kirkstone; and the glorious Patterdale valley and lake beyond!—we believe there is not

* If he has time to extend his ramble, he will find it worth while to visit Hawcoat, a small village lying at the south-west of the Abbey, and distinguishable from this ridge, by a square tower rising in the midst of it. The path lies across fields; and the distance is about a mile. There is nothing of special interest in the primitive little village: and the amazement with which the inhabitants regard a stranger shows that they are not much in the habit of receiving visitors. The tower is the object of attraction. The key is to be obtained at one of the cottages near; and from the top there is a fine distant view of the sands and valley of the Duddon, with the mountains that close in the upper end. Or, if immense iron works are interesting to the stranger, he may with profit go to the town of Barrow, only two miles distant.

half-a-mile of the way which does not exhibit some of the charms of the region. After passing the Queen's Head Inn, Troutbeck, continue straight forward: in front, protrudes Troutbeck Tongue, splitting the valley into two, and being itself most lovely with its farmsteads and cropped thorns and coppice and grey rocks; while, behind and above it, the vale head rises into grandeur, with its torrents leaping down, and its pathway winding up, indicating the pass into Mardale. As one bids farewell to the Tongue, he sees the summit of Kirkstone before him. He is passing over the somewhat boggy upland where the Stock takes its rise, and flows down to and through Ambleside, after taking the leap called Stockgill Force. (see page 32). 6½

The road now meets the one from Ambleside at a small public-house, (The Traveller's Rest,)* which the ordnance surveyors have declared the highest inhabited house in England: and thus it is labelled with a board over the porch. In clear weather the sea is seen hence, and the thread of smoke from its steamers. The head of Winandermere lies like a pond below; the little Blelham Tarn, near Wray Castle, glitters behind; and range beyond range of hills recede to the horizon. Near at hand, all is very wild. The Ambleside road winds up steeply between grey rocks and moorland pasture and dashing streams; and the Kirkstone mountain has, probably, mists driving about its head. There is something wilder to come, however,—the noted **Kirkstone Pass**,—the pass of the district. The descent begins about a quarter of a mile beyond the house. Down plunges the road, with rock and torrent on either hand, and the bold sweep of Coldfield and Scandale Screes shutting in the pass; and the little lake of **Brothers' Water** lying below, afar 7½

* It is a very favourite Drive from Windermere to turn here towards Ambleside, and thence home on the turnpike.

- off among green levels ; and, closing in the whole in front, the mass of Place Fell, — the other side of which goes sheer down into Ullswater. The stranger must not omit to observe near the head of the pass, the fallen rock ridged like a roof, whose form (like that of a miniature church) has given its name to its precincts. All the way, as he descends to Brothers' Water, the openings on the Scandale side (the left) charm the eye, — with their fissures, precipices, green slopes and levels, and knolls in the midst, crowned with firs. He
- 10¼ passes through **Hartsop**, and then winds on for two or three miles among the rich levels of **Patterdale**, which is guarded by mountains jutting forward like promontories. The Pat-
- 14 terdale inn is another of the good hotels of the district. The stranger, who must have left Windermere early in the morning, hastens to order a car or a boat, to take him to **Gowbarrow Park**, and desires that dinner may await him in about three hours' time.
- 15 There is another inn, the Ullswater Hotel, about a mile further on, which offers the traveller a choice of going nearer the lake, if he wishes. He cannot go wrong in his selection. The Patterdale inn is an old favourite, the Ullswater is new ; and both are under good management. From whichever inn he starts, if the weather is calm and fine, the tourist must take a boat to the Park, to see **Ara Fort**. After an hour's
- 18½ row, **Egulf's Tower** is reached, an ivy-covered little castle, built for a shooting-box by the late Duke of Norfolk ; but it stands on the site of a real old tower, named, it is said, after Ulf, or L'Ulf, the first Baron of Greystoke, who gave its name to the lake. Some, however, insist that its real name is Wolf's Tower. The park which surrounds it, and stretches down to the lake, is studded with ancient trees ; and the sides of its water-courses, and the depth of its ravine, are luxuriantly wooded. Vast hills, with climbing tracks, rise

behind, on which herds of deer are occasionally seen, like brown shadows from the clouds. They are safe there from being startled (as they are in the glades of the park) by strangers who come to find out *Ara Force* by following the sound of the fall. As he sits in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the echo of dashing and gurgling water never dies, and the ferns, long grasses, and ash sprays, wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and as, looking up, he sees the slender line of bridge spanning the upper fall, he ought to know of the mournful legend which belongs to this place, and which Wordsworth has preserved:— In the olden times, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory: and at first his lady rejoiced in it: but he was so long in returning, and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep, and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly tree besides the fall, they had plighted their vows; and this was the limit of her dream-walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower: but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees: and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady-love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous position: he put out his hand to uphold her: the touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died up-

on the bank ; not, however, without having understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her : he built himself a cell upon the spot, and became a hermit for her sake. Our tourist must take a guide to this waterfall from the tower. He will be led over the open grass to the ravine, and then along its wooded sides to the pathway above the brawling stream, till it comes to a bridge, which will bring him in full view of the fall. The visitor should ascend the steps and pathway from the bottom of the fall, and stand on the bridge that spans the leap. It is a grand thing to look down.

He returns to Windermere by the way he came : —first to $30\frac{1}{2}$ the inn : and, after dinner, up **Kirkstone Pass**. He will hear and see enough to make him wish to come again, and stay awhile on Ullswater. Between the church and the hotel is Grisedale, one of the grandest of the glens about Ullswater, in any of which a long summer may be well spent. Glenridding, its neighbour valley, is also fine, but deformed by the apparatus of lead-mining. Glencoin, a mile or two northwards, is the most beautiful of all. Deepdale, in the other direction, at the head of the lake, should also be explored. Place Fell, above the margin of the lake, looks tempting. He would like to visit Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell ; and, yet more, Hayes Water, the large lonely tarn above Hartsop, where the angler delights to seclude himself, because the trout delights in it too. It is a high treat to follow up the beck from the road, winding among the farms, and then entering the solitude of the pass, till the source of the stream is found in this tarn, a mile and a-half from the main-road. The little lake is overhung by High Street, so that the Roman eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, may have cast their shadows upon its surface. Its rushy and rocky margin

is as wild a place as the most adventurous angler can ever have found himself in. Our traveller must, however, come again to see it; for there is no time to diverge to it to-day.

38

ASCENT OF ILL BELL AND HIGH STREET.

High Street and Ill Bell are more easily ascended from Windermere than from any other head-quarters. The best way of approaching the former is up the Valley of Troutbeck, (page 32,) as far as the Queen's Head Inn. At this point, a lane diverges to the right, and slopes rapidly down into the valley. Fertile meadows are soon reached, and then the Park House. Horses or conveyances may be used as far as here, which would reduce the walking to the compass of most persons who come into the district. Passing in front of the farm, you join the well-marked track which runs along the side of the Troutbeck Tongue, on the traveller's right-hand; follow this until you come opposite to a deeply-scarred ravine which descends from Ill Bell*, on your right, just beyond which a grass road is seen tending up the side of Froswick. Cross the stream, pass through or by the sheep-fold, and make for this road, which, as it winds up here, is called Scots Bake. In a little while you will reach the open side of the mountain. The course now is plain to the first cairn, (Thorntwaite Crag,) which you see before you. This, however, is not the summit; it is a mile and a-half further on, at the other side of the wall, overlooking the head of Kentmere and Blea Tarn.

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In order to ascend both Ill Bell and High Street, we start

* It may be worth observing that the name of this mountain is generally written Hill Bell. This is a mistake. The old name is Ill Bell — *ill* meaning, in this connection, evil, difficult, *i.e.* difficult to ascend.

as before, — up the Valley of Troutbeck, but leave the road of the valley much sooner, — a few hundred yards beyond the farm (Low Borrans) from which there is such a glorious prospect. Here the turn on the right must be taken, then the *second* turn on the left, which leads above Longmire farm, and we shortly find ourselves on the open side of the hill, whose steepness wearies us but little, for we are enjoying the fresh air and the glorious views, or are gathering the fossils from the Coniston limestone which occurs here. We see the whole of the Vale of Troutbeck beneath us, closed at the head by Thornthwaite and Threshthwaite Crag, to the left of which are the steep Screes above Kirkstone. To the left again, the whole of the Scawfell range slowly rises above the nearer and lower hills, — Great Gable being peculiarly conspicuous on account of its shape, — compared by the natives to a hay-cock.

$\frac{3}{4}$ Avoiding the cart-road down the other side of the hill to Kentmere, our path is almost straight in front, along an almost imperceptible track which keeps along the ridge. We soon leave stone walls behind, and climb the grassy slope of the *Wolk*, at the top of which a magnificent view awaits us. Guided by a wire fence, we descend a little into the eastern slope of the hill, and look down the wonderful precipices of *Rainsborrow Crag* into *Kentmere Reservoir*, and across the pass of Nan Bield to the smiling plains at the foot of Cross Fell. We shall meet with nothing more wildly desolate in the whole tour, than the slopes running down from Ill Bell, Froswick, and High Street, into Hall Cove; and, in the distance, is a peaceably lovely view, in the direction of Kendal, Lancaster, and Morecambe Bay. Returning to the ridge, we descend a little, and then ascend Ill Bell, or, if we prefer it, keep along a narrow foot-path on the grassy slope, running down into Troutbeck. We then repeat

$\frac{7}{8}$

the same process on Froswick ; that is, we either go over it or round it, and, on the north side of it, join the old Roman road, just after having crossed a deep rift called Blue Gill. The Roman road, although unused for centuries, is clearly visible on the grassy slopes, and will be our guide for some distance ; it may, indeed, be traced nearly as far as Penrith, and hence the name of the mountain, — High Street.

A well-built cairn on the summit of Thornthwaite Crag is a good land-mark, and its shadow forms a comfortable resting-place on a hot day. We have now joined the track from Troutbeck Park, and follow the wall in a north-westerly direction, and, about a quarter of a mile from the main angle, turn to the right, over a great deal of peaty and grassy ground.

The height of High Street is 2,663 feet. The summit is ¹⁰/₁₆ very fine. To the east, lies Blea Water, 600 feet below, and, in the valley beyond, the little white house is the inn at **Mardale Green**. Turning northward, Hayes Water is seen, and then Kidsty Pike shuts out the more distant view. West of Kidsty Pike, an opening over the hills allows the traveller a glimpse of the Scotch mountains. Then comes Skiddaw, peeping over the shoulder of Helvellyn. Nearer, Ullswater is concealed by Hallin Fell and Place Fell. The various summits of the Fairfield range are seen on the west, and between them the Langdale Pikes and Scawfell. Wetherlam and Coniston Old Man are more to the south, and Blackcombe ends the line of mountains. Close at hand are Froswick, Ill Bell, and Yoke. Nearly the whole length of Winandermere is seen and a long stretch of sea coast.

Not many years ago, an annual fair used to be held at the top of High Street, at which were trials in the usual rustic games of wrestling, running, &c. But besides this, it had a more practical use, for the shepherds of the neighbouring

vales could here recover, or hear tidings of, their missing sheep.

The climber will not unlikely have the satisfaction of catching sight of some of the **Red Deer** which are still to be found on these hills. This 'chase' and parts of Devonshire, are, we believe, the only places in England — excepting, of course, private parks — from which this noble animal has not disappeared.

In case mist or any other cause should prevent the traveller, when he is at the high end of Troutbeck, from making the ascent of High Street, he may be glad to know that he can arrive at Ullswater by crossing the pass at the head of the valley. The pass is many hundred feet lower than High Street, and presents no difficulty of any kind; there is of course no path, but the traveller has only to proceed in a straight line; he will find that the ground begins to fall again soon after he has reached the top of the pass, and by following the course of the stream, which flows down the hill side, he will eventually join the Ambleside and Patterdale road, near the foot of Brother's Water. For walking from the top of the pass to the Patterdale road an hour should be allowed: thence to Patterdale is two miles.

- 15½ The descent may be made, either to Patterdale, Mardale
 15 Green, or Kentmere. For the first, let the traveller follow the Roman road for about a mile: he will then be guided by a series of juts under **The Knott**, with **Mages Water** beneath, on the left; then he will find a zigzag path by which he will reach **Hartsop**, a little hamlet on the road
 16 from Kirkstone to Patterdale. To reach Ullswater by this way, would make a grand termination to a day's work.

In the descent for Mardale Green, make for Small Water, taking a wide circuit of the cliffs above Blea Water. In this

way reach the path descending from Nan Bield, and you are soon on the farm-road of the valley. To those who are in a hurry, we should say: Order the inevitable eggs and bacon at the small inn; and, while they are being prepared, walk to see the lake, as far as **Messand**; then, after being refreshed, 'tackle' Nan Bield Pass, and go down the Kentmere valley to Staveley Station, from whence a train will hurry you to head-quarters. This is also a day's work to be remembered, of 37 miles.

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The descent may also be made to Kentmere. We turn our backs to the allurements spread before us, and commence our descent along the grassy slopes of **Bringmill End**, avoiding the steep **Bleathwaite Crag**, which we leave on our right. Hence, passing a sheep-fold on the right, at the bottom of **Hall Cote**, we soon reach the **Reservoir**, which was formed to supply the Kendal mills and adds a very agreeable feature to the landscape, especially when seen from its southern end. Here we again join a cart-road, and passing at the foot of **Raisborough Crag**, leave behind us Lamb and Cauldron Quarries, and keep down the right or western side of the vale till a white church appears above the brow of a low hill in front. From here we have the choice of three ways homewards. One is by the carriage-road direct down the valley to Staveley; the second leads us above the Hall, past Green Head, and joins our morning's road at the top of **Gartburn**; and the third is by the Hall Quarries to Applethwaite Common. The first will be described in the next excursion; and the second needs to have nothing said about it, except that there is a small pool of most beautiful spring water on the right-hand side going up. We will take the third road, and, passing close in front of the Hall, climb up the large blue flag-quarry. We keep along above the walls for about a mile, when we go through a

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gate, over a beck, and then in a south-westerly direction across the open heaths. We soon meet with another wall, the corner of which we turn, and then descend to Windermere, by High Borrans and Bannerrigg.

High Street is also conveniently ascended from Patterdale. The route is fully described in that Section.

KENTMERE, MARDALE, AND LONGSLEDDALE.

VIA STAVELEY.

(16 miles by conveyance and 24 walking).

Few of the Westmorland vales are better worth visiting or as little visited as these. The traveller will find in them not only some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery in the Lake District, but also the most primitive and uncorrupted form of human life.

There are at least two ways of reaching Kentmere from Windermere. One is by the same mountain-road as the ascent to Ill Bell (page 58, paragraph 2), in which excursion the deviation is pointed out. We will now describe the carriage-road which goes through the village of Ings and Staveley. There is little to notice on the turnpike, excepting the steep cliff which rises on our left when nearing the latter place.

3½ The river Kent, which gives its name to Kentmere and Kendal, runs through Staveley and turns several bobbin-mills in the vicinity. The new church is situated on the road towards Kentmere, and we soon pass it on our left-hand, having the clear river on our right for about half-a-mile, when a newly-built bridge leads us across, just below some bobbin-mills. The road continues up this side of the

vale for about three miles, and, as we ride along, we are constantly delighted with new glimpses of wood, rock, and waterfall in the foreground, and long stretches of heath and pasture on the heights at the head of the valley.

The tarn or mere was very imperfectly drained a few years ago, and its place is now occupied by swampy fields which are covered with water in flood-time. There are two farms near, and a path-way between them leads up to a wild and desolate tarn called *Skeggles Water*, lying in the direction of Long Sleddale. It is said to afford very good perch-fishing, and is two miles from our track. 7½

At the head of the tarn-basin is the small Low Bridge Inn, where we have to leave our carriage, as the road higher up the vale is usually considered unfit for any other conveyance than slate-carts. We may, before proceeding further, stroll through the church-yard and to *Kentmere Hall*, the birthplace of Bernard Gilpin,* one of the most able and most gentle of the Reformers. The Hall has gone out of the Gilpin family, but there are several of the name in the vale who boast of their relationship to Bernard. There are few finer specimens of the old Westmorland Hall to be seen than this one. Its square tower, rising out of a noble grove of sycamore, is a beautiful object at all times, but more 8¾

* He was born in 1517, and was one of a large family. It is said that he showed extraordinary genius in his childhood, and an early disposition to seriousness and a contemplative life; but, as he grew older, he became more energetic and practical, and was none the less pious. In beginning his career he suffered from religious persecution, and, if Queen Mary had lived a little longer, there is small doubt but that he would have been martyred. He remained rector of Houghton-le-Spring during the whole of his later life, and from his gentleness and kindness he was greatly beloved and obtained the name of the Apostle of the North. He built a school, and picked up intelligent boys and educated them, becoming their friend and guardian in after life. He had extraordinary influence over the wild border-people, going fearlessly among them.

especially when autumn has gilded the leaves of the trees, and it stands out with its evergreen ivy against the massive crags behind with their covering of newly-fallen snow. The old yew in the churchyard is worth visiting for the sake of the view down the tarn, and the inscription on the marble slab in the church cannot fail to interest the visitor. It is very curious to stand by the yew on a bright moonlit night, and see the hills and trees tower above the thick fog in the marshy meadows below, and easy to imagine the long vanished lake restored. We are transported back to the time when young Gilpin, hearing a monk (whom he had the night before seen drunk) discourse against intemperance, seriously set his face against the Romish clergy and commenced that fight which, but for the death of Mary, would most likely have ended at the stake. We are glad to say that the Valley of Kentmere now enjoys a most enviable and exceptional reputation for sobriety; perhaps, a trace of the work of this great divine.

The **G**eologist will find much to interest him in the boulders scattered over the low hills behind the church, near Rook House, and in the junction of the limestone, slate, and flags, by the waterfall at a little distance behind the Inn. This waterfall is of no great height, but it deserves a visit from all lovers of scenery, on account of its beautiful surrounding woods, which afford a delightful shelter to the tired traveller, who will, possibly, refresh himself with a dip in the clear pool at the foot of the fall while, the everlasting 'ham and
 8½ eggs' are being prepared at the Inn. Strengthened with these, we resume our journey for Mardale, and may take either side of the valley we prefer at starting. If we choose the west, we turn to the right, just before reaching the church, and pass below the vicarage and above Rook House. The road soon descends again into the alluvial valley and runs

at the foot of the hills past a farmhouse, and so on to the slater's cottage in the solitudes at the foot of **Rainsborrow Crag**. Passing in front of the cottage, we find a road which leads us to the weir at the lower end of the reservoir, by which we cross to the other side, and, climbing up the grassy slopes above it, we reach the path just where a small spring issues from the hill-side. This is Toadhowe Well, and is famed in the vale as being the best water in Westmorland. Let the traveller try it for himself.

To go by the other side of the vale we must cross the bridge close to the inn at **Kentmere**, and turn sharply to the left, ascending till the road takes a sharp turn back to the right. We avoid this turn by cutting across a small field and follow the road till again it bifurcates. The upper road leads to Longsleddale; by it we shall return. The lower road is the one we have to take; and, after passing through several gates and the small farm of Overend, it again divides, — the lower one keeping in the flat valley, through several more gates and past a barn to the reservoir, — the upper one rising a very little till it reaches a small stream called Ullstone Beck. All along here we have most glorious views of the grand hills at Kentmere head; Rainsborrow Crag, Ill Bell, and Froswick rising up one after another on the farther side of the vale, while High Street and Lingmell End close our view on the north, and the crags on our right rise grandly, with their cover of graceful birch and coral-berried rowan, and hide the bare uninteresting slopes of Kentmere Pike and Brown Howe. Crossing Ullstone Beck, — so named from a huge boulder which may be plainly seen at its head, — we climb the grassy side of **Kentmere Tongue**, always keeping well to the left till we are on the top of the ridge. The path is very obscure here, but we must keep nearly on a level and below the rocks called Smallthwaite Knott which

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we leave on our right and soon find the path, and Toadhowe Well bubbling up at our feet.

The serious part of our journey now begins, and there is very little of interest to relieve the monotony of the climb up the zigzags of **Dan Bield**, unless a strong northerly wind happens to be blowing, when the shrieking and howling it makes, as it forces its way through the cleaved rocks at the top of the pass, are, indeed, wonderful to hear, but portend a great struggle to the weary pedestrian who has to make
 13 his way through this 'gate of the winds.' The road begins to descend again immediately after reaching the top, and winds in and out among huge rocks and boulders till it
 13½ reaches **Small Water**,—one of the most beautiful of West-
 14 morland Tarns. But, unfortunately for it, **Blea Water**,—surpassing in grandeur anything in the whole Lake District,—is close by,—so we move onwards, leaving the path, and, climbing under the crags on our left-hand, arrive very shortly at the end of *the* tarn. So steeply do the huge cliffs rise up from the water's edge that it is scarcely possible to creep round by the western shore; and when, as is often the case, the clouds rest heavily on High Street, the multitude of streams which leap down the crags seem as though they were the overflow of some great lake above. *Then* is the time to climb up the ridge on the north side of the water, and look down on to the basin below, with the mists pouring into it from High Street and whirling round and round like the steam issuing from some mighty cauldron, now opening and showing us the blackness of the waters, with a gleam of sunshine reflected from them, and now closing again and hiding all in its impenetrable covering. If we are rash, we climb up to the very top and look down into **Hayes Water** on the other side, and watch the clouds drifting across the hills from Fairfield and Helvellyn, brought

up, one by one, by the wild west wind in its impetuous course, and by degrees blotting out landmark after landmark, till all we can see is the trace of the Roman road at our feet. Glorious too is it to see the clouds suddenly burst, first overhead, revealing the deep blue sky above, then opening wide over blue Winandermere, shining in the evening sunlight, and away by Scawfell and Helvellyn in their new soft-fallen mask of snow, to Ullswater and Hayes Water, and to the long flat range of Cross Fell. But such pleasures as these are to be enjoyed only by those who know High Street well, for many are the tales told in the surrounding valleys of travellers who have lost their way on the flat top of this mountain; and even shepherds, who are acquainted with every rock and bush on the hill-sides, have had to pass the night in the open air. Gladgove Gill, which runs between Gavel Crag and Wander Scar, in Kentmere Head, had its name changed to *Gillespie Gill* a few years ago, from the circumstance of three men — two of whom were named Gillespie, — having died there from cold on their way from Hayes Water to Staveley.

Leaving Blea Water, we will now follow the beck which issues from its lower end and is soon joined by the stream from Small Water, which forms a pretty cascade higher up. Crossing it, we again follow the path down the valley to **Mardale Green**.

17

The Dun Bull is a very comfortable and clean little inn, situated in the midst of fresh green fields, and surrounded by some of the sycamores for which Westmorland is so famous. **Hayes Water**, however, the object of our visit, is a mile further on, so we recross the beck and soon reach the water-side. The view looking down the lake is rather tame; like all the lakes, it should be seen from below, so we stroll along its banks as far as Measand Becks, and, looking back,

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have a glorious sight before us. The rough crags of Harter Fell (2532 feet) seem as though they rose up close to the upper end of the water, while the thickly-wooded cliffs on the other side contrast well with the smooth grassy slopes of High Street on the right. There are few more perfect pictures to be found anywhere. The lake is little more than three miles long, and about half-a-mile broad. One side is richly wooded, the other nearly bare ; and a pair of bold promontories threaten to cut it into two at this spot, where the passage is only two or three hundred yards wide. Near here is the little village of **Measand**, a pleasant, quiet place where lodgings may be had, and whence the ascent of High Street may be made. Round the head of the lake cluster the great mountains of Harter Fell, High Street, Kidsty Pike, and others, leaving space among the skirts for the exquisite little valley of Mardale. Those who are able to obtain one of Lord Lonsdale's boats, for the traverse of the lake, may think themselves fortunate ; for this is, of course, the most perfect way of seeing the surroundings of so small a sheet of water : and all other persons are deprived, by prohibition, of the means of doing so. There are some good houses on the shore and at the further end ; but the occupants who live on the very brink are not allowed to keep any sort of boat. His Lordship's boats are said to be procurable for the asking ; but the preliminaries are a hindrance. The walk along the lake-side is, however, easy and agreeable enough. The road skirts the north-western bank, and the crags, which are sprinkled or heaped about the head of the lake, are very fine. They jut out from the mountain-side, or stand alone on the green slopes, or collect into miniature mountain-clusters, which shelter tiny dells, whence the sheep send forth their bleatings.

The road past Measand Becks leads to **Bampton** and

Penrith*, and by it Hawes Water is often visited from Pooley Bridge ; but if we are to be back at Windermere by the evening, we must not go any further, and abstain from visiting the beautiful ferny recesses of the Gill. Our way back winds through the levels, round the bases of the knolls, past the ruins of the old church, and among snug little farms, and the great pikes tower on either hand. The stream which gushes here and pauses there, as it passes among rough stone or through a green meadow, is the one before-mentioned as issuing from Small Water and reinforced by a brook from Blea Water.

The host of the Dun Bull will, if necessary, act as a guide ²³ up the passes. This small green level, which from the mountain looks such a mere speck, is of some importance at a distance. It is said to send a very large quantity of butter weekly to Manchester: the carrier's waggons having picked it up at the farms and conveyed it to Shap station.

Retracing our steps towards the pass, we soon find a bridle-track branching off to the left and following nearly the course of the beck. This is our way to Longsleddale. The only very noticeable thing as we climb up is the immense ruin of rock under the sides of Harter Fell. Arrived at the top of **Gatesgarth Pass**, we descend again rapidly into **Long-** ²⁵ **sleddale**, leaving the deep quarry of Randle Gill† on our right and a large fold on our left. Soon after this, we cross the stream which descends in a series of beautiful waterfalls to the green valley below, while Buzzard Crag towers up nobly

* Penrith and its surroundings are described in the Ullswater Section.

† A road turning off to the left here leads across into Mosedale, the most desolate and dreary of all the vales. Anyone wishing to reach it may follow the road as far as where it crosses the main beck, a mile below the cottage, and then turn to the right, up little Mosedale to Grey Crag Tarn, over into Longsleddale. The road goes down Wetsleddale to Shap.

on our left, well supported by Raven Crag and Goat Scar on our right.* Above Buzzard Crag there is a small sheet of water called Grey Crag Tarn—it is said to be full of fish, and is certainly full of weeds; the only fisherman seen there is a solitary grey heron from Dallam Tower. The climb to the tarn is very steep, and a sight of it is hardly worth the trouble of going up.

27½ The first house on the right is Sadgill*; here we turn off through the farmyard and follow a good road up the side of the hill, which, after a few turns, leads us safely to the top of Stile End Grassing, and then down into Kentmere, where we find our conveyance at the Low Bridge Inn, from whence
30 the road homewards is as at page 62, or the way we came.

FROM WINDERMERE TO KESWICK.

(21 miles.)

As most of the public conveyances start from the railway, we shall suppose this the point of departure. If the vehicle be the Royal Mail, there will be a halt at the post-office to take up the letter-bags; and then, seated in a real old four-horse coach, the journey is enlivened by a sharp ring of eight pairs of horses shoes and an occasional solo on the horn, the traveller rolls swiftly down the highway. This is at once the Cheapside and Rotten Row of the neighbourhood,—the principal track of those whom business or pleasure brings to the terminus at Windermere.

* It is a long and not very interesting walk down Longsleddale to Kendal. Stockdale, half-a-mile below Sadgill, on the other side of the valley is better worth visiting than any other part of the vale. There is a pretty fall in it; and the rocks will be found, by the geologist, to be particularly interesting. We need not return to Sadgill, but can cross Sleddale by the bridge leading to Till's Hole, just below a curious mound or drift surmounted by larch.

The first object likely to attract attention beyond the village, is St Mary's Church, a pretty edifice, which, with the vicarage and schools, form a picturesque group. The first gate below the churchyard is the entrance to the Abbey, a residence originally intended by its designer for the head-master of the College, and, perhaps, the most tasteful of the many gothic edifices for which the village is indebted to Mr. Addison. Half-a-mile further on, the site of Cook's House,—that noted landmark for pedestrians from Windermere, Bowness, Troutbeck, and Ambleside,—is reached. The road, everywhere beautiful, is here especially so, overshadowed by the fine oaks and beeches of the Calgarth property. In descending towards the village of Troutbeck Bridge,—notable by the way for its bobbins and bobbin-turners,—there is a glimpse of the lake over the trees, by which the wide expanse of meadow in the foreground is hemmed in. This is Calgarth meadow, or park, and the low ivy-covered house on the verge, near the lake, is Old Calgarth, the ancient mansion-house of the property. It was disused as such after the erection of the massive block of building by Bishop Watson, now known, *par excellence*, as Calgarth Park: the old building contains an upper story, a fine room panelled with oak and quaintly ceiled. The kitchen is still ornamented by the arms of the Phillipsons, to whom the estate once belonged, carved amid a profusion of intricate arabesque devices, over the ample fire-place.

After crossing **T**ROUTBECK,—a pretty stream, distinguished, unfortunately for its name, by the absence of almost everything that could tempt the angler to its banks,—the entrances to Ibbotsholme on the right and of Calgarth on the left, are successively passed. Some three and a-half miles from the station, the road widens into the esplanade between Low-wood and the lake. Above this most popular of hotels rises

Wansfell, a hill of no great altitude, but commanding a very extensive view. The little white cottage fronting the south, which lies embowered amid the trees on the slope, is Dove-nest, where Mrs. Hemans lived for a time. Looking westward, the towers of Wray Castle stand out conspicuously, as though asserting a right to dominate the waters beneath. The view of upper ~~Winandermere~~ from the pier is very fine, especially if the traveller be fortunate enough to see it lit up by the glowing tints of a summer sunset. As the coach approaches the toll-bar, the group of houses about Waterhead is immediately in front, and Clappersgate village, on the left, is seen nestling under the slopes of Loughrigg. The Brathay valley, marked by the Italian campanile of the little grey church at its entrance, opens out gradually. Among the most effective objects of the scene, are two bold masses of rock which shoot out of the water, surmounted by groups of mountain firs. The dark outline of these trees stands out in beautiful relief against a background of lighter green. The nearer rock marks the point where the combined streams of the Rothay and Brathay enter Winandermere. At the ~~Toll-bar~~ the turnpike divides, one branch sweeping round to the left by Brathay, the other leading directly into ~~Amble-~~side. During the short stoppage in the town, there is time to admire the Mechanics' Institute, — a new building of fine blue stone, — in the open space near the hotels.

The Knoll will be pointed out in the outskirts, and shortly the descent into Rydal Valley is reached, — the narrow gorge, which forms the portal to Wordsworth's Lake, appearing to great advantage. The clump of Scotch pines on the rocky knoll in the foreground, by concealing the exact limits of the ravine beyond them, greatly enhances the perspective; indeed, few pictures of the same extent are at once grander and more perfect in every way than this.

There is a full view of Rydal Hall from a point a little further on, and a nearer peep of it just before entering the little village. Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth, lies all but hidden by a mass of foliage at the summit of a well-shaded avenue which slopes somewhat steeply down to the main-road. Another bend, and a very pretty picture of the mere itself is before us, the shore of which the road skirts for its entire length, under the bare precipices of Nab Scar. In a small white cottage by the road-side, Hartley Coleridge lived and died. The coach sweeps round a turn in the road, and Grasmere bursts suddenly into sight. The scene now presented to view is very different from the last. Not only is the sheet of water more regular in outline than Rydal, but its surroundings are widely different; instead of broken rocky declivities, imposing rather from their ruggedness than their height, we have a valley shut in on all sides by long grassy slopes, for the most part smooth and rounded in outline, but towering up into some of the loftiest mountains of the district. The isolated hill of peculiar form, in front, beneath which the village lies, is Helm Crag, and on its summit are the rocks known as the Lion and the Lamb. To the left is the entrance to Easedale, one of the loveliest of English glens. On the other side the eye travels along the Keswick road, stretching over Dunmail Raise, — a pass more than 700 feet above sea-level, flanked by Seat Sandal on the right and Steel Fell on the left. Both of these are lofty mountains, rising some 2,000 feet above the pass. The march between Westmorland and Cumberland runs along the water shed. Here, also, is the cairn beneath which slumber the remains of brave King Dunmail and the greater part of his gallant host. The Raise is immortalized, not only in the well-known story of the last King of Cumbria, but in the local proverb, 'Nout good iver kom ower 't

Raise Gap.' This, be it remembered, is, or was, used with infinite consistency on both sides of the line; a relic, no doubt, of the old animosities of a race, which must often have found a far more than merely verbal utterance on this frontier.

- 12½ From the little village of **Wythburn**, on the other side of the declivity, there is a descent towards beautiful **Thirlmere**, with its picturesque bridge, waterfall, and noble heights on all sides. Leaving the mysteries of the haunted house of **Armbboth** to be described elsewhere, we proceed on our way towards the entrance of the Valley of St. John, which looks tempting for another day. The Castle Rock, of 'Triermain,' must be especially noticed. After about five miles of less interesting scenery, the brow of **Castlerigg** displays, in one grand panorama, the entire stretch of country between **Bassenthwaite** and **Borrowdale**, including, of course, **Derwentwater** and the town of **Keswick**.

BY LOWWOOD, THE VALLEY OF THE BRATHAY, RED BANK, GRASMERE, AND BACK BY RYDAL AND AMBLESIDE.

(27 miles).

- This is an Excursion very frequently made from **Windermere** and **Bowness**, and is perhaps the most interesting in the whole District. The way, as far as **Ambleside** toll-bar, is described in the Excursion to **Keswick** (p. 71). At the said toll-bar, (p. 73,) the road by the lake must be taken, which, in half-a-mile, brings us to **Rothay Bridge**.

Between **Rothay Bridge** and **Clappersgate**, is **Croft Lodge**, — the mansion and its woods being on the right of the road,

and the gardens stretching down to the river on the left. Then comes the pretty hamlet of **Clappersgate**, so conspicuous from the lake. Two roads branch off, leading along each bank of the river Brathay, to meet at Skelwith Bridge, at the other end of the valley. (If the traveller has any thought of ascending **Loughrigg** some other day, he may now see, above Clappersgate, the path by which he may ascend or descend : a zigzag path up the hill-side, leading to the peaks crowning the south end of Loughrigg, from between which the most perfect possible view of Winandermere is obtained : that cannot, however, be done to-day.) The left-hand road should now be taken, crossing **Brathay Bridge**,^{5¼} and passing the lodge of Brathay Hall ; then, the road on the right, by the river-side must be followed.* When the stranger sees the churchyard-gate, he must alight, and walk up to the church. From the terrace there he commands the mountain range from Coniston Old Man to the Langdale Pikes : the Brathay flows beneath, through its quiet meadows ; and its dashing among the rocks, just under his feet, catches his ear ; Loughrigg, with its copse and crags, and purple heather, rises immediately before him ; and, to the right, he sees a part of Ambleside nestling between the hills and a stretch of the lake. This churchyard has the first daffodils and snowdrops on the southern side of its rock ; and, in its copse, the earliest wood-anemones. Throughout the valley, spring flowers and the yellow and white broom abound.

The road ascends and descends abruptly, and winds towards and away from the right bank of the Brathay till it reaches Skelwith Fold. There the stranger must alight^{6¼}

* The wider road, which branches off to the left, is the one to be followed in going to Hawkshead, or Coniston, or in making the circuit of Winandermere.

again, and go through a field-gate to the right, to a rocky part called **Spy Hill**, where he commands the finest view of the valley and its environs. And again, just before he comes
 7¼ to Skelwith Bridge, he must go through the first gate on the right in the Coniston road, and follow the field-track until he
 7¼ comes in sight of **Skelwith Force**. He will hardly aver that he ever saw a more perfect picture than this, — with the fall in the centre, closed in by rock and wood on either hand, and by Langdale Pikes behind. Returning to his car, he will next pass over the bridge and the roaring torrent beneath, and the stacks of wood, — (more coppice-wood for another bobbin-mill), and, will find that he has headed the valley. As he is not going home, however, but to Grasmere, he turns out of the Brathay Valley by a steep road on the left, which ascends again and again, leading by farmsteads almost as primitive as those of Troutbeck, and evidently mounting the spurs of Loughrigg, — which he is travelling round to-day, and which must therefore always be on the right-hand. After a while, he comes to a sheet of water so still, if the day be calm, that he might possibly miss it, unless the precision of its reflection should strike his eye. It is more likely, however, to be rippled by some breeze, and show how deeply blue, or darkly grey, these
 8¼ mountain tarns may be. This is **Loughrigg Tarn**, well-known to all readers of Wordsworth, and consecrated also by the genius of Wilson. At some little distance beyond it, the
 9¼ stranger must diverge from his road to visit **High Close**, and see the view which is reputed the finest in Westmorland. He may leave his car where the road to High Close ascends to the left, and walk past the house at the top. He will find a bench placed so as to indicate the most favourable point, and there he is! overlooking 'the finest view in Westmorland.' To the extreme right, Bowfell closes in the Langdale

Valley, the head of which is enobled by the swelling masses of the Pikes. A dark cleft in the nearer one is the place where the celebrated Dungeon Gill Force is plunging and foaming, beyond the reach of the eye or ear. He can gather from this station, something of the character of **Langdale**. It has levels, here expanding, there contracting; and the stream winds along them from end to end. There is no lake: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings are on the rising ground which skirt the levels; and this, together with the paving of the road below, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses, of grey stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all around, and ewes and lambs nestling near it, — these primitive farms are cheerful and pleasant objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them. Nearer at hand are some vast quarries of green slate. Below, among plantations, are seen the roofs of Elterwater Powder Mills; whence the road winds through the village of Langdale Chapel, to the margin of the pools which make up the lake. From their opposite shore rise the hills, height above height, — range beyond range. To the left, almost under the spectator's eye, lies Loughrigg Tarn, and, in the distance, Winandermere, with Wray Castle prominent on its height, and the Lancashire hills closing in the view. It is a singular prospect, at once noble and lovely.

The car is waiting where the traveller left it; but he must detain it a little longer. There is a path to the left, just above **Red Bank**, which he must ascend. It takes him a short distance up the hill to a spot from which he obtains the view, now opening before him, in the greatest perfection. He had better make up his mind to walk down the steep descent

of Red Bank, and may, therefore, direct his driver to go forward while he is making a short *détour*. The great mountain that swells grandly above the rest before him is Helvellyn. The lake that opens below is Grasmere, with its one island of green slope, black fir clump, and grey barn. At the farther end lies the village, with its old square church-tower, beneath whose shadow Wordsworth is buried. The white road that winds like a ribbon up and up the gap between Helvellyn and the opposite fells, is the mail-road to Keswick, and the gap is Dunmail Raise. The remarkable and beautiful hill behind the village is Helm Crag; and its rocky crest forms the group called 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and, from several points, the outline is very suggestive of that dainty bit under the paw of the lord of the forest. This rock has also been named the 'Astrologer,' from a strong resemblance it has, when seen from the Raise, to an old man reading a book. The white house at the foot of Dunmail Raise, is the Swan Inn, where Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth set forth on ponies for the ascent of the mountains; and behind it rises the path by which pedestrians cross from Grasmere to Patterdale, by the margin of Grisedale Tarn, — the mountain-tarn of the wild boar, as the words properly signify. To the left of Helm Crag, a deep valley evidently opens; that is Easedale; and there our tourist is to go to-day. Meantime let him linger awhile, that he may learn by heart ever feature of this gay and lovely scene. The lane to the right conducts him to the grassy bridle-road called ~~Loughrigg Terrace~~, where the best views are obtained of both Grasmere and Rydal lakes, and which winds along the uplands, and then by Rydal Lake, back to the valley of the Rothay. We must leave it now, and plunge down Red Bank, which has the characteristics of a Norwegian road. At the water-trough at the bottom, the

stranger enters his car, and passes farms between him and the lake, and villas on the rocky and wooded bank on the left; and, at the corner, where the road turns to the village, the cluster of lodging-houses, called St. Oswald's, where a hydropathic establishment struggled for a time, but found the Westmorland winter too long for invalids.

The driver may stop at the **Rothay Hotel** to order dinner. 11¼ Whatever the dinner is to be, it must not be ready under two hours, — rather three hours than two. Proceeding for a mile, between fences and stone walls, the tourist reaches the opening to **Easedale**. The gate and shrubbery to the right are the entrance to Lancrigg; and there the regular road ends. The car can cross the stream and go about a mile further along the farm-tracks in the valley, through the meadows, which yield a coarse hay, and near the stream which is tufted with alders. 12½ At the farmhouse where the car stops, the people will shew the traveller the way he must go, — past the plantation, up the hill-side, where he will find the track that will guide him up to the waterfall, — the foaming cataract which is seen all over the valley, and is called Sour Milk Gill Force. The water and the track together will shew him the way to the tarn, which is the source of the stream. Up and on he goes, over rock and through wet moss, with long stretches of dry turf and blue heather; and, at last, when he is heated and breathless, the dark cool recess opens, in which lies Easedale Tarn. 13¾ Perhaps there is an angler standing on the great boulder on the brink. Perhaps there is a shepherd lying among the ferns.* There is nothing in natural scenery which conveys

* From Easedale the pedestrian may pursue his way along the ridge to Langdale; or he may cross into Borrowdale; but more will be said of this in the description of the Walks at Grasmere, at the end of the Ambleside Section.

such an impression of stillness as tarns which lie under precipices : and here the rocks sweep down to the brink, almost round the entire margin. For hours together the deep shadows move only like that of the gnomon of the sun-dial ; and, when movement occurs, it is not such as disturbs the sense of repose, — the dimple made by the restless fish or fly, or the gentle flow of water in or out, or the wild drake or his brood paddling so quietly as not to break up the mirror, or the reflection of some touch of sunlight or passing shadow. If there is commotion from gusts or eddies of wind, the effect is even more remarkable. Little white clouds are driven against the rocks, — the spray is spilled in unexpected places ; now the precipices are wholly veiled, and there is nothing but the ruffled water to be seen, — and again, in an instant, the rocks are disclosed so fearfully that they seem to be crowding together to crush the intruder. If this seems to the inexperienced like extravagance, let him go alone to Easedale Tarn, or to Angle Tarn, on Bowfell, on a gusty day, and see what he will find.

16

After his return to the Rothay Hotel, and his dinner, his next object is the Churchyard. In the church is a medallion of ~~W. Wordsworth~~, accompanied by an inscription adapted from a dedication of Mr. Keble's. The simple and modest tombstone in the churchyard will please him better. For nine years it only bore the name of the poet, but the grave was opened in 1859 to receive his widow, as the inscription now testifies. Besides them lies their daughter ; and next to her, her husband, — whose first wife is next him on the other side. Some other children of Wordsworth's who died young, are buried near ; and one grandchild. Close behind the family group, lies **Hartley Coleridge**, at whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended, not very long before his own death. This spot, under the yews, besides the gushing

Rothay, and encircled by green mountains, is a fitting resting-place for the poet of the region. He chose it himself; and everyone rejoices that he did. *

Just after entering the mail-road, the driver will point out the cottage in which Wordsworth and his sister lived, many long years ago, when Scott was their guest. Several good houses have sprung up near it, within a few years. The promontory which here causes the lake to contract to the little river, (which is called the Rothay in all the intervals of the of lakes,) may be passed in three ways. The mail-road passes round its point, and therefore keeps beside the water; — the Roman road, where the **Wishing Gate** used to be, crosses it by rather a steep ascent and descent; — and a shorter road still, steeper and boggy, cuts across its narrowest part, and comes out at Rydal quarries. Our traveller will take the mail-road, probably. It will soon bring him to **Rydal Lake**; and he cannot but think the valley very lovely in the summer afternoon. On the opposite side of the lake is **Loughrigg** with its terrace-walk distinctly visible half-way up. The islands are wooded; and one of them is a herony; and the grey bird, with its long flapping wings, is perhaps visible, either in flight, or perched on a tree near its nest, or fishing in the shallows. **Nab Scar**, the blunt end of Fairfield, which overlooks the road and the lake, is very fine, with its water-worn channels, its woods and grey rocks. Nab Cottage, the humble white house on the road-side, on the margin of the lake, is the place where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. Those who knew the lakes of old will re-

* The village of Grasmere has become a favourite place of abode for summer visitors. Besides the hotels, there are several lodging-houses, where good accommodation may be had. The Walks and Drives are many of them the same as are taken from Ambleside, but there are a few others which will be described at the end of the Ambleside Section.

member the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere, — the eccentric-looking being whom the drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. He is more missed in the neighbourhood than in the literary world : for he loved everybody, and had many friends. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance ; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him. Those who knew him most loved him best ; but he was sufficiently known afar by his works to be an object of interest to strangers who passed his home. He died in January, 1849. In the distance, Ivy Cottage peeps out of the green ; and, further on, Rydal chapel rises out of the foliage on the verge of the park.

When the turn to the left, which leads up to the chapel, is reached, the stranger must alight, and ascend it. He is ascending **Rydal Mount**; and Wordsworth's House is near the top of the hill, — within the modest gate on the left. There, if he can obtain admission into the grounds, he may stand on the moss-grown eminence — (like a little Roman camp) in front of the house, whence he may view the whole valley of the Rothay to the utmost advantage. Winandermere in the distance is — as Wordsworth used to say — a light thrown into the picture, in the winter season, and in summer, a beautiful feature, changing with every hue in the sky. The whole garden is indeed a true poet's pleasure ; its green hollows, its straight terraces, bordered with beds of periwinkle, and tall foxgloves, purple and white, — the white being the poet's favourite ; and the summer-house, lined with fir-cones ; and then the opening of the door, which discloses the other angle of the prospect, Rydal Pass, with the lake lying below. Every resident in the neighbourhood thinks

the situation of his own house the best ; but most agree that that of Wordsworth's comes next. We should say that Wordsworth's comes next to those at Elleray and Miller Brow, but for the disadvantage of a long and steep ascent to it. The ascent might be to some a serious last stage of a walk on a hot summer day ; but the privileges of the spot, when once reached, are almost incomparable.

The guide to **Rydal Falls** will by this time have presented herself, and the tourist must visit them. They are within the park, and cannot be seen without a guide : but some one is always to be found at one of the two guides' cottages on the ascent of the hill. The upper fall is the finest, in the eyes of those who prefer the most natural accessories of a cascade ; but the lower is the one generally represented by the artist, — the window of the summer-house from which it is viewed forming a fine frame, and the fall, the basin of rock, and the bridge above, constituting in truth a very perfect picture. When there is a dash of sunshine on the verdure, behind and under the bridge, to contrast with the shadowy basin and pool of the fall, the subject is tempting enough to the artist.

These falls seen, the tourist needs alight from his car no more, for he is only a mile and a-half from Ambleside, from whence there are four miles of familiar ground to Windermere. (See page 71).

20½

27

TO LANGDALE, BY SKELWITH, COLWITH, AND BLEA TARN.

(There and back, 26 miles.

The drive to Langdale by Blea Tarn though less interesting in its associations than the last, is, on account of the varied

character and grandeur of the scenery passed through, no less enjoyable, and should on no account be omitted by the tourist. As far as **Skelwith Bridge**, (See pages 71 and 75) the route is the same as in the last tour; here the road to Coniston is to be taken, ascending the hill above the bridge on the right. When the traveller has surmounted the hill, the first turn to the right will bring him to Colwith Bridge, which he will have seen immediately below.

For those who like to combine a little walking with the drive, it is a good plan to quit the carriage at Skelwith Bridge, ordering it to await your arrival at Colwith Bridge. Turning in at the first gate on the right on the Coniston road, a path will be seen tending to the left, up the hill; the one on the right leads to **Skelwith Falls**, which fall can be visited on the way without retracing your steps, as there is a track above the fall bringing you out into a meadow, which must be crossed towards the gate in the left-side of it, and then follow a path through the copse and past two farms. At the latter farm, cross the cart-track leading up into the road, and take the gate into the field, where there is a glorious view of the mountains. The path crosses the field and descends by zig-zags to Colwith Bridge, where you will find the carriage awaiting your arrival. If the traveller wishes to have the best view of the fall, he should go over the stone step-stile on the left-hand just before crossing the bridge, and follow the path through the copse and then by a grassy walk to the right, which conducts to a rock facing the fall, where there is a far better view than from the opposite bank. Little has been said about **Colwith Falls**, and it is overlooked by the majority of tourists, but, when seen from this point, its leap of seventy feet, with either bank covered with foliage, and grey rocks appearing here and there, it forms one of the most perfect pictures we know. It has this advantage also

over the other falls of the district, — there is nearly always a considerable body of water in it.

After crossing the bridge, the road turns to the right, the one immediately in front would take the traveller to Elterwater, and thence up to Langdale by a shorter route than the one by which we are conducting him. Just before reaching **Langdale Tarn**, we join the road from **Filberthwaite**. ^{10½} The road from this point is through the valley in which **Blea Tarn** lies, — the scene of those books of Wordsworth's 'Excursion' which relate to the Solitary. After ascending some little way, we drop into the vale where the single farmhouse is, and the tarn, and the stone, 'like a ship with keel upturned,' which is lodged in a stream near the tarn. Some people have unaccountably fixed on the Bowder Stone to answer this description; but, besides that the Bowder Stone is far away, it rests on its edge, instead of its 'keel' being ^{12½} 'upturned.' 'The two huge peaks, that from some other vale peer into this,' are the **Langdale Pikes**; and very fine is the view of them from this wild and somewhat dreary hollow. Since the 'Excursion' was written, large plantations of larch have arisen; but they do not much ameliorate the desolation of the place. A very rough road* descends by Wall End to **Grat Langdale**, where, after passing a farm, we soon reach the 'Dungeon Gill Hotel.' ¹³ The **Dungeon Gill New Hotel** is nearly a mile further on, and, as it is nearer to the force, it affords the more convenient resting-place for visitors who merely wish to see it.

Whichever hotel the traveller choose, there is one thing to be done without doubt, — to visit **Dungeon Gill**. Strangers ^{13¾} who arrive untired, generally go to the gill while their luncheon

* We may properly ask, Why is this road so bad? Why do not those who use it most insist upon its being repaired?

is preparing. There are guides at the inn to accompany the party ; the path is, however, well marked. After leaving the new Inn and ascending for a short distance, a turn to the right leads towards the stream. — In starting from Dungeon Gill Hotel, the green path on the hill-side will be pointed out ; and the traveller must take care not to make for the waterfall he sees in front. The path he wants tends to the left, till it reaches a fence and gate, when it turns sharply to the right ; after which there is no possibility of losing the way. It presently joins the stream from the force, which leads up a dark fissure, — ‘dungeon’ and ‘gill,’ both meaning a fissure. There is a well-secured ladder, by which ladies easily ascend to the mouth of the chasm ; and, when they have caught sight of the fall, they can please themselves about scrambling further. There is the fall in its cleft, tumbling and splashing, while the light ash, and the vegetation besides, is everlastingly in motion from the stir of the air. Above, a bridge is made, high aloft, by the lodgment of two blocks of rock in the chasm. The finest season for visiting this force is in a summer afternoon. Then the sun streams in obliquely, — a narrow, radiant, translucent screen ; itself lighting up the gorge, but half concealing the projections and waving ferns behind it. The way in which it converts the sprays into sparks and many-coloured gems can be believed only by those who have seen it.

There are two ways home from this point, — down Langdale to its junction with the Brathay Valley, or by High Close, to Grasmere. We have little to observe about them, — Langdale having been described at page 78, as seen from High Close, and the Grasmere route at page 79.

¹⁶ Langdale chapel is a primitive hamlet, where the old character of the district is preserved. The little chapel was rebuilt in 1857-8, chiefly, we understand, by the munificence of two

private individuals. Some few years since, the pulpit of the old chapel fell, with the clergyman, Mr. Frazer, in it, just after he had begun his text 'Behold I come quickly.' The pulpit fell upon an elderly dame who escaped wonderfully. Mr. Frazer, as soon as he found his feet, congratulated her on surviving such an adventure: but she tartly refused his sympathy, saying, 'If I'd been kilt, I'd been reet sarrat [rightly served], for yeh threaten'd ye'd be cumin doon see-en.' Near this chapel is the Thrang slate-quarry, where the stranger should look in, and see what a mighty excavation has been caused by the demand for this fine slate. Just beyond the chapel, the roads part,—that which ascends to High Close climbing the hill to the left. We will take the other towards Skelwith and Brathay, and so home by the head of Winandermere.

19
26

TO CONISTON,

BY HIGH CROSS, AND BACK BY TILBERTHWAITE.

(28 miles.)

The drive to Coniston has been already described, as far as the point at which it diverges from the Brathay Valley, (pages 71 and 75). It then skirts the grounds of Brathay Hall, and passes near the lake at Pullwyke Bay. A little further on, the road turns to the right, and ascends a steep hill to a small public-house called Barn Gates; here the traveller must not forget to notice the grand view from the steps outside the Inn. From this point the road is through a wild woodland country, until High Cross is reached, where the road from Hawkshead comes up and joins that on which we travel. After a while, we descend steeply towards Coniston, and get our first introduction to the water. The road is wire-fenced now, and signs of cultivation are all about; it winds among noble woods and

5¼

8¾

10¼

spreading meadows, whose depth of grass make a perfect paradise for sheep and kine. As we come down towards the shore, the long narrow lake stretches before us like a river, the part nearest us turned into frosted silver by the sunlight and ripple. Waterhead Hotel stands by the lake side as you enter Coniston.

13 A question will now arise whether time can be afforded for an excursion on the lake, either by the steam gondola or by row-boat. If our tourists have started early this certainly can be done while luncheon or dinner is prepared. The lake is described in our Coniston Section; as regards the luncheon we doubt not it will deserve equal praise in its way. It should be stated that the return journey by the new road over Oxenfell is considerably shorter than that by Tilberthwaite, but not so interesting.

15½ Both roads leave Coniston in the same direction, but the Tilberthwaite Valley diverges by a steep pitch on the left, just before reaching High ~~V~~ ^Wdale farm, and enters upon the wild fell-road that carries you up the right bank of the stream towards Tilberthwaite, past the rubbish heap of a copper-mining 'level' and vast debritic accumulations from long abandoned slate quarries. If time did not press, it were worth your while to leave your carriage and clamber up the fell side here to examine the curious rocky chambers left by the old slate workers, and, a little farther up, a magnificent ravine and waterfall, almost utterly unknown to the tourist. But here your road brings you to the top of the Horse Crag, with a wall of living rock on your left, and a sheer descent of more feet than you would like to fall, with the beck brawling far below on your right, and, directly in front, the lovely little basin-like valley of Tilberthwaite —

'Urn-like it is in shape — deep as an urn!'

much more so indeed than Blea Tarn, to which, as you know, this line was first applied. Tilberthwaite is 'paled in by many a mountain high,' and that so effectually that when you are fairly in it, you begin to feel anxious about a practicable way out. After passing through the fell-gate, you find upon your left a group of old farm buildings, now chiefly converted into cottages for miners and their families. Old Lanty Slee, the famous whiskey-spinner, formerly had his abode here, and, for years, carried on his hazardous occupation in a cave formed by himself at the end of the old stable, which, as you see, stands with its shoulder thrust into the hill side. The entrance to the little cavern was cunningly made through the sunken gable of the building, beneath the manger from which his old horse fed; and, had Lanty been gifted with ordinary prudence, he might still have been supplying his thirsty neighbours with the product of his nocturnal operations, — genuine fire-water. These old houses are the scene of two striking illustrations of the salubrity of the district and the longevity of its inhabitants. In this first cottage, some years ago, was a far from infirm old woman nursing her grandson's grand-child. The nurse and the child representing the extremes of five generations; so that had the intermediate members of the line been all female, old Mary Tyson might have recited the well-known jingle, 'Arise daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath got a daughter!' The other instance was, perhaps, more remarkable still. About the same period, one of the adjacent cottages was occupied by a young couple named Dawson, whose children could boast of fourteen living ancestors, namely, their parents, — all their grand-parents, and all their great-grand-parents.

The name of Tilberthwaite, we may mention, indicates that it was originally a 'clearing,' devoted to the cultivation

of barley. The second syllable, lengthened out, being an obsolete name for that grain, still occasionally used in Scotland. The road soon leads you into the farm-yard of High
 16¾ Tilberthwaite, where you have a choice of two roads for continuing your journey; and, though that to the left, leading over the heights, may be the shorter, the other is recommended as being the pleasanter. It meanders cheerfully through an irregularly wooded vale nearly a mile in length, connecting Tilberthwaite with Little Langdale. The enormous heaps of blue stone, and the deep excavations on every side of you, indicate the position of ~~slate~~ ~~quartz~~ ~~quartz~~. The stream which you soon approach is a branch of the Brathay, which, rising on Wrynose, and the other hills round the head of Little Langdale, flows down that valley, forming one of the finest 'forces' in the country at Colwith, and, after joining the Great Langdale stream in Elterwater, another of less height though of greater bulk at Skelwith, and ultimately becomes a principal feeder of Windermere. You now stand upon the verge of Lancashire, for this brook forms here the boundary between that county and Westmorland. Before crossing the beck you may be tempted to follow its course upwards on the Lancashire side, and soon fall in with a primitive stone bridge, of one bold graceful arch, spanning the beck with as much elegance as though it were a segment of the rainbow instead of a mere row of slate flags jammed together perpendicularly in a rude but efficient fashion. This bridge is one of the very few remaining of the class whose rapid disappearance if so feelingly deplored in one of Wordsworth's essays on lake scenery; wherein also are eulogized 'the daring and graceful contempt of danger and accommodation with which so many of them are constructed, the rudeness of form of some, and their endless variety.' The Dalesmen, it may be observed, have

no regard for the picturesque, and never hesitate to sacrifice it when it can be replaced by the useful.

You then cross the beck, and, entering Westmorland, come upon the old road along which goods were formerly carried by pack-horses between Kendal and Whitehaven. Now the turn is to the right; that to the left being in the direction of Blea Tarn and Wrynose and Hardknot, which was described in the last excursion. Our road leads by Colwith Force, which has been described at page 85, and then, after a climb, we descend to Skelwith Bridge; then by the Brathay Valley, and head of Winandermere. (pages 76 and 71 in reverse).

18½

19½

21

28

OTHER EXCURSIONS FROM WINDERMERE.

Practically, there are very few of the important places of the Lake District which cannot be visited in one day from Windermere; but some of them are more conveniently done from other of our centres; and, therefore, we abstain from giving details here, but give a few hints which will put hardy travellers, such as the universities and public schools afford, in the right way.

Coniston Old Man may be ascended, by crossing Winandermere, as at page 43. The whole work should be done in nine hours, leaving abundance, in a long summer day, for food and rest. It is, of course, equally easy to those who *drive* to Coniston.

Wastwater. — It is also practicable to visit not-so-remote but difficult-to-get-at Wastwater, and return in one day. It can even be walked by some men we know. In

that case, the route would be up Little Langdale, over Wrynose and Hardknot, and through by Burnmoor Tarn ; about 25 miles each way. If attempted by equestrians ; down Winandermere, by steam yacht, by rail round by Ulverston to Ravenglass, Drigg, or Seascale, and then by horsed-conveyance, would probably be the best route ; but possibly the Railway Time Tables might show that to drive to Conistone Station would be best, and thence by rail to Seascale. It ought to be remarked, that it is *possible* to drive over Wrynose and Hardknot, and it is easy enough on horseback.

Scawfell.—By driving up Langdale to the Dungeon Gill Hotel, this mountain can easily be ascended in one day by good walkers. Six hours should be reckoned for the driving and four or five for the walking. A guide can be had at the hotel.

Buttermere and Crummock Lakes.—Walkers, with experience of the hills, would go up Great Langdale ; procure a guide at the Dungeon Gill Hotel ; then up Rosset Gill ; by Sprinkling Tarn ; and strike for Black Sail. This is only eight miles, as the crow flies, from Langdale Head ; but is at once an arduous piece of mountain work and certainly one of the finest walks in the district. These Lakes can also be 'done' in a day by taking the early coach from Windermere to Keswick, where it arrives about nine o'clock. At ten or so, several of the hotel-keepers despatch waggonettes over Honister Pass to Buttermere, and home by the Vale of Newlands. If the driver will not undertake to be back at Keswick at 4 30, in time for the coach, we must advise a private car, by which the round can be done in good time.

Skiddaw and Saddleback.—Either, or both, of these can be ascended, although much more remote than others we

have noticed. Early coach to Keswick, as in the last excursion. After that, good walkers can ascend both mountains and be back in Keswick in time for the return coach at 4 45.

Helvellyn. — This, of course, is more easily done than Skiddaw. The mail coach which leaves Windermere at 6 a.m., arrives at Wythburn Inn between 7 and 8; therefore there is a long day before the pedestrian, which will enable him to take **Fairfield** on his way back, and catch the coach at Grasmere or Ambleside on its return journey.

The Details for these Excursions will be readily found by using the Index at the end of this book.

DISTRICT II.

Ambleside.

HOTELS.

SALUTATION. — In the Market-place. A capital and first-class old house.

THE QUEEN'S. — In the Market-place. A very good and commodious new house.

WHITE LION. — A second-class house, but good.

WATERHEAD HOTEL. — On the margin of the lake. Small, but very comfortable.

THE LAKE HOTEL, Grasmere. — Excellent situation, and a good house.

THE ROTHAY, Grasmere. — A charming new house, in the same magagement as the Red Lion.

RED LION, Grasmere. — Second-class, but good.

THE SWAN, Grasmere. — A well-known road-side Inn.

ABSTRACT OF DIRECT ROUTES.

** * * Tourists staying at Grasmere will have no difficulty, with the aid of the Maps, in adapting and modifying these Routes to that place.*

Special Conveyances are always to be had at the Hotels at Ambleside and Grasmere.

TO BOWNESS. — 1. Coach to Windermere Station, thence by Omnibus; $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 2. Carriages take the lower road by the lake; 6 miles. 3. Omnibus to Waterhead, thence by steam-yacht; $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

TO CONISTON. — 1. Coaches twice a-day by High Cross; returning by Skelwith Bridge; 9 miles. 2. Via Hawkshead; 10 miles. 3. By Tarn Hawes; 9 miles. 4. By Skelwith Bridge, Oxenfell, and Tilberthwaite; 10 miles.

- TO DUNGEON GILL, LANGDALE. — 1. By Elterwater and Chapel Stile ; 8 miles. 2. By Skelwith Bridge, Colwith, Little Langdale, Blea Tarn, and Wall End ; 10 miles. 3. By Grasmere, High Close, and Chapel Stile ; 9 miles. 4. Equestrians and walkers may cross Loughrigg by a bridle-path passing Brow Head Farm, thence by Elterwater and Chapel Stile ; 7 miles. 5. Pedestrians from Grasmere should take the path by Wyke House to Chapel Stile.
- TO FAIRFIELD. — 1. This mountain is ascended from Rydal and Nab Scar : 7 miles. 2. From Nook Farm ; 6 miles. 3. From Grasmere ; 7 miles.
- TO FURNESS ABBEY. — 1. Omnibus to Waterhead, and steam-yacht to Lake Side, thence by railway ; $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 2. To Coniston, by coach, thence by railway ; 26 miles.
- TO GRANGE. — 1. Omnibus to Waterhead, and steam-yacht to Lake Side, thence by railway ; $34\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 2. By the eastern shore of Winandermere, through Bowness, Staveley, and Newton-in-Cartmel ; $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 3. By the western shore of Winandermere ; through Low Wray, Ferry Hotel, Newby Bridge, and Cartmel, (Priory Church,) and over the hill ; 23 miles.
- TO GRASMERE. — 1. — By Coach and Omnibus several times a day ; passing Rydal ; 4 miles. 2. Pedestrians may leave the road at Pelter Bridge, Rydal and skirt the south side of the lake, then across Loughrigg Terrace and down Red Bank, on the western side of Grasmere ; 6 miles. 3. Or there is a foot-path commencing above Rydal Mount and continuing on high ground until it joins the Wishing Gate road. 4. By Clappersgate, Loughrigg Tarn, and Red Bank ; 6 miles.
- TO HAWKSHEAD. — 1. By Clappersgate and Outgate ; 5 miles. 2. By Low Wray and Latterbarrow ; 6 miles. 3. By Skelwith Bridge, Barn Gates, and Outgate ; $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- HELVELLYN is ascended from Grasmere, Wythburn, (7 miles,) and Dale Head ; 11 miles.
- HIGH STREET may be ascended from Hartsop, on the road to Patterdale.

TO KESWICK. — 1. Coaches three or four times a-day, passing Rydal, Grasmere, Dunmail Raise Pass, Thirlmere, (under Helvellyn), and Castlerigg ; 16 miles. 2. A detour may be made through the Vale of St. John ; 18 miles. 3. Pedestrians may leave the main-road at Grasmere and go over the hills to Rosthwaite, by Easedale Tarn ; 18 miles ; 4. Or, they may go up Langdale and over Stake Pass to Rosthwaite ; 20 miles. 5. Or, they may go by Harrop Tarn and Watendlath ; 16 miles.

TO LANGDALE. — See Dungeon Gill.

TO LANGDALE PIKES. — 1. These may be ascended by the path above Dungeon Gill Force ; 9 miles. 2. By Easedale Tarn ; $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

TO PATTERDALE AND ULLSWATER. — 1. By coach over Kirkstone Pass ; 10 miles. 2. By Troutbeck, Kirkstone Pass, and Brothers' Water ; 14 miles. 3. From Grasmere, pedestrians may cross by Grisedale Tarn ; 6 miles from Grasmere.

RYDAL, being on the way to Grasmere, the same information applies ; $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

TO STRANDS AND WASTWATER. — 1. By steam-yacht to Lake Side ; by railway to Ravenglass, thence by carriage ; 60 miles. 2. To Coniston, by railway to Ravenglass, thence by carriage ; 44 miles. 3. By Skelwith Bridge, Colwith, Wrynose Gap, Eskdale, and Stanton Bridge ; 22 miles.

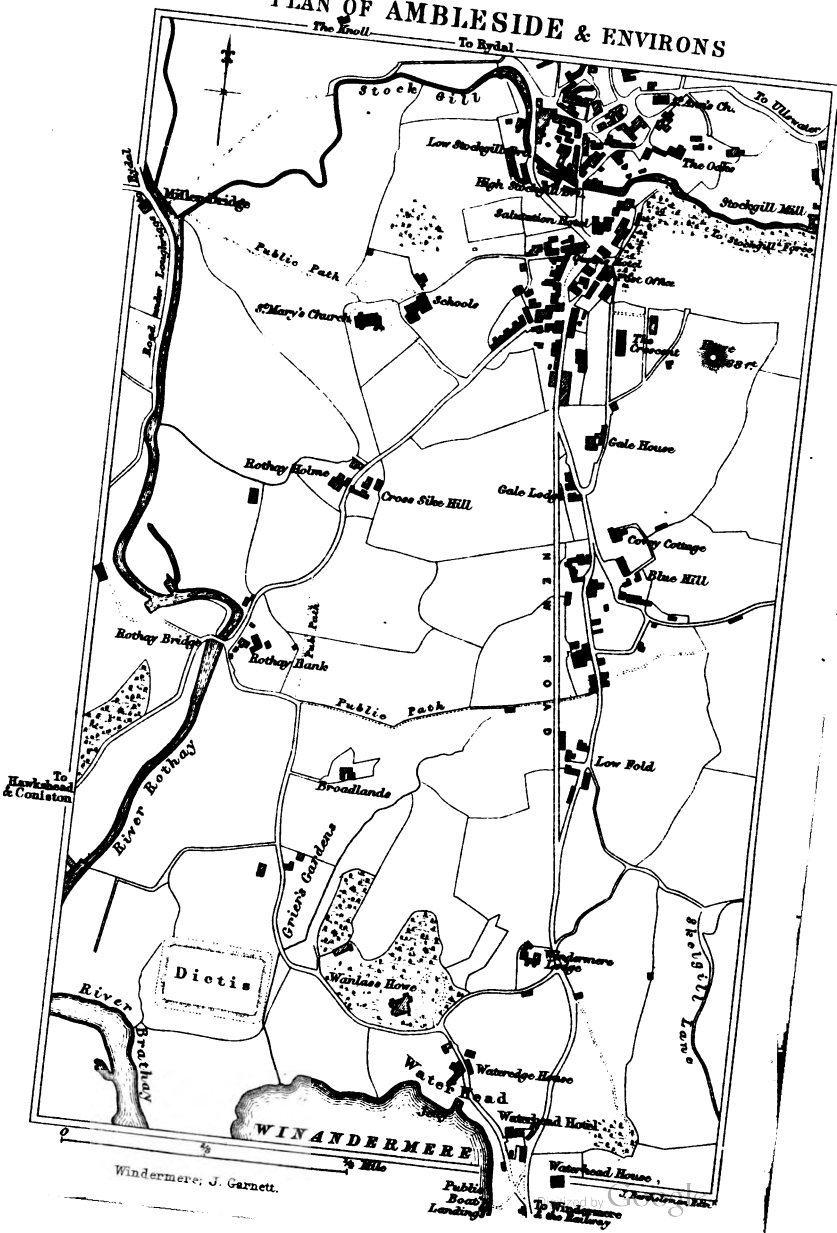
THIRLMERE OR LEATHES WATER, at the foot of Helvellyn, is on the way to Keswick ; 8 miles.

TROUTBECK. — 1. By Briery Close, the Church, and Cook's House ; 9 miles. 2. By Briery Close and Kirkstone ; 12 miles.

ULLSWATER. — See Patterdale.

WINDERMERE. — By coach several times a-day ; 5 miles. By steam-yacht to Bowness, thence by omnibus ; 7 miles.

PLAN OF AMBLESIDE & ENVIRONS





MILES.

Ambleside is a pretty picturesque town, (of some 1500 inhabitants,) seated at the head of Winandermere, in a soft green valley with the grim mountain tops looking down upon it from their stations in the sky. The remains of a **Roman Camp** near the lake testify to its antiquity, while its name — said to be a corruption of *Amabilis situs* — still bears the impress of our former conquerors. The town has lost much of its former quaintness within the last few years, for the old houses are fast giving place to modern structures, which, though doubtless more useful, are less picturesque. The new **Church**, so conspicuous from all parts, is more of

a blemish than an ornament, unhappily from its size and clumsiness, and the bad taste of its architecture. Though placed in a valley, it has a spire,—the appropriate form of churches in a level country; and the spire is a different colour from the rest of the building; the east window is also remarkably ugly. There have been various reductions of the beauty of the valley within twenty years or so; but this is the worst, because the most conspicuous. The old church is suitable to the position, and venerable by its ancient aspect. The site of the churchyard, and the health of the people who lived near it, was such as to make the opening of a new burial-ground a pressing matter; and hence, no doubt, arose the new church, though a larger and more beautiful cemetery might easily have been found in the neighbourhood.

In the space dignified with the name of market-place, a 'handsome mechanics' institute has been erected by the munificence of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. The shops in the town are in or about the market-place, and the Salutation, Queen's, and White Lion, the three principal Hotels, are all conspicuous in it. The traveller can hardly be wrong in his choice of one of these, as they all three comfortable and well-served. At present there are no baths in the place;—a singular deficiency where there is so much company on the one hand, and of water on the other. The inconvenience is, however, a subject of serious complaint: and it is to be hoped that this needful refreshment for the dusty and tired traveller will be provided,—to say nothing of the residents, who much desire it for purposes of health as well as enjoyment.

Ambleside and Grasmere still keep up the old custom of Rushbearing. It is a memorial of the time when churches were regularly strewn with rushes. At each of these places, — in Ambleside, on the Saturday preceeding the last Sunday

in July, and at Grasmere, on the previous Saturday,—the children of the place go in procession to the church, each carrying a garland, or other device, made of rushes. They leave them there for the Sunday, and the next day the children go and remove them.

TO STOCKGILL FORCE.

(One mile.)

The stranger is guided through the stable-yard of the Salutation Hotel, when he passes under a tall grove of old trees on the right-hand, the stream being on the left. On the opposite bank is the bobbin-mill, one of the few industrial establishments of Ambleside, placed there on account of the abundant supply of coppice-wood obtainable in the neighbourhood. The stacks of wood are seen, high on the bank ; and the dwelling of the proprietor ; and then the great water-wheel, with its attendant spouts and weir, and the sounds of gushing and falling water. The ugly, tall chimney behind is a memorial of the drought of 1859. The proprietor of the mill suffered so severely from want of water to carry on his trade, that he determined no other summer should find him unprepared with a more reliable power. Where the path forks towards and away from the stream, the visitor must take the left-hand one. The other is the way up **Wansfell**. His path leads him under trees, and up through a charming wood, with the water dashing and brawling further and further below, till the ear catches the sound of the fall : and presently after the track turns to the left and brings him to a rocky station whence he has a full view of the force. It is the fashion to speak lightly of this fall,—it being within half-a-mile of the inn, and so easily reached ; but it is, in our opinion, a very remarkable fall, (from the symmetry of

its parts,) and one of the most graceful that can be seen. Its leap of about seventy feet, is split by a rocky protrusion, and intercepted by a ledge running across; so that there are four falls,—two smaller ones above, answering precisely to each other, the two larger leaps below no less exactly resembling. The rock which parts them is feathered with foliage, and so are the sides of the ravine. Below, the waters unite in a basin, whence they flow down to the mill, and on in a most picturesque torrent, through a part of Ambleside, and into the meadows, where they make their last spring down a rock near Millar Bridge, and join the Rothay about a mile from the lake.

THE BRATHAY VALLEY.

(7 miles.)

The way to the Brathay Valley is to take the road leading to **Rothay Bridge** (see plan), then through **Clappersgate**, across **Brathay Bridge**, and the first turn to the right; this will introduce him into the valley, the leading features of which are delineated in one of the drives at page 76. The round, by Spy Hill and Skelwith Bridge, forms a charming walk of seven miles. It is the place for the earliest flowers of the spring, and distinguished by the broom growing thickly on the bank of the river, and yellow globe-ranunculus flourishing on the rocks at the brink, or in the midst of the stream. In the autumn, the side of Loughrigg, which overhangs that valley, is splendid with flowering heather. The opposite character of this and the sister valley is striking, and led to the remark of a resident of Ambleside that if one wants a meditative walk in mid-winter, one goes round the Brathay valley,—sure to meet nobody but the postman; whereas, if one needs recreation after a morning of study,

the walk should be round the Rothay valley, where one is sure to meet all one's acquaintances. The finest view in this valley, and, indeed, one of the finest in the whole district, is from **Skelwith Fold**, mentioned at page 76.

THE ROTHAY VALLEY.

(3 miles.)

There is no missing the way round the **Rothay Valley**. The circuit, from bridge to bridge at each end, is about three miles ; but there is a path through the middle which divides it into two short walks,—the northern occupying about three-quarters, and the southern about half-an-hour. This path begins with a lane nicknamed **Stony Lane**, which opens just opposite the foot of the old church hill, and leads to the meadows, through which there is a path which ends at **Millar Bridge**, the small high arch which spans the Rothay in the midst of the valley. Here the walker can take his choice of the northern or southern end of the valley. Going southwards, he comes to **Rothay Bridge**, described on the road to **Clappersgate**, and can take any one of the three roads which meet at the bridge,—the one to **Clappersgate** to the right, the one to **Waterhead** or that which turns to **Ambleside**.

If the northern half of the valley is preferred, the first object of interest is **Fox How**, the residence of the late **Dr. Arnold**. The road passes behind the gardens and opens upon a fine view of **Fairfield** commanded by the house. It then sweeps past **Foxghyll**, and other pleasant abodes, and follows the windings of the little river till, at **Pelter Bridge**, it joins the main-road from **Ambleside** to **Rydal**, at a mile and a quarter from **Ambleside**. The rest of the way is described in the return from **Grasmere** at page 114.

Thus much for the level of the valley. If the stranger desires to look down from the heights, there are some delightful walks within feasible distance.

LOUGHRIGG FELL.

In the first place there is *Loughrigg*, which occupies the longest line, though of inferior elevation. The paths up it show themselves; but there is one so much the best to descend by, that it is well to point it out. From whatever quarter the stranger mounts, throughout the whole range of the hill, he should come down by the zigzag behind Clappersgate. At Millar Bridge, just mentioned, there is a good road up, past the back of Loughrigg Brow, and by a farm called Brow Head, visible from all parts of the valley. There are other tempting paths at the Foxghyll corner: and there are few parts where an active walker cannot mount with ease, excepting for the impediment of high walls, which render it necessary to keep to the frequented tracks, avoiding the fences. The whole ridge, from above Grasmere, at one end, to above Winandermere at the other, offers the most charming views of the surrounding heights and vales, lakes and tarns. The final survey should be taken from the southern extremity, where, from two peaks, or from a seat between them, the most perfect possible view of Winandermere and its environs is obtained. By looking about a little, just below the more southern of the two peaks, the beginning of a zigzag path will be found: and there the traveller must come down upon *Clappersgate*, enjoying, as he descends, the distant view of the Langdale group of mountains, and the picture of the valley of the Brathay at his feet. Another delightful walk over Loughrigg is found by crossing it from

west to east. There is a way up between walls, from a point not far above Red Bank. The highest point of the ridge is marked by a pile of stones, and is near the northern end. From this point, and it is the only one, the two lakes, Grasmere and Winandermere, may both be seen. The pedestrian may descend either upon Loughrigg Terrace, or near Rydal, or by the farmhouse at Brow Head. The only obstacles are the boggy parts, which render this walk difficult after rain; and the stone walls. A careful survey from one of the highest points will show the stranger a series of gates in more than one direction, and by following the line he may descend without difficulty to almost any point he may have chosen.

TO SCANDALE AND SWEDEN BRIDGE.

(Three miles and a-half there and back.)

If he desires to ascend the opposite heights, nothing is easier, and there are few walks more charming than the one to *Sweden Bridge*, which spans the Scandale Beck at no great distance from its source. Three of these becks or brooks come down into the *Rothay Valley* from the eastern heights;—the Stock, which is described in the account of Stockgill, and which flows along Stony Lane, falling into the Rothay at Millar Bridge; the Scandale Beck, which descends from the *cul-de-sac* between the Kirkstone road and the Rydal heights, passing under the main-road between Ambleside and Rydal: and the Rydal Beck, rising from the *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield, and taking its way down through the park to join the Rothay near Pelter Bridge. It is the second of these streams which is spanned by the little old-fashioned picturesque arch of Sweden Bridge, placed in the midst of the wilds.

Going up the Kirkstone road, there is a turn to the left, just before the old Ambleside church (see plan). This is the road to be pursued. It leads past the new hamlet of Eller-rigg, and on through fences for a considerable way,—the occasional gates affording glimpses of a further view. Rydal Park and the lake are fairly commanded, and the valley of the Rothay lies below, under the slopes of Loughrigg. By the time the road issues from the fences, the scene is entirely changed, for the stranger's face is turned towards the recesses of the hills. The path here is exceedingly rough. The Scandale slopes sweep upward to the right, partly bare, and partly scrubby with bushes which afford some shelter to sheep; and down below, on the left-hand, the stream gushes along, making music in its rocky bed. Its channel, partly overhung with trees, is in some places so crowded with rocks as to split the brook into a multitude of little waterfalls, while elsewhere it leaves room for pools tempting to the bather. The first green path which tends towards the stream, leads to the bridge;—it is a wild walk up the *cul-de-sac*, where nobody ever seems to go, except the shepherds after their flocks. A fold in ruins is seen just above the bridge; and beyond it all is wild rock and stream and scanty herbage, as far as the ridges. The regular mode of return is by the way one came: but some who do not mind a scramble, and an occasional bog, with some difficulty in finding the path, return by the other side of the stream. It is a delightful walk, and particularly when the open down is reached which commands another view of the valley and its southern opening, as well as the Rydal Pass. The path crosses a little bridge at the farmhouse called The Nook, (where the stream is as beautiful as anywhere), and passes between fences all the rest of the way, coming out upon the church hill at Ambleside.

1¼

¾

WANSFELL.

(4 miles of hill work.)

The ascent by the other two becks need no detailed description. Stockgill has already been noticed. To ascend the heights, the stranger has only to follow the lane by which he arrived at the wood containing the waterfall, and he will find himself high up on the side of Wansfell when the fences come to an end. The rest of the ascent is merely a steep grassy slope, by which he will attain the rocky crest of the mountain. There is no difficulty, and no great fatigue in the walk, providing it be taken in dry weather. After rains, there is a good deal of boggy ground.

As for the Rydal Beck, it is well known by its falls. (page 84). Above the park, the stream is still beautiful, presenting a succession of little falls, and leading up into the heart of the recess of Fairfield.

The streams, levels, and heights of Ambleside Valley being thus disposed of, it only remains to notice two or three walks within reach at either extremity, besides those which merely follow the high-road;—as up towards Kirkstone, over towards Coniston, down towards Winandermere, and onwards towards Grasmere.

GRASMERE TERRACE.

(8 miles.)

One lovely walk is along the face of Nab Scar, from Rydal to Grasmere. At the summit of Rydal Mount,

a path leads to the left, immediately behind Wordsworth's house. It proceeds, in the form of a terrace, all the way to Grasmere. The further gate of Wordsworth's garden opens upon this green terrace; and it is truly a poet's walk. It commands first the whole length of the Rothay Valley, with Winandermere in the distance; then the turn of the pass, with the bold slope of Loughrigg opposite; then the pass itself with Rydal Lake sleeping below; and, finally Grasmere, where it brings the stranger into the main-road.

LOUGHRIGG TERRACE.

(9 miles.)

Finer still is the opposite terrace-road. Some visitors have considered the ~~Loughrigg-terrace~~ walk the finest in the district. It is a long stretch from Ambleside,—the circuit being not less than nine miles: but of these four or five can be taken in a carriage, or the whole on horseback. There is a bridle-path all the way. The point of departure from the turnpike is ~~Pelter Bridge~~, a mile and a quarter from Ambleside. After crossing the bridge, the rough road on the right must be taken. This path leads behind a farm-house, and above the stream, till it descends to the margin of ~~Rydal Lake~~, which it skirts, through some rather boggy ground, which indicates the driest weather for this walk. From the lake the path ascends, winding among the lower slopes of Loughrigg, till a considerable height is attained, where it makes a bold sweep, in the form of a grassy terrace, up the side of Loughrigg, commanding nearly the same view which is described (p. 79) as so glorious from Red Bank. From the middle of the terrace a mountain is seen in the far distance over Dunmail Raise. This is Saddlebaak. The terrace-walk ends at the top of Red Bank, whence the descent

upon Grasmere is the same as that followed at p. 79. By taking a car, in the first instance, to Pelter Bridge, and then again from Grasmere to Ambleside, the walk is reduced to one of four or five miles.

High Close. — If, instead of descending Red Bank, the traveller turns in the opposite direction, — away from Grasmere instead of towards it, — he will find himself near High Close (p. 77), and can refresh himself with the ‘finest view in Westmorland,’ as that panorama is reputed. From the foot of the ascent to High Close, the road is the same (reversed) as that detailed at p. 78.

ROADS TO GRASMERE.

Before leaving the description of the north end of the Rothay Valley, it may be worth pointing out that there are three roads to Grasmere from Rydal, for the horse or foot traveller. The mail-road is by far the longest, as it sweeps round the base of the promontory which separates the two vales. The shortest of the three cuts is over the promontory at its highest part, — the path turning off steeply at the Rydal quarries, among the *débris*. There is a good deal of boggy ground that way; but it lessens the distance considerably, and comes down finely upon Grasmere. The intermediate line is the celebrated Roman road, by which the **Wishing Gate** is passed, just above Grasmere. It parts off from the mail-road behind a wall, just on the Rydal side of the promontory. On the whole, it may be said that if the stranger desires an easy walk, he will follow the longest road; if he wishes to save time, or for the finest views and the greatest wildness, he will take the shortest; if he prefers traditional and romantic associations, he will choose the Roman road and the Wishing Gate.

SKELGILL AND WANSFELL.

(7 miles.)

In the immediate environs of Ambleside, the paths speak for themselves. For instance, every walker will explore the meadows between the town and the river, and cannot fail to notice the well-kept Nursery Gardens of Mr. Grier, where all the ferns of the region, and an unusually good show of flowers, are exhibited. But the stranger may possibly miss a beautiful walk through the woods on Wansfell, commanding the finest views of the head of Winandermere, and of the mountain groups beyond. Almost every path leading up from the left of the old road between Ambleside and Waterhead leads into the woods: but the best is that which turns off, and upwards, just opposite a group of houses, in one of which lives Dove, the fishmonger. All such paths are rough and wet; but this one is full of charms when once it enters the wood. The earliest anemones abound there, and many other wild flowers; the brooks are clear and sparkling; the rocky masses which crop out above, tufted with mosses and ferns, are an endless treat to the eye; while the scene below and above is surprisingly fine;—the views up both valleys, and along the lake, and into its bays and coves, all alive with boats; or, in some seasons, as still as a mirror, reflecting even the distant mountain tops; and far away the clustering peaks and graduated ridges of a little world of mountains. Step by step the scene varies, as the path follows the prominences or recesses of the hill side. It runs above *Dobnest*, and then strikes back from above the road, passing through some fields, and issuing in the lane which leads down from Troutbeck to the mail-road at Lowwood. This *Skelgill* walk is a great favourite with residents; and it would

be a great pity that strangers should not enjoy it. It can be well combined with the ascent of Wansfell from Lowwood.

The best way of ascending Wansfell is from Skelgill. Having pursued the path described in the preceding paragraph, the stranger must turn to the left, in the field before he reaches Skelgill Farm. He will pass an old lime-kiln,* and almost immediately above it he will find traces of a road. This he must follow through two or three enclosures $\frac{3}{4}$ and he will thus find gates or stiles all the way to the top. Wansfell is less steep on this side, and the ascent much less fatiguing than that described as above Stockgill. There can be no difficulty in finding the way, if the stranger will bear in mind that he need climb no walls. The walls are very high and very perplexing, and many persons have lost their way, and even been benighted, having got into a hopeless complication of fences.

DOVE CRAGS.

(10 miles.)

The walk to Dove Crag, and the next we shall describe, is longer and more fatiguing than those hitherto mentioned ; but in neither of them is there any difficulty which need alarm a good walker. The time each occupies is from four to five hours.

The way to Dove Crag is perfectly easy to find in clear weather, but a fog not only spoils the pleasure of the expedition, but renders the route difficult and even dangerous ; and, in bad weather, fogs are very apt to hang over the ridge of which Dove Crag form the centre. The tourist starts

* As will be seen on reference to a Geological Map, there is a vein of Lime running through here.

by the road which takes him to *Sweden Bridge* (p. 105). After leaving the bridge on the left, he pursues his way along an uneven grassy road, which is crossed by many streams, till, after a walk of a mile, he arrives at a gate. The road is plainly marked a little further on, but ceases at a large sheep-fold which he will see for sometime before he reaches it. After passing the fold, he must proceed in a north-easterly direction, and make his way towards a crag which appears over the centre of the ridge which closes in the valley. The ascent looks easy enough, but lengthens out as he attempts it, and he is often tempted to believe that his guiding crag must belong to some range still further off. It is, however, one of the Dove Crag, and when he has passed a small tarn, half an hour after he left the fold, he finds himself not far from the foot of it. He must climb to the top, and then what a view opens all around him! Below him he sees Brothers' Water, with Hartsop lying behind it; then his eye travels over Place Fell and the whole of the Ullswater range, and he catches glimpses of the lake at Pooley Bridge end. Turning a little to the right, he perceives Kidsty Pike, High Street, and Ill Bell, the latter over the shoulder of the Red Screes. Looking back the way he came, he sees both ends of Winandermere, Blelham Tarn, Esthwaite, Coniston, and the sea at Lancaster and Duddon sands; while, by turning more to the west, he catches many fine points of the Fairfield ridge, and one peep of Helvellyn. There are many directions in which it would well repay him to explore. Perhaps the most tempting is the dropping down upon Brothers' Water, to which he will see a path far below him in a valley at his feet. He might ascend the Red Screes from this point; or he might turn towards Fairfield, and, after walking along the ridge, regain the Scandale Valley at the sheep-fold, which all the time serves him as a valuable landmark.

SCANDALE OR RED SCREES.

(Six miles of hill-work).

Very few tourists ascend the Scandale or Red Screes, and yet it is an expedition well worth a great deal more exertion than is necessary to accomplish it. The traveller must pursue the road up the Kirkstone Pass till he has left the row of houses on the right, which are the last dwellings on the Ambleside side. Not long after, he sees a gate (the third on his left) through which he must pass. He immediately begins to ascend a steep, winding, grassy road, between stone walls. He gets fine views of Rydal and Grasmere as he proceeds, and more and more of the landscape opens around him. His road is clear enough. He has only to keep between the walls so long as they run parallel: where they end he finds a stile which he must climb. He then keeps a wall on his left for some distance, and crosses a steep and rocky piece of ground, at the end of which he comes to what was formerly a gate, but which has been built up, and is now covered with stones on both sides. The wall must be climbed at this point. This built-up gate is in a line south-west of the cairn near the top, and it is important not to miss it, or the traveller may get entangled in walls. Once over the wall, his way lies across the open fells to the ridge, in a direct line before him. From this point the way is easy, for the ground is smooth and gently sloping, and the top is in full view. There is a fine view from every part of the ridge, but it is from the summit (marked by a pile of stones) that the whole panorama opens before him. Below, lies Brothers' Water, with ridge after ridge branching off in all directions. Further off, Ullswater comes into view: while, by turning round, the stranger sees various peaks he has left behind, with patches of lake and sea visible between them. The view in this

direction is similar to what is described as seen from Dove Crag, but more extended, as this is a higher point. These Craggs are visible from this summit, and an easy way of descent is found by making for the valley between them. The sheep-fold in Scandale soon comes into sight, and will again serve as a landmark.

BY THE BRATHAY VALLEY TO HIGH CLOSE AND GRASMERE, AND BACK BY RYDAL.

(17 miles).

The stranger had better take an entire day for this Drive, if he can spare the time, and means to see Easedale at his ease; and there are other things to see which deserve a pause.

The road to the right, after leaving the market-place, towards the Lake, is the one to be taken. Between Rothay Cottage and Rothay Bank, the road turns upon Rothay Bridge, whence there is a fine view of the valley, with the *cul-de-sac* of Fairfield closing it in to the north. Whether the vapours are gathering and tumbling in this basin, — the recess of Fairfield, — or whether every projection, streak, slide, and mossy tract, is clearly visible, that northern barrier is very imposing; and perhaps more so to those who are most familiar with it, and can read its manifold weather signs and tokens.

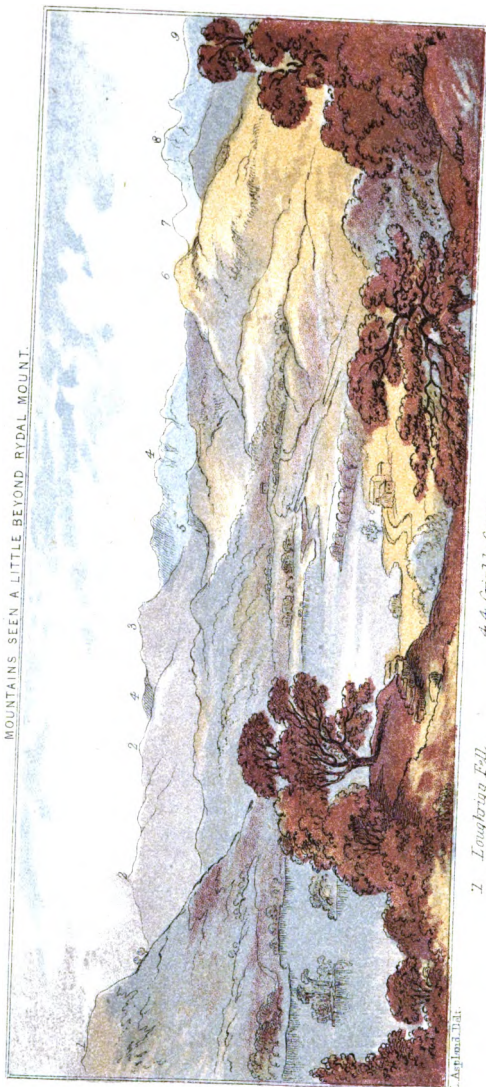
From Rothay Bridge, this Excursion is fully described at 75 and following pages, to which the traveller is referred.

After seeing the Falls at Rydal (page 84) Pelter Bridge, which spans the Rothay, is presently passed. That is the way to Fox How, — the grey house embosomed in trees, — at the foot of Loughrigg. He must not mistake

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MOUNTAINS SEEN A LITTLE BEYOND RYDAL MOUNT.



Aspland Hill.

1. Longbrigg Fell.
2. 2. Liddymoor
3. Pike of Blaw

4. 4. Grickle Grays
5. Mags Gill Head.
6. Silver How

7. Pike of Stickle
8. Harrison Stickle
9. Lacey Ark

Thomas S. Edinburgh

for it the gem of a house that he sees, — the cream-coloured one, veiled in roses, with the conservatories beside it, just under the wooded precipice: that is Fox Ghyll. To the left there are good views of Rydal Park. Approaching Ambleside, the first house on the left is Lesketh How: the white house to the right is Meadow Bank: and the house on the rising ground behind the chapel is The Knoll. The gates on the left are those of Scale How: and the pretty cottage next reached on the same side is called Low Nook. The stream to the right is the Stock, making its way to the river: and the old grey dwelling built above it is the ancient house which is considered the most curious relic in Ambleside of the olden time. The view of the mill, and the rocky channel of the Stock, on the left of the bridge, is one which every artist sketches as he passes by; and if there is in the exhibition in London, in any year, a view at Ambleside, it is probably this. The Kirkstone road now joins the mail-road and the tourist finds himself on old ground, — in the market-
 17 place.

TO THE LANGDALE VALLEYS, BY THE SKELWITH AND COLWITH FALLS, BLEA TARN, AND DUNGEON GILL.

(17 miles).

This Drive, which is one of the great favourites at Ambleside, commences with the Brathay Valley, which we have described at page 76, — past the new Church, and very soon coming to the familiar land-mark of **Rothay Bridge**, to which we have had to allude many times. Now we are under the southern end of Loughrigg Fell, with Winandermere on our
 1/4 left, and the pretty gardened-cottages of Clappersgate on the right. On Brathay Bridge we have most beautiful river-scenery up and down, especially the former, with the grand

old trees on either hand, and the tower of the church peering up prettily in the middle distance. The first turn on the right is towards the church, which is described at page 76. This road, on the south side of the river, is followed for a mile and a-half, when Spy Hill, with its commanding prospect is reached; then there is a descent to and over **Skelwith Bridge**. From this point the route is precisely similar to that described at 85 and following pages.

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As the return route joins the Brathay Valley about half-a-mile west of Skelwith Bridge, it is agreeably varied by travelling on the other side of the river.

17

TO CONISTON, BY HIGH CROSS, AND BACK BY TILBERTHWAITE.

(19 miles.)

This Excursion having been fully described in the Windermere Section, little remains to be said here. Our old acquaintance, **Rothay Bridge**, is again to be found, as on the way to Langdale, page 76 but, instead of turning towards Brathay Church just after crossing the bridge, the main-road is pursued by Pull Wyke, after which there is a steep ascent westwards and away from the lake to Barnegates. At page 88, the route from this point is described.

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Both Colwith and Skelwith Forces can be visited on returning. After the latter, the Brathay Valley is our homeward route.

19

TO THE FERRY AND HAWKSHEAD.

(15 miles.)

This circuit embraces some of the finest scenery in the district, and is everywhere interesting. We proceed as in the

last tour as far as the point where the roads to Coniston and
 2 Hawkshead diverge (p 116); here the latter should be
 3¼ followed for a short distance and then the first turn to the
 left is to be taken, this brings us to the lodge of Wray Castle,
 just beyond which is a gate, passing through which we soon
 7¼ come to the margin of the lake (p. 37). The course to the
 8¼ Ferry is now plain, by the water's edge. At the Ferry we
 hold to the right, taking the steep road up to Sawrey and
 11 then along the eastern shore of Esthwaite Water to Hawks-
 head. The particulars of this route from the Ferry to
 15 Hawkshead are given, in a reverse manner, at page 42.
 From Hawkshead the way home will be on the main-road.

HIGH WRAY AND IRON KELD.

(13 miles there and back,)

The last route is to be followed until we come to the lake
 3¼ under Wray Castle. After skirting its shore for a mile and
 5 a-half, nearly to Belle Grange, a road to the right will be
 seen, which will take the traveller through a wood, (the view
 from which is described at page 43 as being very fine), to
 High Wray; then under Latterbarrow. The Hawkshead
 road must then be followed for a little way, and then
 7¼ a turn to the left (by Outgate) will bring him to Sunny
 Brow. From here the lane pointing northward is to be
 10 taken, under the long rocky hill locally called Iron Keld.
 In two miles and a-half, this brings us to the beautiful
 view at Spy Hill, described at page 77, and the descent
 upon Skelwith Bridge, from whence our route home is by
 Brathay and Clappersgate.

The very interesting and easy ascent of Iron Keld is
 described in the Coniston Section.

VALLEY OF THE STOCK, KIRKSTONE PASS, AND TROUTBECK.

(11 miles via Low Wood ; 14 via Cook's House.)

The road to Kirkstone—a very steep one—issues out of Ambleside by the old church. Though pretty enough in its way, it is nothing to the magnificent scenery that stretches out beneath. You look back, and white singular Ambleside comes into view ; higher up, the head of Winandermere ; higher still, you catch little Blelham Tarn, sparkling like a jewel dropt among the waste hills ; higher still, Coniston Old Man and the wild western hills ; higher yet, Morecambe Bay :—Stockdale is some three or four miles in length,—and, before you descry the sea, with the vapoury track of a steamer perhaps stretching across it, you are on Kirkstone, and then your attention is taken captive by the immediate beauties of the scene ; Red Screes on the left, Caudale Moor on the right, and the wild mountain road that, with torrents for its companions, hurries down into Patterdale. At the inn, known as the highest inhabited house in Eng-
land, we ‘right about face’ ; and then take the road on the
left, soon finding ourselves descending rapidly into the
Troutbeck Valley, the chief beauties of which we have al-
ready pointed out at p. 32. For his way home the tourist
may either follow the road which skirts under Wansfell and
joins the main-road at Lowwood Hotel, or, crossing the
valley to the church, he may follow that which will bring him
to Cook’s House, close to Windermere, a spot with which
he will now be well acquainted. In both routes the views
of Winandermere are equally fine.

TO PATTERDALE.

(9 miles).

The route last described should be taken as far as Kirkstone, here the road, (p. 54,) which is very steep, descends through wild scenery to Brothers' Water; passing this, and entering the comparatively rich and fertile Patterdale, we cannot help lingering to admire the magnificent opening in the mountains behind, particularly to the left. The road is now easy and level, and in due time the tourist arrives at the Patterdale Inn.

TO KESWICK.

(16 miles direct; or, via western side of Thirlmere, 20.)

The main-road has already fallen under our observation at page 71; but, as the drive is not so long from Ambleside, there may be time to survey ~~Thirlmere~~ ^{Thirlmere}, and so make a satisfactory day's work. We accordingly, pass Rydal, Grasmere, over Dunmail Raise, and arrive at the Horse Head, the little inn opposite Wythburn Chapel (p. 75,) which is about a mile further on. Here the traveller must decide on one of three courses, — as politicians are wont to do. He may go up Helvellyn; or bowl along the high-road, straight through Legberthwaite, and immediately under Helvellyn; or he may go on foot, or on pony, round the western side of the lake, which is known by the various names of Wythburn Water, Leathes Water, and Thirlmere. It is a choice of pleasures; and he will ascend Helvellyn hereafter, if he does not now. Of the two lake roads, the rude western one is unquestionably the finest. The woods, which were once so thick that the squirrel is said to have gone from Wythburn to Keswick without touching the ground, are cleared away

now ; and the gloom in the scene is from the mass of Helvellyn. The stranger leaves the mail-road within a mile of the Horse Head, passes by the cottages called by the boastful name of the City of Wythburn, and a few farm-houses, and, soon emerging from the fences, finds himself on a grassy level under the Arnboth Fells, within an amphitheatre of rocks, with the lake before, and Helvellyn beyond, overshadowing it. The rocks behind are feathered with wood, except where a bold crag here, and a cataract there introduces a variety.

‘The best wooded ravine and one of the finest in the Lake Country is Lancey Gill ; the first stream you arrive at comes down from it. Although we have travelled up it a long distance in the fairest company, it is not easy climbing for ladies. But it well repays a little toil. Nowhere, not even at Lodore, are rocks more picturesquely scattered, more beautifully mossed, more drooped over by greenest foliage than here : very soon you come to what appears to be a complete *cul-de-sac*,—a wall of rock, not only rendering progress impossible, but setting you wondering where the stream can possibly come from ; the tourist here has to take a perfect right angle, and proceeds through a deep and narrow chasm which ladies had better not strive to pass ; there is a circuitous route up the cliff on the left-hand, by which the ravine can be again reached and the expedition resumed. The whole of the way is beautiful : the beck looks like some gallery of Creswick’s pictures, with nook and fall, and bower and rock-work, endlessly diversified. At last the rocky summit of a deep pool is reached, which has been the watery home, for several minutes, of more than one over-active young gentlemen of our acquaintance, who slipped in during their perilous passage over the left-hand ledge yonder. No sane person, with life uninsured, would venture upon it ;

MOUNTAINS SEEN FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THIRLMERE



J. A. Campbell Del.

1. Raven Crag
2. Co. S. 1849

3. Blencathra
vulgariter Saddleback

4. Great How
5. Green Crag

6. Great Dod
7. Part of Hevellyn

Banks St. Edinburgh

the cliff, no easy matter, must now be climbed, and the head of the ravine arrived at by the left bank ; there is a waterfall both above and beneath the tourist, and a view of King Helvellyn and the nobles of his court at Thirlmere, which will well repay him for his trouble. Upon his return, he should visit the Rocking Stone upon the right, from whence is a still more splendid prospect.'

Arriving again at the bottom of the Gill, we find a clear pool in the midst of the grass, where, if the approaching tread be light, the heron may be seen fishing, or faithfully reflected in the mirror. The track leads by the margin of the lake, and through a shady lane and a farm-yard, to the bridge by which the lake is crossed. The water is shallow there, between two promontories ; so that piers are easily built, with two wooden bridges at intervals ; and thus is solved what is to novices a great mystery, — how there can be a bridge over a lake. There is another mystery just behind, under Armboth Fells, — a haunted house. Lights are seen there at night, the people say ; and the bells ring ; and just as the bells are set off ringing, a large dog is seen swimming across the lake. The plates and dishes clatter ; and the table is spread by unseen hands. That is the preparation for the ghostly wedding feast of a murdered bride, who comes up to keep her terrible nuptials. There is really something remarkable, and like witchery about the house. On a bright moonlight night, the spectator who looks towards it from a distance of two or three miles, sees the light reflected from its windows into the lake ; and, when a slight fog gives a reddish hue to the light, the whole might be easily taken for an illumination of a great mansion. And this mansion seems to vanish as you approach, — being no mansion, but a small house lying in a nook, and overshadowed by a hill. The bridge being crossed, another bit of lane

leads out upon the high-road near the clean little inn, the King's Head, and within view of the Vale of St. John.

10½

One would like to know how often the 'Bridal of Triermain' has been read within that vale. The Castle Rock, in its disenchanted condition, is a prominent object in approaching the vale from Legberthwaite, or by the road just described; and there are lights and gloomy moments, in which it looks as like as may be to a scene of witchery, — now lit with sunshine when the range to which it belongs is all in shadow; and now perversely gloomy, because there is a single cloud in the sky. The narrow vale is full of character and charm, from end to end; and at its northern extremity it comes out upon a spot of strong historical interest. The village of Threlkeld will, by its name, remind one of the good Lord Clifford, the story of whose boyhood is familiar to all readers of Wordsworth. That place is, indeed, the refuge where there is a local tradition that, though he never learned to read or write, during the twenty-four years he spent in keeping sheep, his astronomical knowledge was considerable, and so interesting to him that he improved it by study after he came to his estates. The road through St. John's Vale and Threlkeld will, however, be followed by the traveller on another occasion: to-day we must not miss that view from Castlerigg, which made the poet Gray long to go back again to Keswick.

From the entrance to the Vale of St. John at Legberthwaite it is five miles to where the view opens, which presently comprehends the whole extent from Bassenthwaite Lake to the entrance of Borrowdale, — the plain between the two lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwent Water presenting one of the richest scenes in England, — with the town of Keswick, and many a hamlet and farmstead besides; and the two churches, — the long, white, old-fashioned Cros-

15½

thwaite Church, in which Southey was buried, and the new red-stone church of St. John, with its spire, and the school-house and pretty parsonage at hand. These were built by the late John Marshall, of Hallsteads, — a name which is more spoiled than dignified by any conventional addition. The church and parsonage were occupied by the husband of one of his daughters; and now he and his son-in-law lie buried there together. Skiddaw is here the monarch of the scene. That mountain mass occupies the north of the view. Bassenthwaite Lake peeps from behind it: then the plain of Derwentwater stretches out to the lake of that name; and, at the southern end, the Borrowdale mountains are grouped with wonderful effect, Castle Crag occupying the most conspicuous place. On the eastern side, to the left of the spectator, Wallabarow Cragg rears its crest, and unfolds woods below; while the opposite side of the mountain is guarded by Cat Bells and other mountains, bare and pointed, and possessing a character of their own. A steep winding road descends into the valley; and at the foot of the hill lies

16

Keswick.

ASCENT OF FAIRFIELD.

(12 miles of mountain work.)

The tourist, during his sojourn at Ambleside, should make a point of ascending some of the neighbouring mountains. The ascents of Loughrigg and Wansfell, being within a short distance and easy access, have been already noticed in the Walks, but we wish now to conduct the traveller to some of the higher mountain tops. And here we would offer a few general remarks on mountaineering which may prove useful to the stranger in the expeditions he is about to make.

In all mountain expeditions let him go forth early, especially in hot weather, as he will thus get over his first

climb in the cool of the morning ; he should have a stout stick in his hand, or, better still, one of the mountain-poles, which he will find of great service in helping him over the rough places ; provision for the day in his knapsack or his pocket, is indispensable.

The mountain up which we propose to take the traveller first, is the one which he will often have noticed rising grandly above Ambleside, and the ascent of which it is best to commence with as the excursion is safe, not over-fatiguing, practical for a summer-day, and presenting scenery as characteristic as can be found. The whole of this great horse-shoe of mountain is called Fairfield, — is in fact the Fairfield Range, but each summit has a distinctive name. Let us begin with Nab Scar, the end which overlooks Rydal Lake : the next summit is Harron Crag, ; then Green or Great Riggs ; then Fairfield proper (the summit) ; and, last of all, Rydal Head. The top of Fairfield is 2,950 feet above the sea level, and Rydal head 2,910. The name Rydal Head originally belonged to the valley shut in by the summits, but has lately been used for the height above it.

The stranger should ascend to the ridge, either through Rydal Forest, (for which leave is requisite, and not always easily obtained,) or by the Nook, the road to which is at the back of Scale How, (see plan,) which anybody will show him. The Nook is a farmhouse in a glorious situation, as he will see when he gets there and steps into the field on the left to look abroad from the brow. He then passes under its old trees, to where the voice of falling waters call him onward. Scandale Beck comes down its rocky channel, close at hand. He must cross the bridge and follow the cart-road, which brings him out at once upon the fells. What he has to aim at is the ridge above Rydal Forest or Park, from whence his way is plain, — round the whole cul-

de-sac of Fairfield, to Nab Scar. He sees it all; and the only thing is to do it: and we know no obstacle to his doing it, unless it be the stone wall which divides the Scandale from the Rydal side of the ridge. These stone walls are an inconvenience to pedestrians, and a great blemish in the eyes of the stranger. In the first place, however, it is to be said that an open place is almost invariably left, up every mountain, the rover can but find it: in the next place, the ugliness of these climbing fences disappears marvelously when the stranger learns how they came there. In the olden times, when there were wolves, and when the abbots of the surrounding Norman monasteries encouraged their tenants to approach nearer and nearer to the Saxon fastnesses, the shepherds were allowed to enclose crofts about their upland huts, for the sake of browsing their flocks on the sprouts of the ash and the holly, with which the uplands were then wooded, and of protecting the sheep from the wolves which haunted the thickets. The inclosures certainly spread up the mountain-sides, at this day, to a height where they would not be seen if ancient customs had not drawn the lines which are thus preserved; and it appears, from historical testimony, that these fences existed before the fertile valleys were portioned out among many holders. Higher and higher ran these inclosures,—threading the woods, and joining on upon the rocks. Now, the woods are for the most part gone; and the walls offend and perplex the stranger's eye and mind, by their unsightliness and apparent uselessness; but it is a question whether, their origin once known, they would be willingly parted with,—reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or of the military nobles, formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old. One of these walls it is which runs along the ridge which bounds Rydal Park. There may

be a gate in it ; if not, he must get over it ; and if he does so, high enough up, it may save another climb. The nearer the ridge, the fewer the remaining walls between him and liberty. Once in the forest, Christopher North's advice comes into his mind, — unspoiled by the fear — only too reasonable in the lower part of the park — of being turned out of the paradise very summarily. 'The sylvan or rather, the forest scenery of Rydal Park,' says Professor Wilson, 'was, in the memory of living man, magnificent ; and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into these old woods, and lose yourself for an hour or two among the cooing of cushats and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless slow-worm among last years' beech leaves. No great harm should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, whilst the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and then, hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage.' Ascending from these shades, through a more straggling woodland, the stranger arrives at a clump on the ridge, — the last clump, and thenceforth feels himself wholly free. His foot is on the springy mountain-moss : and many a cushion of heather tempts him to sit down and look abroad. There may be a frightened cow or two, wheeling away, with tail aloft, as he comes onwards ; and a few sheep are still crouching in the shadows of the rocks, or staring at him from the knolls. If he plays the child and bleats, he will soon see how many there are. It is one of the amusements of a good mimic in such places to bring about him all the animals there are, by imitating their cries. One may assemble a flock of sheep, and lead them far out of bounds in this way ; and bewildered enough they look when the bleat ceases, and they are left to find

their way back again. It is in such a place as this that the truth of some of Wordsworth's touches may be recognised, which are most amusing to Cockney readers. Perhaps no passage has been more ridiculed than that which tells of the 'solemn bleat' of

'a lamb left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude.'

The laughers are thinking of a cattle-market, or a flock of sheep on a dusty road ; and they know nothing of the effect of a solitary bleat of a stray lamb up on the mountains. If they had ever felt the profound stillness of the higher fells, or heard it broken by the plaintive cry, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is true solemnity in the sound.

Still further on, when the sheep are all left behind, the stranger may see a hawk perched upon a great boulder. He will see it take flight when he comes near, and cleave the air below him, and hang above him, — to the infinite terror, as he knows, of many a small creature there, — and then whirl away to some distant part of the park. Perhaps a heavy buzzard may rise, flapping from her nest on the moor, or pounce from a crag in the direction of any water-birds that may be about the springs and pools in the hills. There is no sound, unless it be the hum of the gnats in the hot sunshine. There is an aged man in the district, however, who hears more than this, and sees more than people would, perhaps, imagine. An old shepherd has the charge of four water-gauges which are set up on four ridges, — desolate, misty spots, sometimes below but often above the clouds. He visits each once a month, and notes down what the gauges record ; and when the tall old man, with his staff, passes out

of sight into the cloud, or among the cresting rocks, it is a striking thought that science has set up a tabernacle in these wildernesses, and formed a priest among the shepherds. That old man has seen and heard wonderful things; has trod upon rainbows, and been waited upon by a dim retinue of spectral mists. He has seen the hail and the lightnings go forth as from under his hand; and has stood in the sunshine listening to the thunder growling and the tempest bursting beneath his feet. He well knows the silence of the hills, and all the solemn ways in which that silence is broken. The stranger, however, coming hither on a calm summer-day, may well fancy that a silence like this can never be broken.

Looking abroad, what does he see? The first impression probably is the billowy character of the mountain groups around and below him. This is perhaps the most striking scene to a novice; and the next is, the fitting character of the mists. One ghostly peak after another seems to rise out of its shroud; and then the shroud winds itself round another. Here the mist floats over the valley; there it reeks out of a chasm; here it rests upon a green slope; there it curls up a black precipice. The sunny vales below look like a paradise, with their bright meadows and waters, and shadowy woods and little knots of villages. To the south there is the glittering sea; and the estuaries of the Leven and the Duddon, with their stretches of yellow sands. To the east, there is a sea of hill-tops. On the north, Ullswater appears, grey and calm at the foot of the black precipices; and nearer may be traced the whole pass from Patterdale, where Brothers' Water lies invisible from hence. The finest point of the whole excursion is about the middle of the *cul-de-sac*, where, on the northern side, there are tremendous precipices overlooking Deepdale and other sweet recesses far below. Here, within hearing of the torrents which

tumble from those precipices, the rover should rest. He will see nothing so fine as the contrast of this northern view with the long green slope on the other side, down to the source of Rydal Beck, and then down to Rydal Woods and Mount ; but, the further he goes, the more amazed he will be at the extent of the walk, which looked such a trifle from below. He is now 2,745 feet above the sea-level ; and he has surely earned his meal. If the wind troubles him, he can doubtless find a sheltered place under a rock. If he can sit on the bare ridge, he is the more fortunate.

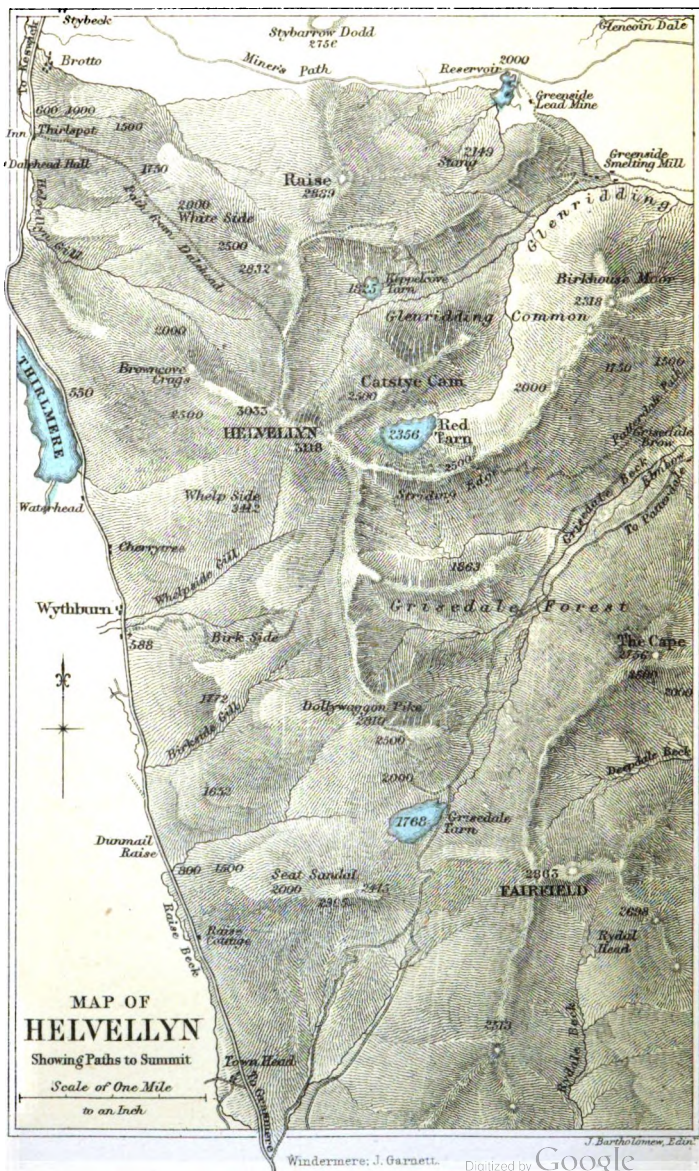
Waking out of a reverie, an hour after dinner, he sees that the sun is some way down the western sky. He hastens on, not heeding the boggy spaces, and springing along the pathless heather and moss, seeing more and more lakes and tarns every quarter of an hour. In the course of an hour he sees ten. Winandermere, and little Blelham Tarn beyond, he saw first. Ullswater was below him to the north when he dined ; and, presently after, a tempting path guided his eye to Grisedale Tarn, lying in a pass from Patterdale to Grasmere. Here are four. Next come Grasmere, Easedale tarn above it, in its mountain hollow ; then Rydal, of course, at his feet ; and Elterwater beyond the western ridges, and finally, to the south-west, Esthwaite Water and Conistoun. There are ten. Eight of these may be seen at once from at
 8½ least one point — **at Scar**, whence he must take his last complete survey ; for from hence he must plunge down the steep slope, and bid farewell to all that lies behind the ridge. The day has gone like an hour. The sunshine is leaving the surface of the nearer lakes, and the purple bloom of the evening is on the farther mountains ; and the gushes of the yellow light between the western passes show that sunset is near. He must hasten down, — mindful of the opening between the fences, which he remarked from above, and which,

if he finds, he cannot lose his way. He does not seriously lose his way, though crag and bog make him diverge now and then. Descending between the inclosures, he sits down once or twice to relieve the fatigue to the ankle and instep of so continuous a descent, and to linger a little over the beauty of the evening scene. As he comes down into the basin where Rydal Beck makes its last gambols and leaps before entering the Park, he is sensible of the approach of night. Loughrigg seems to rise: the hills seem to close him in, and the twilight to settle down. He comes to a gate and finds himself in the civilised world again. He descends the green land at the top of **Rydal Mount**; comes out just above Wordsworth's gate; finds his car at the bottom of the hill, — (the driver beginning to speculate as to whether any accident has befallen the gentleman on the hills); — is driven home; and is amazed, on getting out, to find how stiff and tired he is. He would not, however, but have spent such a day for ten times the fatigue. He will now certainly ascend Helvellyn, and every other mountain that comes in his way.

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Those travellers who cannot achieve the whole of this excursion should at least ascend **Nab Scar**. After passing Rydal Mount and the farmhouse above it, the road leads through a gate. There is then a barn to be passed, and, immediately afterwards, a turn to the left must be taken. This leads up a steep grassy road between two walls. On arriving at the top of this path the way is clear of fences, and there is no difficulty in reaching the summit. It may, however, be as well to mention that the easiest ascent is made by following a narrow path in an easterly direction till two scraggy ashes, the only trees on this part of the fell, have been passed, and then turning towards the summit. In this way the steepest part is avoided. This is about 6 miles.



ASCENT OF HELVELLYN.

Approaching the mountain from Ambleside, there are two ways to climb Helvellyn;—the one by Grisedale Tarn; the other from Wythburn. That from Wythburn is the shorter, but it is steeper than the first—the track beginning at once to climb the hill opposite the Horse's Head. The gushing stream which crosses the mail-road near the Horse's Head, comes down from Brownrigg's Well, —the spring which refreshes the traveller on his way up or down,—bursting from the mountain-side within 300 yards from the summit. There is no difficulty in this route, beyond the steepness, as the track,—used by ponies,—is well-
 7½ marked all the way up. To do this from Ambleside and Grasmere the carriage-road is to be taken as far as ~~Wy~~ Wythburn, which is described at page 119.

For the ascent by Grisedale Tarn, take the road to Keswick as far as the fifth milestone, which is at the foot of Dunmail Raise, Grasmere; a little beyond the milestone is a house, on the right, covered with ivy. Turn through a gate into a lane on the side of the house nearest Keswick. You soon emerge by the side of a stream,* though at some height above it; after crossing this at some distance up, the path ascends steeply the grassy slopes of ~~Srat~~ Strid Sandal. This

* There is a pretty waterfall just below here called Tongue Gill Force, and more 'material' for good pictures may be found further up the stream.

The tourist will find it a good plan in making the ascent of Helvellyn to go up by way of Grisedale Tarn and descend by Wythburn, where he can order a carriage to meet him. The descent into Patterdale should be made by Swirrel Edge, (see plan,) at the foot of which the piece of boggy ground between the two 'Edges' has to be crossed until the path from Striding Edge is joined; from this point there is no further difficulty.

path is well marked all the way to a wall which runs along the ridge of the hill ; in this wall there is a gate, after passing through which you descend to **Grisdale Tarn**. The ascent of **Helvellyn** is continued from this point by the steep zig-zags above the foot of the Tarn. When at the top of these the traveller must follow the ridge of the mountain and he will soon make out the summit.

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There are precipices on the east of the summit ; but its mossy plain slopes gently towards the west. No mountain is, we believe, so often climbed. Its central situation renders the view attractive on every account ; it is very conspicuous ; and it is not difficult of ascent. According to the Ordnance Surveyors, its height is 3,118 feet above the level of the sea ; that is, 57 feet higher than Skiddaw, and rather more than 100 feet lower than Scawfell Pike. There are two cairns on two summits, not far apart, from between which, in an angle in the hill, the best view of the north is obtained. The *men*, (as such piles of stones are called) mark the line between Cumberland and Westmorland. Northwards the view is bounded by the Scotch mountains, with the Solway at their feet. Nearer stands Saddleback, with Skiddaw a little to the left. Kepplecove Tarn lies below, with Catchedecam on the right. Eastwards, Red Tarn lies immediately below, between its two solemn precipices. Ullswater shines beyond, its nearer bank fringed by Gowbarrow Park ; and Crossfell closes in the view afar. The Troutbeck mountains here peep over Striding Edge. Kirkstone and Fairfield rise to the south ; and, over the latter, there is a peep of Winandermere ; and sometimes, in clear weather, a glimpse of Lancaster Castle. Esthwaite Water and the sea in Morecambe Bay are seen at the same time. Blackcombe is caught sight of through Wrynose Gap ; and the Coniston range and Langdale Pikes lead the eye

round to the superior summits at the head of Wastdale and Buttermere. Even Honister Crag is seen, in a hollow to the left of Catbells. In clear weather the Isle of Man can be distinctly made out. Derwentwater is not seen; nor from the higher 'man,' either Thirlmere or Bassenthwaite; though the two last are visible from the lower Man. Six lakes are seen besides many tarns:—Ullswater, Winandermere, Esthwaite Water, Coniston, Bassenthwaite, and Thirlmere. Angle Tarn is particularly conspicuous, while its neighbour, Hays Water, is hidden in its hollow under High Street; the streams it sends down to Brothers' Water are however very conspicuous when the sun is upon them.

There are several ways of descending Helvellyn. The traveller who has come up from Wythburn, if he is going home to Ambleside the same day, may go down by Grisedale Tarn and Grasmere; or, if he has ascended by the latter route, he may drop down upon Wythburn and take the coach homewards.

If the walk is to be extended to Patterdale and Ullswater there are three ways to be recommended: *first*, to Grisedale Tarn, as before, where the turn is to the left, and thence by the distinct path down the valley. (Ambleside to Patterdale, 15 miles). *Second*; very near the summit, a path will be seen which, on the slope of Catstye Cam, aims for Red Tarn; from whence, a common being traversed for a quarter of a mile in a southerly direction, we take to the slopes of the Grisedale Valley, and eventually join the Tarn route. (Ambleside to Patterdale, 13½ miles). The *third* route aims almost due north along the ridge for about a mile, and then turns sharply round upon Kettle Cove Tarn which is seen the whole way. Then, there is a horse-track down the Glenridding Valley to Patterdale. (Ambleside to Patterdale, 12½ miles).

If ~~Keswick~~ be the object of the walker who is now on the summit of Helvellyn, he has choice of routes ; first, the one to Wythburn, as before described, by which the walk from Ambleside to Keswick would be 21 miles ; second, there is a track on the slope of the hill which leads in a north-westerly direction to the inn at ~~Thirlap~~ ^{Thirlap}, where the coaches for Keswick call, making altogether about 19 miles. Those who want to shorten the walk will of course take the latter route.

ASCENT OF LANGDALE PIKES.

(23 miles, including 6 of mountain work).

This is a very enjoyable excursion from Ambleside or Grasmere, and, as the ascent of the Pikes is not arduous, most people may undertake it with little or no fatigue.

From Ambleside, the road through Clappersgate, and by the Brathay Valley (which has already been described several times) should be taken. The valley must be left half a mile before reaching ~~Skelwith~~ ^{Skelwith} Bridge, proceeding in the direction of Loughrigg Tarn and ~~Eltwater~~ ^{Eltwater}, and then forward up the valley of ~~Great Langdale~~ until Dungeon Gill New Hotel is reached. Thus far the excursion may be done with carriage and horse.

From the Hotel the path to Dungeon Gill Force is taken as far as the turn to the fall ; just above this, some grass zig-zags may be seen ascending the hill ; if these are followed, the way to ~~Stickle Tarn~~ is plain. On arriving there, go round the eastern end, from whence there is an easy climb to the higher summit — ~~Harrison Stickle~~ (2401 feet) ; and when on this the pedestrian has only to cross the depression to ~~Pike o' Stickle~~, the lower point, (2323 feet). The view is not extensive, but it is interesting, and the tourist

will find himself well repaid for his trouble. The precipitous rock, overshadowing Stickle Tarn, stretching in a crescent form between the two Pikes is called **Paddy Ark**.

Another mode of ascent is to cross the stream just above the Dungeon Gill, and then ascend the grassy slope on the other side until almost under the rock of Harrison Stickle; here a path tending to the right may be easily made out, and following this the summit can be reached without further trouble.

The homeward journey from the inn, might very well be by Blea Tarn and **Little Langdale**. This journey is
23 described—the reverse way—at pages 85 and 86.

ASCENT OF SCAFELL.

(29 miles, including 10 of mountain work).

The ascent of **Scafell** is sometimes made from the Sty Head Pass; sometimes from Lingmell; and sometimes from Langdale, whence the path meets that from Sty Head on Esk Hause.

For the ascent from Langdale, which can be accomplished in about seven hours, up and down, the tourist should drive
7½ to Dungeon Gill Hotel, as in the excursion to Langdale Pikes on the preceding page. From thence he will follow the cart-tract to **Langdale Head**, where there is a rough path
9½ on the left up **Rossett Gill**, the Stake road being on the right. It at once catches the eye; and the invariable question of the stranger is which of the two is the Stake. Care should be taken in ascending by Rossett Gill to keep on the left side of the stream. Those who wish to avoid this scramble—for scramble it is—or who are making the ascent on ponies, will find another path higher up the hill-side, join-

ing the other at the top of the Gill. The track, which can easily be made out by observing the piles of stones which are placed at intervals to mark the way, then leads by *Angle Tarn* to *Esk Hause*. The point at which the path from Langdale, and that from Sty Head join Esk Hause, is called Fudder's Brow. It is a well-known place of meeting for all the guides and shepherds in the district. This is truly a glorious mountain-walk. From Esk Hause, there is a singular view, composed of three lines of landscape. One begins with Borrowdale, lying immediately below, and extends to Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, past Skiddaw, in full glory, and over the whole intervening plain to the Solway and the Scotch mountains. This is the north-western view. The opposite, or south-eastern one begins with Langdale, and proceeds with the opening of the Brathay valley and Winandermere, till it is closed in by Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. The third, and intermediate view, is down Eskdale, past its verdure and its cataracts, past the sands, past lonely Black Combe, to the broad sea. When we were on Esk Hause, the spectacle of these three lines of landscape was remarkable. Towards Keswick, the atmosphere was thick, just to the degree that gave a visionary character to the long perspective. The lake of Derwentwater was hardly distinguishable from its shores, so that the wooded islands and the town of Keswick lay as if in air, still and unsubstantial. In the direction of Easedale, all was bright and glittering; while from Langdale and the head of Borrowdale the white mists came tumbling out towards us, as if to stifle us; and nothing could be seen, except at intervals, when a whiff of wind disclosed long sweeps of the sides of the valleys, and stretches of the streams and fields below. It is these changes that give a singular charm to this mountain district. The residents of the valleys, in their occasional ascents to these heights, never see the

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scene twice alike,—the great landmarks themselves being scarcely recognisable unless it be by certain incidents of their forms.

At Esk Hause, the traveller will determine which of the summits composing the great mass of Scafell he will ascend. There are four of them which collectively go under that name;—the most southerly is called simply Scafell; *Scafell Pike*, which is sixty feet higher, and the highest mountain in England (3,208 feet); and the lower hills, Lingmell and Great End,—the last being the northernmost, fronting Borrowdale. Aiming for the Pike, the route is now almost due west, holding a little to the left towards the foot of the great mass of *Great End*, on reaching which there is a faintly-marked path and guiding stones in a south-westerly direction. The way now roughens, the passage being over a field of massive stones and *debris*. The Ordnance Surveyors have set up a staff on a pile of stones on the highest peak; so that there need be no mistake about *that* for the future. The two summits, Scafell and Scafell Pikes, are about three-quarters of a mile apart, in a straight line; but the great chasm between them, called *Micklethore*, renders a wide circuit necessary. There have been foolhardy persons who have passed Micklethore, without losing their lives; and there are strangers, almost every season, who attempt the ascent without a guide. These last usually pay the penalty of their rashness by hours of uneasy wandering and excessive fatigue. When they think they see their way clearly enough, they are pretty sure to find themselves brought up on the verge of a chasm, and compelled to 'try round' many times before they succeed. If darkness comes on, there is nothing to be done but wait for daylight where they are. Another reason for having a guide is that the mountains around are not recognisable by their forms,—so great is the change caused by the aspect they present

from above. With map and compass they may be made out ; but the summit being greatly exposed to the wind, it is difficult to make use of these — and much time and trouble will be saved by having the necessary information ready at hand.

The summit is bare of everything that grows, except moss. Not a blade of grass is to be seen : and it follows that the herdsmen and shepherds never have to come here after their charge. Blocks and inclined planes of slate-rock, cushioned and draped with mosses, compose the peak. As to what is seen from it,— the best thing a stranger can do is still to copy portions of that ‘Letter to a Friend’ which Mr. Wordsworth published many years ago, and which is the best account of the greatest mountain-excursion in England. The weather was, however, unusual. The guide said, when on the summit, ‘I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day.’ It was the seventh of October.

‘On the summit of the Pike,’ says the letter, ‘which we gained after much difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world. We paused, and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard. The Scafell cataracts were voiceless to us ; and there was not an insect to hum the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Hause lay yet in view ; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister-vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands. But the majesty of the mountains below and close to us is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base — the den of Wastdale at our feet — a gulf immeasurable ; Grasmoor, and the other mountains of Crummock ; Ennerdale and its mountains ; and the sea beyond ! While we were gazing around, “Look,” I

exclaimed, "at yon ship upon the glittering sea!" "Is it a ship?" replied our shepherd-guide. "It can be nothing else," interposed my companion. "I cannot be mistaken; I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea." The guide dropped the argument; but before a minute was gone, he quietly said, "now look at your ship — it is changed into a horse." So it was; a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence yet submissive-ness of our wise man of the mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of the clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

'I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger, for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. "It is there!" said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven, and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain-bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that mountain solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale and the mountains in that quarter remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come, it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale had now its share; and the Pikes of Lang-

dale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Hause, every cloud had vanished from every summit.'

We cannot do better than stop with these auspicious words. May the tourist who reads this on the Pike see every cloud vanish from every summit !

A gentleman who ascended Scafell Pike on the 9th of July, 1857, set out from John Gillbanks' homestead, (now the New Hotel), at the foot of the Langdale Pikes, and something short of a mile off the head of that magnificent mountain-valley. He accomplished the ascent, with no great expenditure of muscular effort, in less than three hours and a half, by a line of route leading up Rosset Gill, at the head of Langdale, and thence past Angle Tarn to Esk Hause. The adventure, he says, presented no special difficulty, 'though,' he adds, 'it proved a lost one as regards my main object: for, on planting myself on the culminating point which was to unfold to me such a vision of majesty and beauty, I found myself standing on a speck of rock amid an ocean of cloud and mist. There was nothing for the eye to see, — nothing for the memory to retain, — nothing above, around, beneath me (for aught my closed sealed up senses revealed to me, or aught perhaps that the dulled drenched fancy and feeling of the moment suggested) nothing but mist, mist, illimitable mist, through which "even a hawk's keen eye" might not pierce a score of yards. Our *Io triumphe* was a poor affair indeed, and of briefest duration. But the descent proved a more serious matter, and had more of the excitement of incident about it; for my guide — though he had been thirty-four times on the summit of Scafell — got puzzled and perturbed amid the surging vapours, and my allowance of mind and muscle was approaching exhaustion

before we had fairly resolved our perplexities, and got once more upon the rough but welcome descent into Langdale by Rosset Gill.'

AMBLESIDE TO STRANDS AND WASTWATER, BY
WRYNOSE AND HARDKNOTT.

(25 miles).

There are three routes from Ambleside to *Strands*. First, by the steamer to Lake Side Station, thence by the railway through Ulverston to Drigg or Seascale, at which places carriages may be obtained to take travellers on to Strands. Secondly, by Coniston and Broughton and Eskdale; visiting on the way Stanley Gill, — the grand waterfall of the district; — a distance of thirty-two miles. Thirdly, the shortest, (that which we are about to describe,) by Cockley Beck; but it is fit only for good walkers, in fair weather. There is no reason, however, why ladies should not achieve it by taking ponies or a car, which they will quit in the steeper and rugged parts.*

* It is a great pity the road over Wrynose Gap is not made more passable for conveyances, as it is by far the shortest route to Eskdale, Wastwater, and indeed all the north-western part of the district, from Ambleside and Windermere; the materials are all at hand, and a very little expense would render what is at present, and what in other districts would be intolerable for any use, into a good carriage-road equal to that over Kirkstone Pass. The people of the district are, however, so wedded to old crags and so loath to spend their money, even in what would so obviously improve their property, that we suppose it will be for the strangers to teach them what is the law and their duty. One of the best things that could come to the Lake District would be the formation of a society for the purpose of insisting on the proper management of ancient roads like this. There can be no doubt the magistrates would heartily co-operate with hotel-keepers and others who might take this work in hand. This road over Wrynose and Hardknott is perhaps the oldest in the district; and, within the memory of living man was the highway from London to Whitehaven; and, when we look at the map, it is obvious that a good road in that direction might still be of great value;

Our route has been described in the Langdale excursion as far as the turn to the right which leads to Blea Tarn, —viz., the road by Clappersgate and the Brathay Valley, in the latter of which, however, the traveller must keep the right-hand road. Passing Skelwith Bridge, he will follow the new road, which turns off to the right almost immediately after crossing the bridge. Then there is a climb of about a mile, and a short descent before turning steeply to the right towards Colwith Bridge. *Colwith Force*, a little further on, will make itself heard and seen. It tumbles from a height of seventy feet, and the adjuncts are beautiful. One mile further along the winding road or lane, *Langdale Pikes* comes into view, with *Wetherlam* swelling up grandly to the south of it. About a mile further, there is a gate where the road divides into two; —the straight-forward one leading to Blea Tarn and Great Langdale; and the left-hand one, which our traveller must follow, leading to *Fell Foot*, and the old road from London to Whitehaven, which was the only route before carriers' carts found their way into the region. *Fell Foot* was the house of entertainment whence the pack-horse cavalcade began the ascent, or where they stopped to congratulate themselves on having accomplished the descent. The ascent of *Wrynose* from this point is long and rather steep: but the views behind become grander with every step. The travellers are now in Westmorland; but at the three *Shire*

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indeed, one might probably say with safety that there is no tract of country in England so broad as that between the highway to Whitehaven via Keswick, and to the same place via Broughton, without an intermediate thoroughfare. The Wastwater district, which contains some of the grandest scenery in the country, is now almost virtually closed to the strangers who have not time or inclination for a long railway journey, owing to the want of a good road to it; from the Winandermere side of Bowfell, were the facility offered, we are sure the hundreds who pass from Ambleside to Keswick would only be too glad to turn aside and behold this the grandest part of the district.

Stones at the top, where three counties meet, they will step into Lancashire, in order to leave it for Cumberland at Cockley Beck Bridge, within three miles further on. We are glad that a spirited citizen of Ambleside, to whom his neighbours are under great obligations, has erected a stone pillar at the spot where the shire stones are, that the junction of counties may not be overlooked — as it easily might be before — by the unobservant traveller. Young tourists, who happen to have long limbs, may enjoy the privilege of being in three counties at once, by setting their feet on two of the three stones, and resting their hands on the third. The stream which is now on the right, divides Lancashire from Cumberland; and Westmorland is left behind.

We know nothing wilder in the district than the next two miles. These are the desolate hills in which the Duddon and the Esk take their rise; and Cockley Beck is the spot where the Duddon must be left, to cross over to the Esk. There is a farm-house near the bridge at the bottom, where horses can be refreshed, while travellers sit down by the stream to dinner.

A melancholy and harassed traveller once took this way, whose adventure is still talked over in Eskdale and Borrowdale. A party of tourists, among whom were two sisters, were on the heights, intending to cross Esk Hause into Borrowdale, and to spend the night at Seathwaite, — the first settlement there. Now there is, as we have seen, another Seathwaite on the Duddon; and mistakes frequently arise between them. On Esk Hause, one of the ladies lost sight of her party behind some of the rocks scattered among the tarns there, and took a turn to the right instead of the left. A shepherd of whom she enquired her way to Seathwaite pointed down the Duddon Valley; and that way she went till she found herself at Cockley Beck, when the old shep-

herd-farmer who lived there was getting his supper in the dusk of the autumn evening. He used his best courtesy to induce her to stay till daylight; but she was bent on going at once, — so great would be her sister's terror. As she would not be persuaded, the old man went with her, putting his crust into his pocket. It was dark, and the lady was weary; and she was not aware what she was undertaking. After a long struggle, she fainted. The old man was afraid to leave her, lest he should not find her again: he succeeded in reaching water without losing sight of her white dress. He dipped his crust and brought water in his hat to bathe her face. She revived, ate the crust, and strove onwards, — persevering on her weary way till between one and two in the morning, when she met her sister and party coming from Seathwaite in Borrowdale, with a dozen lanterns to search for her. She gave her guide 'a one pound note' (it was so long ago as that); and afterwards sent him two more. The whole family connection of that lady will remember for ever that there is a Seathwaite on each side of Esk Hause.

From Cockley Beck, the road climbs the side of **Hart-knott**, and from the highest point commands a view of the sea. The descent into **Eskdale** is charming, — the ravine to the left, through which the infant river flows, being beautifully wooded, and the whole valley, with its few hamlets and many sheep, lying open as far as the sea. In three miles from Cockley Beck, the bridge over the Esk is passed; and Stanley Gill is less than three miles further. Scafell and all that group of summits, are in view to the right, during the descent: and to the left, **Birker Force** is seen dashing over the rocks. Boot comes next, and then Dalegarth and **Stanley Gill**.^{*} After crossing the Esk, and passing the little inn at Boot, the road runs above the river till at the King

^{*} For a description of Stanley Gill Force, see the Wastwater Section.

of Prussia inn, it turns out of Eskdale, and crosses into **Qiterdale**. Then there is a descent to cross the Mite ; and another ascent ; and a descent again to pretty Santon Bridge on the winding Irt. Instead of passing over the bridge, however, the road to the right must be taken, which leads, in two miles, to Strands village, a mile and a half from Westwater.

MOUNTAIN PATH TO WASTDALE HEAD.

There is a beautiful walk of six miles across the fells from Boot to Wastdale Head. The track passes **Burnmoor Tarn** flowing out of which is a stream, which finds its course down to Boot. This stream may serve as a guide to the traveller but he will save himself much distance and a good deal of bog, if he can find the landmarks, which the country people use for pointing out the way. He crosses a stream at a picturesque watermill soon after leaving **Boot**, and follows the path through one or two gates. When he finds himself on the fells, he will look out for an old thorn tree. There are three, and he must pass them all, leaving them on his right-hand. After he has left the third behind, he will, if he continues to walk in the same direction, soon come in sight of the tarn. It would be well if some more lasting landmarks were substituted for these old trees, two of which are already dead, and the third does not look as if it would long survive its fellows. The chief interest of this walk is in the latter portion. The road crosses the stream as it issues from the tarn, on the eastern side, and then the way lies between **Scafell** and the **Screes**. Wastdale Head and Westwater come into sight during the descent, which is made by a path used by peat-cutters whose huts are passed by the roadside.

CONISTON OLD MAN.

(12 miles to summit from Ambleside).

The ascent of Coniston Old Man can be made from Ambleside by driving to Coniston, (page 116,) from whence the route is the same as that given in the Coniston Section, to which the traveller must refer.

AMBLESIDE OR GRASMERE TO KESWICK, BY THIRLMERE AND WATENDLATH.

(17½ miles, including 6 of hill-work.)

There is another way to Keswick besides that of the carriage-road, which the pedestrian might like to follow. Just before reaching ~~Wythburn~~ ^{Wythburn}, the traveller will trace a mountain path winding up the hill on the western side of the valley. It leads to ~~Harrop Tarn~~ ^{Harrop Tarn}, from which point he may make his way across the fells to Blea Tarn and thence to Watendlath and Borrowdale. It is a beautiful walk of five miles from Wythburn to Rosthwaite, but it must only be attempted in fine weather, as there is much bog to be crossed. Harrop Tarn is small, and only interesting from the fine rock, Tarn Crag, which overhangs it. There is no trace of a path from Harrop to Blea Tarn, but the way is easily found with the help of a compass. The traveller must keep in a north-westerly direction. There is a stream which serves as a guide for part of the way, but which disappears before the ridge is reached. He must then keep a bold crag, which is a conspicuous object from the first, on his left. He will also see some piles of stones set up by the Ordnance Surveyors; and the ridge must be crossed between the crags and one of these piles.

10½

12½

17½

Blea Tarn, which is only about a mile and-a-half distant from Harrop Tarn, soon comes in sight. From the high ground on the west there is a fine view of the Borrowdale mountains, of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, of Skiddaw, and the whole of the Helvellyn range. A stream issues from the narrow end of the tarn and serves as a guide to Watendlath. The valley and tarn of ~~Watendlath~~ **Watendlath** will be described later on, but there is no point from which they appear to greater advantage than from that at which they first come into sight by this route. The stream becomes rocky as it approaches the tarn, and it is well to leave the bank and look out for gates in the fences. There is one a little to the left of the stream, and the traveller can find his way thence through fields and a lane to the farmhouse. From that point there is a road to Keswick by Barrow (5 miles), and to Rosethwaite (2 miles).

ARMBOTH TO WATENDLATH.

(3 miles of hill work.)

Behind the hamlet of Watendlath a path ascends the fells. This leads to Armboth and may as well be described here. It is well-marked at each end, but there is a part of the ridge too boggy to retain any trace of the road. The direction to be taken is nearly due east,—or west, if starting from the Thirlmere side. In our own attempt to find this path from Watendlath to Armboth, we were directed by a gamekeeper, who was well acquainted with the fells, to keep our eyes fixed on a ‘larch planting’ on the side of Helvellyn, and to walk steadily in that direction. We did so, and had no difficulty in regaining the path as soon as we had left the boggy upland. But, after all, in this, as well as when the opposite direction is pursued the compass is the safest guide.

WALKS AT GRASMERE.

As the visitor will at once see, there must be many tempting Walks about the lanes, fields, and copses of Grasmere which cannot be conveniently embraced in tours from Ambleside. Indeed the valley has, within the last few years, become such an important resort that, were it not so near to Ambleside, we should have been tempted to make it a centre from which to make excursions; but, we think all purposes will be served by here indicating the Walks which seem to be the special property of those sojourning at Grasmere.

I. The Walk round by the conspicuous white inn, the Swan, will often be taken. That inn had the honour of providing Scott with a daily draught of something good, when he was, in his early days, the guest of Wordsworth and his sister at Grasmere, whose board was conscientiously humble to a degree, which, as they used to tell, did not suit the taste of their guest. By some device or another, Scott managed to pay a daily visit to the Swan without the knowledge of his friends. But, when he, Wordsworth, and Southey, were one day mounting their ponies at the Swan, with the intention of ascending Helvellyn, the host cried out to Scott, 'Why, sir, yev come see-en for yer glass teh-day.' It was a complete escape of the cat out of the bag; but Wordsworth was not one to be troubled by such a discovery. No doubt he took the unlucky speech more serenely than his guest.

The tourist must not, however, take it for granted that the natives here are constantly guilty of making mistakes of that kind; well-considered plans which might astonish our great folks, being sometimes matured in these vales.

A landlord at this present Swan was in difficulties; and had occasion to study the law of bankruptcy, cautiously making observations how the 'process' operated in other cases. At length his scheme was complete, — he judged by previous examples that a satisfactory result might be realized by what is called 'going through the court.' He now called in a reliable friend to a private conference, and solemnly communicated what he intended to do: — 'Al tell the what,' says he, 'as gane teh Cook it [do as Cook did]: 'as gāne teh pay seben-en-six-pence it' pund, en weear a white wesket en a gold chain.'

II. Another favourite walk is up the side of **Nab Scar**, further north than the descent from the Roman road, which is described in the Walks from Ambleside. The path may be seen from below, and traced to a considerable height, winding among rocks and trees.

III. There are also some charming walks about **Silver How** and the western side of the lake. The finest of these is found by following the ridge from Easedale Tarn, instead of descending by the regular path. There is no difficulty about finding the way, as the lake is in sight the whole time.

IV. **Helm Crag** should be ascended if the stranger has leisure for a climb. The view from the top is fine, though not so commanding as from higher summits. The Grasmere lake and valley, the Easedale valley, and the surrounding heights, seen from the Crag, are well worth some exertion; but the chief interest of the expedition is in the remarkable structure of the summit. The traveller will find something very like a small crater there, and in it are caverns that will hold seven or eight persons. There are hollows from these

caves into which, it is said, persons have been lowered with ropes, without touching the bottom. The easiest ascent is made by following the road towards **Easedale** and turning off to the right at a point where a zig-zag track, between walls, up the side of the Crag, comes down into the valley.

V. There is a mountain-road striking out to the left, between Helm Crag and Steel Fell. The eye may follow it up for a considerable distance. It leads to **Greenup Edge**, and thence into Borrowdale, but is seldom traversed by any but natives as it does not offer any peculiar attractions.

VI. Besides **Sour Milk Gill**, in Easedale, there are at least two pretty **Waterfalls** at Grasmere, one of which — **Tongue Gill** force—we mentioned in the ascent of Helvellyn, as approached from the path to Grisedale Tarn. The pretty ivy-covered cottage about a mile towards Raise Gap, on the right-hand of the mail road, must be looked out for. The path is just beyond and behind the house, and descends towards the stream, and the waterfall. — The other Fall is reached by the lane immediately opposite the said ivy-covered cottage. The traveller must proceed down till the bridge is crossed, and then turn to the right. In about half a mile another bridge is reached, and the fall will be found a few hundred yards further on up the left fork of the beck, under the grounds of the villa, called Helm Side.

VII. There are several **Mountain-paths** to the west of Grasmere, the easiest and most commonly-used being that which leaves the main-road at the Wyke and ascends the hill by the margin of a wood. It then passes the rifle-buttocks and goes over the shoulder of the hill, where the ridge is shortly reached, and you drop down upon Chapel Stile, in **Langdale**.

There are some grand views in the former part of this walk.

VIII. Another path, running between that last mentioned and the Red Bank road, diverges just before reaching Dale End. This leads over less elevated ground into Langdale at Chapel Stile and is generally taken by persons ascending *Langdale Pikes* from Grasmere. — After reaching Chapel Stile, the high-road up the valley must be followed until *Dun-
5½* *geon Gill New Hotel* is reached (p. 134). There the traveller must take the peat-road, which will be pointed out to him, to *6½* *Stickle Tarn*,—famous for its trout, and therefore in great favour with anglers. Its circular basin, brimming with clear water, lies finely under the steep rocks of *Paddy Ark*. There is nothing amidst this mountain scenery more interesting than these tarns. Their very use, — namely, to cause such a distribution of waters as may fertilize, without inundating, the lands below, — is one which enhances the sense of their beauty, by suggesting the admirable provision of nature which they are intended to serve. After rain, if the waters came down all at once, the vales would be flooded — as we see, very inconveniently, by the consequences of improved agricultural drainage. The tarns are a security, as far as they go ; and at present the only one. The lower brooks swell after rain, and pour themselves into the rivers, while the mountain-brooks are busy in the same way, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding, the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow ; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury. As for their aspects, under all lights, and in all weathers, they must be studied on the spot, for no description can afford any impression of the truth to those who merely see them on a passing tour.

7½ *Harrison Stickle* (the higher of the *Langdale Pikes*),

is seen from this point. The summit of the Pike is 2,401 feet above the level of the sea. The height is not very great; but the view is interesting, because it is unlike most others that can be obtained, — extending as it does, over the level country to the south and south-east, while it commands in other directions the loftiest peaks in the district. Passing the way up the Pike, the moorland path leads over into **Easedale**, and down upon Easedale Tarn. There is also a way down into Borrowdale, by crossing Codale Fell, and getting into the Stake road.

IX. The ascent of **Helvellyn** is not so often made from Grasmere as from Wythburn, which is nearly four miles further on. From Grasmere it is much longer; but still some persons well acquainted with the locality prefer this way, because the views are fine, and the ascent is more gradual. The high-road is left about half a mile north of the Swan inn, just after crossing the bridge, (p. 131).

DISTRICT III.

Conisiton.

HOTELS.

WATERHEAD.—Commodious house, in beautiful situation.

CROWN INN.—A good second-class house.

RED LION HOTEL, HAWKSHEAD.—A capital little house.

DUNGEON GILL HOTEL.—Very good house.

DUNGEON GILL NEW HOTEL.—Recommended.

Several small Inns at Conisiton.

Small Inn at Skelwith Bridge.

ABSTRACT OF DIRECT ROUTES.

*** *Special Conveyances to be had at the Hotels.*

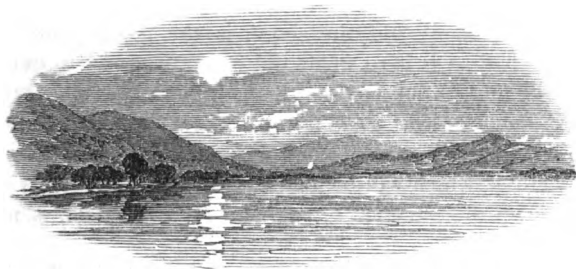
TO AMBLESIDE.—1. Coach by Skelwith Bridge ; 9 miles. 2. Via Hawkshead ; 9 miles. 3. By Tarn How, or High Cross ; 9 miles. 4. By Tilberthwaite and Skelwith Bridge ; 10 miles.

TO BOWNESS.—1. By the Ferry ; 8½ miles. 2. By High Cross or Skelwith Bridge and head of Winandermere ; 14 miles.

TO DUNGEON GILL, LANGDALE.—1. By Oxenfell, Colwith Force, and Elterwater ; 10 miles. 2. By Tilberthwaite and Blea Tarn ; 12 miles.

TO FERRY HOTEL.—1. By Hawkshead and Sawrey ; 7 miles.

- TO FURNESS ABBEY.—1. By Railway ; 17 miles.
- TO GRANGE.—1. By Railway ; 35 miles. 2. By Hawkshead, Esthwaite Water, and Cartmel ; 20 miles.
- TO GRASMERE.—1. By Oxenfell, Colwith Bridge, Elterwater, and High Close ; 12 miles. 2. By Oxenfell, Skelwith Bridge, and Red Bank ; 11 miles. 3. By Grasmere and Rydal ; 13 miles.
- TO HAWKSHEAD.—By Hawkshead Hill ; $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- TO KESWICK.—1. To Ambleside, thence by coach through Rydal, Grasmere, and over Dunmail Raise ; 25 miles. 2. By Oxenfell, Skelwith Bridge, Red Bank, and Dunmail Raise ; 23 miles.
- TO LANGDALE.—See Dungeon Gill.
- LANGDALE PIKES may be ascended by the path above Dungeon Gill Force ; 12 miles.
- TO PATTERDALE and ULLSWATER.—1. By Ambleside and Kirkstone Pass ; 19 miles.
- RYDAL being on the way to Grasmere, the same information applies ; $10\frac{1}{2}$.
- SCAFELL is ascended from Langdale ; 17 miles.
- TO STRANDS and WASTWATER.—1. By Railway to Drigg, thence by carriage ; 35 miles. 2. By Walna Scar, the Duddon, Hardknot, and Eskdale ; 21 miles. 3. By Broughton, Birker Moor, Eskdale, and Santon Bridge ; 25 miles.
- TO THE FOOT OF CONISTON WATER.—By the steam Gondola several times a day.
- THE OLD MAN is ascended by a path immediately behind the railway station.
- TO ULLSWATER.—See Patterdale.
- TO WINDERMERE.—1. By High Cross and the head of Windermere ; 13 miles. 2. By Hawkshead and the Ferry ; 10 miles.



MILES.

Since the opening of the Railway to Coniston, tourists have sometimes begun their circuit of the Lake District from this point. Local authorities differ as to the relative advantage of beginning here or at Windermere. The question may well be left open, and we will only state that the chief recommendation in favour of the Coniston route is that Furness Abbey may be visited by the way.

The **Furness Railway** from the Carnforth Junction passes along the Duddon sands to Foxfield, where the Coniston line branches off, while the Whitehaven line skirts the coast. This latter railway offers facilities for visiting the numerous small bathing places along the coast, and is also an easy mode of approach to the more distant lakes, Ennerdale and Wastwater. It is left at Seascale and Drigg, as before noticed, to convey travellers to the latter; and St. Bees is only eight miles from Ennerdale.

The Lake of Coniston, commonly called **Coniston Water**, is in the district lying between Winandermere and the Duddon, which has already been mentioned as formerly belonging to Furness Abbey. Several fine views of it may be obtained as the traveller approaches by the railway. At the southern end, almost before the line approaches the lake, and lying between it and the shore, is the picturesque little Beacon Tarn. It is so small and overgrown with trees as to be easily missed, but is worth looking out for. The Station stands high above the little town of Church Coniston, through which the traveller must pass to get to the Waterhead Hotel, which will be found near the lake. This inn, built under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, is most comfortable.

Coniston Lake, like Winandermere, is flanked by low hills at the south end, but is enclosed by magnificent mountains at its head. Situated near the latter, the house and grounds of Mr. Marshall enjoy a position unrivalled in the district.

WATERHEAD.

(4 Miles round).

The lanes and field-paths at the north-east end of the head of the lake are very charming and afford grand views of the bold hills and crags on the opposite shore. Tent Lodge and its associations are noticed in our description of the drive round the lake. The sketcher should enquire for Rawlinson Ground, where he will find a good example of an old farm-cottage which he may think worthy of a corner in his book.

YEWDAL.

(To the Yew Tree and back, 5 Miles).

This Valley, with its grey rocks cushioned with heather up

to their summits, stretches away northwards from the head of the lake, into a gorge where the mountains overlap. One of the crags there is called Raven Crag: and it is said that a pair of ravens live now, there or somewhere near. It is to be hoped that, now the eagles are gone, the last ravens will not be destroyed or scared away by the shot of the miners, or of rash sportsmen, who are too apt to try and bring down every bird they see.

There is a pleasant walk through the meadows which may be taken on the outward journey. *High Vindale* Farm, with its long row of clipped yews, must be passed, and at the next farm, just beyond, a foot-bridge will be found which leads into the field where stands the aged tree which gives its name to the vale, and which some unscrupulous local chronologist stoutly maintains to have been coeval with the deluge. It must, in any case, be of vast antiquity, for the girth of its huge trunk at five feet from the ground is 25 feet.

Those who can manage a stiff but short climb should return by *Farn How*, which is approached from the other side of the main road. On the summit there is a grand view of the valley and lake. The descent is gradual towards Waterhead. The whole detour would add about a mile to the length of the walk.

THE COPPER MINES.

(4 miles, and the underground work.)

The Old Man, eleventh in height of the mountains of the district (2,633), famous for its Copper Mine, towers above the little town of Church Coniston. To this mine will probably be one of the first walks of the sojourner at Coniston. It is about two miles up a steep cart-road,

commencing at the Black Bull Inn. After passing the pretty villa of Hollywath, the ground rises more rapidly, and you soon reach the fell gate, through which you may pass, taking the road to the left, which lies between a steep, rocky fell-side and a high and dry stone wall, the gateways in which afford delightful glimpses of the many beauties of the vale and village. At the point where the wall ends, you have in its place a deep rugged ravine, fenced by a row of large boulders, along the left side of the narrow road, while the beck with its hue of soap suds brawls and foams along its jagged course at the bottom. About half way up the Gill, you find a respectable cascade of about forty feet in height, where the water, much broken by the irregularities above, and by the ledge from which it falls, spreads itself out like a large white apron 'gathered' a little at the waist. A hundred yards higher is another force, and, higher still, is a third, where the stream is split into three by two sharp projecting rocks, and which, about half way down, falls upon a sort of slanting shelf, whence, white as butter-milk, it makes a second fall at right angles with the first, and altogether, although it is of no great altitude, forms a very interesting object of contemplation.

'And now, occupying the upper end of an oblong basin, which you have entered by a gap in the southern end, you see 'a little town' of sheds, offices, workshops, and water-wheels, presenting, with the clatter of machinery issuing continuously therefrom, a most astounding contrast to the silence and solitude of the surrounding wilderness. These are the works belonging to the extensive **Copper Mines** of Coniston. The mines themselves are of great antiquity, having been worked by the Romans during their earliest occupation of this country. There is good reason, therefore, to believe they have been in operation, with greater or less success, for

something like two thousand years. Nor need we suppose any intermission throughout this long period — unless it be one at the time of Oliver Cromwell, when Sir Daniel Fleming, the proprietor, becoming mixed up with the troubles of the age, caused the mines to be closed for a few years. After the restoration, however, operations were resumed and continued with varying energy and profit, until the advent of the present management. At that period, the number of miners had dwindled down to two or three men working on their own account; but, since then, matters have been very different. For upwards of twenty years the mines have kept several hundreds of people in constant employment, and have made very large returns to the present enterprising company.

‘Formerly, most of the operations were carried out by what are called ‘tribute-workers,’ the workmen giving a certain portion of what they raised to the proprietary. Under this system some of them realized large sums. But, for several years, nearly all the underground work has been done by bargain, a party of men undertaking to excavate a given number of fathoms in a certain locality, and in an assigned direction, at so much per fathom, and the results of their labours being brought out by waggons along the levels, or horizontal workings, and by ‘kibbles’ — a kind of large strong bucket — up the shafts.

‘High up the mountain side, you may notice a solitary water-wheel, which, from having nothing visible from below near to it, appears to be spinning away like a child’s toy mill, without aim or object. It is at the top of the main shaft, and is employed in hoisting those kibbles to horse-level — a part of the mine so called because the ore is there drawn out by horses. That wheel was, some years ago, the scene of a terrible casualty. It was noticed that the man in charge of it — a respectable old man named Millican — was

not at his post ; and, on examining the wheel, it was found he had fallen into its hollow interior, and was literally torn to shreds by its rapid revolution. It is to be hoped that the wheel is now so well fenced as to render a similar horror impossible.

‘Having arrived at the works, if you wish to explore the subterranean operations of the mines, I * believe you may obtain permission, and a suit of proper clothing, by making application at the office. Like a presentation at court, a descent into a mine requires a special dress for the occasion.

‘The most frequented entrance to the most extensive part of the mines is by the horse-level already named, where, with candles and a guide, you make your way beneath an arch of living rock, so low as to compel you to move along with lowered crest until you arrive at the ‘Cobbler’s Hole,’ a tremendous chasm, from which a vein of copper has been wrought, extending to a point above the high water-wheel you saw on the hill-side. When you have advanced about a quarter of a mile into the level, you find the shaft, which reaches from the said water-wheel through all the workings down even to the lowest part of the mine, and by which the kibbles containing the ore are hoisted to a few fathoms over your head, and emptied into a large hopper, under which the waggons are run to be loaded.

‘The shaft is descended by a series of ladders, with wooden sides and iron steps, and a platform, or landing, is reached at every few fathoms. Diverging occasionally from, but generally following the line of the shaft, you continue, sometimes crawling down ladders, sometimes stepping cautiously across the landings, and passing several levels in your descent—as, for example, one at a depth of twenty fathoms, one at thirty-five, one at fifty, one at seventy, and, if you choose

* A. Craig Gibson, author of ‘Ravings and Ramblings round Coniston.’

deeper still, you may find other workings at ninety, one hundred and twenty, and one hundred and fifty fathoms — giving a depth of nine hundred feet from the place where you entered the mine, or something over eleven hundred from the top of the shaft. In most of these levels you may find men at work, generally elevated upon a platform called by the miners a ‘bunning,’ — probably *bound in*, — the little stage being supported by strong beams jammed between the walls of rock. The men have a somewhat wierd appearance — the darkness in which they pursue their daily toil being made barely visible by two twinkling candles plastered, with a dab of clay, against the rock, or, occasionally, in front of the workman’s hat, and frequently burning very badly for lack of a sufficient supply of oxygen. The attitudes of the men as they ply their melancholy toil are rather picturesque, holding up and turning the jumper with the left hand, whilst they keep driving it into the flinty rock with a hammer held in the right. Having bored the holes to a sufficient depth — say about eighteen or twenty inches — they clear out the borings or fragments, proceed to charge with gunpowder, and then, having uttered one or two warning shouts, the precise sound of which it is impossible to realize, but which consists of the simple monosyllable ‘fire,’ they light the match and retire to await the result of the ‘shots.’ The ever-recurring thunder of these blasting reports reverberating along the dismal levels — the pauses between them being filled up by the rattling of the kibbles and chains in the shafts — renders these mines by no means the peaceful place that the denizens of upper air may suppose them to be, and to visitors of ordinary nervous organization, has a bewildering, not to say an astounding effect. After the explosion the men return to their working, and note carefully the effects of the shots, breaking up the larger fragments, and carefully

beating down any loose pieces lodged about the sides. They then select the most suitable 'lofe,' and recommence boring. Three of these borings and blasts are considered a fair day's work in this hard rock, the men working in 'shifts' of eight hours each.

And now, having visited the depths of the mines, and witnessed the most important and most common underground operations; and, moreover, being nearly stifled with powder smoke, you are ready to return to the blessed light of day, and 'heaven's untainted breath,' and may clamber up the long ladders by which you descended. And, though you will have seen nothing sufficient to convey an adequate idea of the extent of these mines, for the hills around are almost honey-combed by their works, yet you will know enough to understand the nature of copper mining.

It is but justice to the management, more especially to those who have the direction of the underground operations of these mines, to call attention to the fact that, considering the number of people employed, and the very dangerous character of the employment, there are remarkably few fatal accidents amongst them, and of those few the greater proportion is occasioned by carelessness, and sometimes by disregard of well-known regulations on the part of the sufferers themselves.

THE LAKE.

(10 miles.)

Coniston Water now boasts of its steamer; and instead, as of old, taking a small boat and tugging at the oars, you can go to the very water-foot at the cost of no muscle but that of the iron one of a steam engine.

Having embarked on board the Gondola (as the steam-

yacht is called), you proceed with all comfort and all despatch on your voyage down the lake. Leaving the bay in which stands the handsome steep-roofed edifice which serves as a boat and summer house to the hotel, you round the low gravelly point covered with native shrubs ; and then, after noting at the back of it the enormous banks of fine blue sand brought down by the beck from the copper mines, deposited in the still waters of the lake, and afterwards thrown up, by the storms of winter, in high ridges along the low-lying shore ;—you turn your eyes northward to the head of the lake, while fresh beauties come to view in constant succession. Beyond, or above the *Waterhead*, stands the residence of Mr. Victor Marshall, a member of the family of princely manufacturers of that name in Leeds. It is surrounded by perhaps the finest demesne in the lake district, if the most beautiful combination of many of the elements of both natural and artificial loveliness can establish its superiority ; for nowhere else will you have seen wood and water, hill and valley, green sward and purple heather, rugged crag and velvet-lawn, grey rock and bright blossoming shrub, waving forest and spreading coppice, brought under the eye at once in such magnificent proportion and in such bewildering contrast. Over the western side of these fair grounds of Monk Coniston Park you may note the picturesquely rugged and broken summits of Holme Fell and Raven Crag at the head of Yewdale — and, nearer to you, but still more to the west, the wild, precipitous and lofty range of Yewdale Crag ; over them the long ridge of Henn Crag ; higher still the broad summit of Wetherlam ; and, as you wind your way down the lake, the lofty undulating chain of heights which connect this last with the Old Man, now plainly visible in all his hoary grandeur and magnificence. The eye turns next to the romantically-situated

village, one part of which is scattered over the face of the declivity, while another nestles at the feet of the steep, craggy hills, wonderfully dispersed, as you see, — ‘here a scattering and there a clustering, as in the starry heavens,’ — each separate detachment, whether consisting of one or many houses, having its separate designation, but the whole, taken together constituting the village of Church Coniston.

On the Monk Coniston, or eastern shore, you may note **Fent Bridge**, where the laureate lived, How Head, Lane Head, Bank Ground, where one of the monks of Furness found a home, before the ‘thing called the Reformation’ occurred, the farm of Townend, once occupied by the eldest daughter of Wonderful Walker, the low-roofed dwelling called Coniston Bank, and, finally the appropriately so-called villa of **Brantwood**, formerly the residence of the foremost hand in England in the beautiful art of wood engraving, then of Gerald Massey, the poet, and now of John Ruskin.

Reverting to the western, or Church Coniston shore, nearly opposite to Brantwood, in the apex or, to speak nautically, the bight of its own noble bay, between a row of lofty sycamores and the wide spread woods of the old park, stands **Coniston Hall**, for a long time the seat of the ancient family of Le Fleming. It is now, a farm-house, with a considerable portion of the old house removed — the banqueting hall, in which, of old, knightly revellers swallowed ‘potations pottle deep’ in honour of high-born ladies, being converted into a barn, and a very commodious barn too. The most striking feature of the hall now is its massive ivy-clad chimneys.

Meanwhile the Gondola glides onward, and carries you rapidly down the ever-narrowing lake. On the eastern, or left side, the natural wood, namely hazel copse studded with

oaks, hollies, yews and birches, comes down to the very water-edge with here and there a bright green *thwaite* surrounded by dry stone walls heavy with the lichens of centuries. High on the brown moor above the line of cop-pice-wood, you descry the fields and houses of two ancient farms, the first called Lawson Park, the other Park-a-moor. In the survey of the ancient possessions of Furness Abbey, we find these two little high-lying holdings classed under the head of 'Granges in Furness Fells,' the annual value of each being given at one pound ten. It is said that the fires in these old farm houses have not been extinguished for some hundreds of years, probably not since the farm-houses were erected. The peat, used as fuel, was easily kept alight, and the distance of the farmer from any neighbours and the non-existence of lucifer matches rendered it highly desirable that their hearths should never be cold. The **Hir** **Island** forms a conspicuous object on this side of the lake. On the western side, as you look back over the hall and village, you observe how boldly the Old Man seems to detach himself from his neighbours and how he stands forth self-asserting and independent, only stretching out an arm, on the one side, to Wetherlam and, on the other, to Dow Crag, the latter of which presents a wild and rifted aspect apparent even at this distance, and both are seen more and more at large as your southerly course removes the vast bulk of the Old Man from the line of view. The Old Man subsides on the west into Gait's Hause — Gait's Hause rises into Dow Crag, — these again subside into Brown Pike — Brown Pike into Walna Scar — Walna Scar into White Maidens, the last completing the range in that direction, and abruptly sinking into Broughton Moor. On the same side you will have passed the old wood-covered deer-park extending from the lake-side a mile and more over the

summit of Bleathwaite. Below the park lies the farm of Hawthwaite. This farm, as we read in the old archives, was given to the Priory of Conishead by Roger of Brackenbergh. The place from which this old family (one member of which, I have heard, was Brackenbury, King Dick's lieutenant of the tower) derived their patronymic, is now called Brackenbarrow and lies immediately behind Hawthwaite, or rather, between it and the bold heights of Torver Common, the steep gorse-clad side of which, coming sheer down to the water-edge, you pass ere you reach the point where 'the black beck of Torver,' flows into the lake. In the opening made by Torver beck in the heights, you will have noted the pretty farm-house of Sunny Bank, with the ancient Baptist chapel behind, and the bobbin mill before it, where Professor Holloway has his pill-boxes made. The rocky island, called the Gridiron, lies immediately off this point and, on the lower side of the beck, lies the old grey farm of Oxness, finely backed up by the verdant eminence called Stable Harvey. The scenery now becomes broken up into craggy, heathy knolls, rising into hills of the same kind, pre-eminent amongst which towers the beacon-hill of Blawith. Close to the lake-side stands the handsome Elizabethan villa called Brown How, commanding a splendid view of the lake, even up to the Waterhead, and the noble hill-country beyond. The eastern shore rises woody and wild, with little variety after Brantwood is passed, until, rounding the timber-clad promontory, on which you see the fair residence of Waterpark, you come to the end of your outward voyage, with the village of Nibthwaite on your left, and that of Wateryeat on your right, while the quaint little church and new parsonage of Blawith and the rich valley of the Crake are directly in front. You will probably find, or at least hear of, the floating 4

island hereabout. It changes its locality but no doubt it still exists.

The lower part of Coniston Water is said to be tame. James Payn says, in his own facetious manner, that 'like most of her sisters she is plain about the feet,' and indeed many of the most faithful admirers of the lake have ceased to dispute this, which is a generally acknowledged fact. There is now a very comfortable little inn on the Blawith side of the Waterfoot, where you may get every refreshment which a man can reasonably desire. It stands among scenery highly picturesque, consisting of successive but irregular and precipitous ranges of grey rock,—in some parts bare and in others clad with a heavy drapery of glittering ivy,—separated by intervals of purple heath, or green brackens and greener pasturage.

The trip, down and up the lake, occupies about two hours. Although the Gondola is advertized to sail only twice a-day, arrangements may be made for special excursions at exceedingly moderate terms.

CIRCUIT OF CONISTON WATER.

(14 miles).

The traveller must begin with the western side, as by so doing he will face the finest views on his return. A little more than a mile from Coniston he will notice the divergence on the left to Coniston Hall. The road turns from the lake ^{2½} till it reaches ~~Terter~~ Torver, and then follows Torver Beck to the ⁴ shore again. At the lower end of the lake, the river Crake ^{6½} is crossed by a bridge, at a village called Wateryeat. The traveller then takes the turn to the north and sees the whole length of the lake before him, enclosed at a distance of six

miles by the rising grounds and woods of Mr. Marshall's estate,—the eminences themselves forming a lovely screen to the skirts of the mountains which tower behind. Wordsworth exhorted strangers to enter the district by this approach, as one of the very finest. He said, 'The stranger, from the moment he puts his foot upon Lancaster sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him : and, crossing the majestic plain when the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander ; and towards whose recesses, by the vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led.' The road ascends and descends along the whole distance,—the hills becoming higher and steeper as the plain is left behind. The old village of **Dithwaite** is first passed, and the well-wooded grounds of **Waterpark**. Then appear the islands, the **Gribiron** and **Fir Island**, near the eastern shore ; and next, **Brantwood**, where the artist did not need to look beyond his own grounds for wild flowers to suggest arabesques, and where views of exceeding splendour and beauty are commanded, in all lights, without passing the gate. It is the very home for artist or poet, with its craggy heights behind, its luxuriant woods around, and the vale of water below, enclosed with mountains of which the Old Man is the crown. A seat in these grounds is named after Wordsworth, from the fact of his recommending it as the best point of view for Coniston. Others prefer the view from above Coniston Bank, a mile further on. It is, however, best from a field, the last before reaching the new house on **Coniston Bank**. Some people think this the finest view in the whole district. And truly, the frequent visitor pronounces it more beautiful every time he comes ; and the passing tourist feels that, though only once seen, it can never be forgotten. Nowhere else, perhaps, is the

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grouping of the mountain peaks, and the indication of their recesses, so striking ; and as to the foreground, with its glittering waterfall, its green undulations, its diversified woods, its bright dwellings, and its clear lake,—it conveys the strongest impression of joyful charm, of fertility, prosperity, and comfort,—nestling in the bosom of the rarest beauty.

A little further on, stands the house in which Elizabeth Smith lived and died ; and, on the opposite side of the road, a house, built on a spot where a tent was pitched, that she might draw her dying breath with greater ease, and enjoy, as long as possible, the incomparable landscape there stretched before her. The boat-house is at the bottom of the slope, down which she used to take her mother's guests ; and she and her sister were so well practised at the oar that they could show the beauties of the scene from any point of the lake.

13 The road then descends and, sweeping round the head of the lake, passes the site of the former Waterhead Inn, now covered by a young plantation of Mr. Marshall's.

TO LANGDALE, BY YEWDAL AND TILBERTHWAITE, AND BACK BY COLWITH.

(17 miles).

The excursion into Langdale by Blea Tarn, is one of the finest in the region, and can be taken from Coniston as well as from Ambleside or Grasmere,—the view of the slate-quarries in the Coniston route being fair compensation for the Skelwith valley in that from Ambleside or Windermere.

The road is through Yewdale, and Tilberthwaite, and is reached by crossing the bridge near the church and then turning to the right. After two miles and a-half, the traveller sees another road parting off to the right, over a

bridge. That is the Oxenfell road, by which he may return. The direction now is almost straight forward, passing by a farm-yard, into **Tilberthwaite**, — the dell which lies between Wetherlam and Oxenfell. A stream dashes among rocks below, while a road mounts the banks on either hand, passing through a wild scene, partially softened by plantations. Vast heaps of blue stone show the extent to which slate-quarrying goes on : and if the traveller cares to see for himself what the works are like, he will not repent the enterprise. There are chasms by the road-side near here which excite a very uncommon sensation, when seen from the car or saddle : — vast depths, with archways, and blue ledges where the birds' nests show that the works are deserted. These quarries, now empty, were once wrought in the old-fashioned ways. It is worth while to see the modern appliances by which slate is obtained and sent forth to supply the increasing demand. Subteranean passages, vast domes, echoing recesses in the blue rock, drips of water, sprouts of vegetation, the din of men's mallets and cleavers, and the sight of their sinewy forms, as they work, some in sunshine, some in shade, and some in the yellow gleam of candles in the caverns, afford a spectacle worth a traveller's notice.

The rough road descends at last, through plantations and over some boggy ground, to a stream which is one of the feeders of the Brathay. This stream being forded, the road ascends sharply for a short distance when the turn is to the left, climbing the hill-side above Langdale Tarn, and on to the high-lying valley which is the scene of the Solitary's residence in Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' In that valley is **Blea Tarn** with its one farm-house,— the desolation described in the poem being still there. The road now makes a steep and rough descent into **Langdale** at Wall End. Few things in the region are finer than the head of Lang-

dale, as seen from this height. (See pages 86 and 87). The traveller can issue from it in various directions but must not forget to pay a visit to Dungeon Gill before leaving. If he is merely making an Excursion from Coniston, he will travel down the valley as far as Elterwater, where the turn is to the right towards Colwith Force, then on the other side of Holmefell to that which he skirted on his way forth, coming out into Yewdale. The whole circuit is about seventeen miles.

TO AMBLESIDE, BY HOLMEFELL AND SKELWITH
BRIDGE, AND BACK BY SUNNY BROW.

(18 Miles).

This road has been greatly improved within the last few years. It is now quite equal to the old route, indeed in some respects it is even superior, the steep hill just after you leave Coniston being avoided, and the views being even more varied. The coach from Ambleside to Coniston generally goes by one road and returns by the other. On quitting Coniston, the road through ~~Yewdale~~ already described, is followed as far as the farm; the traveller then turns to the right and passes through what is known as the gorge; having on his left Holmefell, and on his right Arnside. Should he have time to clamber up to the two farm-houses which he will notice on the hill-side far above the road, he will get a fine view looking back through the gorge towards Coniston. At the top of the hill there is a rough country road crossing from Tilberthwaite towards Skelwith Bridge, to the left of the turn to Colwith Bridge, which may be seen in the valley below. The views in the descent are very fine. Besides the Wetherlam, which he will have be-

hind him, he will see most of the mountains from Langdale Pikes to High Street, while just at the entrance of the Langdale valley is the pretty little lake of Elterwater, which perhaps is seen to greater advantage from this point than from any other. From Skelwith Bridge the road passes through Clappersgate to Ambleside. 6

The return journey by the old Coniston road, is described at page 116.

If the traveller does not wish to go as far as Ambleside, let him take the turn to the right just before crossing Skelwith Bridge. This will lead him under ~~Iron Keld~~ into the old Coniston road by the ~~Sunny Brow~~ (p. 117) Should he return this way it would be worth his while to turn aside to see the view from ~~Spy Hill~~, close to Skelwith Fold, (p. 77).

TO GRASMER. BY REDBANK, AND BACK BY AMBLESIDE.

(23 Miles).

The road to Ambleside (p. 171), should be followed as far as ~~Skelwith Bridge~~. After crossing the bridge it ascends almost immediately by what is known in this country as a 'foul step,' that is, a very rough and steep ascent :— and very rough and steep the traveller will find it, but it does not last long, as it soon joins the road coming from Ambleside. There are not many 'foul steps' left in the country. Formerly there were two on the road between Skelwith and Colwith Bridges, but thanks to modern improvements, they have both been done away with, much to the comfort of the traveller and the benefit of the horses. After joining the Ambleside road, ~~Loughrigg Tarn~~, over-shadowed by the 7

very beautiful hill of the same name, is passed on the right (p. 77). At the guide-post the right-hand road should be taken, which conducts the traveller to the top of **Red Bank**, from whence he commences his descent into **Grasmere**. Before doing so, however, he must not omit seeing the view from **High Close**, a little off the road to the left-hand. At **Grasmere**, the churchyard must be visited, and, if the tourist has time, a walk up to **Easedale** will well repay him. His road home may be along the eastern margins of **Grasmere** and **Rydal** lakes, through **Ambleside** and **Clappersgate**, then by **Hawkshead** or **High Cross** to **Coniston**.

There is a way of varying the drive, by taking the lane under **Iron Keld**, mentioned at p. 172, the distance being a little less, perhaps.

TO BOWNESS, BY HAWKSHEAD AND THE FERRY,
AND BACK BY WRAY CASTLE.

(20 Miles).

If the traveller has been unable to see the view from **Coniston Bank**, described at p. 168, he may do so in an excursion to **Bowness**, by ordering his car to meet him in an hour at the junction of the two lake roads, and walking forward round the head of the lake. To meet it, he follows the road, already described, past **Tent Lodge**, and arrives at **Coniston Bank**, after a walk of a mile from the inn.

Retracing his steps for some way, and passing the turn which would lead him down to **Tent Lodge**, the stranger has rather a steep ascent before him, following which he finds at various points, looking back, new views of the lake appearing, while the magnitude of the **Old Man** becomes more apparent the farther he recedes from it. By the road-

post, which indicates the two ways to the two sides of the lake, he will find his car ; and he then proceeds through a wild country—moorland, sprinkled with grey rock,—in the direction of Hawkshead, which is three miles and a-half from Waterhead.

The group of houses which is passed before descending a steep hill to Hawkshead goes by the name of **Hawkshead Hill**. One of these houses, hardly seen from the road, is the Baptist Chapel, believed to be one of the oldest dissenting places of worship in the kingdom. At the bottom of the hill the tourist passes an old farmhouse on the left. The mul-tioned window which now belongs to its barn formerly lighted an apartment where the Abbots of Furness held their courts ; and in this house a few of the monks from the Abbey lived, in order to perform spiritual rites for the people of this district.

At this house the road takes a turn to the right ; and the traveller soon finds himself in **Hawkshead**. The parish church is ancient, and its appearance venerable, standing as a church should do, in full view of the country round,—that is of the valley in which Esthwaite Water lies. Elizabeth Smith lies buried here ; and there is a tablet to her memory in the churchyard. At the ancient Grammar School of Hawkshead, Wordsworth and his brother were educated. In the school library there are some interesting books, amongst others the family bible of Archbishop Sandys, the founder of the School. Passing through the quaint little town, the road turns to the left to reach the northern end of Esthwaite Water, which is two miles long, and half a mile broad. This is a quiet sheet of water, with two promontories stretching into it, which look like islands, nearly dividing it into a chain of ponds (p. 42).

Those who do not care to go over the lake to Bowness

can vary this route by taking the road which turns northwards at the Ferry House, sometimes rising through woods and sometimes skirting the lake. These woods abound in splendid ferns, rare orchises, and rich and various wild-flowers. When the road turns down to the beach the whole scenery of the opposite side, and of the head of the lake, is spread out to view (see pages 37-40). At the distance of three miles, the road passes the gate of ~~VV~~ray Castle and continues round Pullwyke Bay to Clappersgate and Ambleside.

If travellers make this circuit (p. 44), signs of good work will meet their eyes. Two large proprietors in the neighbourhood are draining the land extensively, and thus preparing a healthy soil and atmosphere for a generation of residents yet to come. The unhealthiness of many settlements is no less a shame than a curse; for the fault is in Man and not in Nature. Nature has fully done her part in providing rock for foundations, as well as the purest air, and ample supplies of running water. But the people live as the poor of the metropolis are too apt to be obliged to live — in bad smells and huddled together in cabins without any sufficient supply of water. This state of things shows a wilful neglect of opportunities which is almost incredible. There are several causes for it, all of which admit of remedy. The great landed proprietors are, in two many cases, utterly careless about the way in which their humble neighbours live; and those humble neighbours need enlightenment about sanitary matters. They are also too often at the mercy of the rich, who may interest themselves about the building of handsome houses for opulent persons, but will never raise a cottage, or dispose of their lands for sites. The labouring class, therefore, suffer in health and morals as much as the poor in great towns. In places where the

fresh mountain winds are always passing hither and thither, and the purest streams are for ever heard gushing down from the heights, and the whole area is made up of slopes and natural channels, there are fever nests, equal to those found in the dampest levels of low-lying cities. The general absence of poverty makes the way to amendment open and clear. There can hardly be a safer or a more profitable investment than ~~cottage-building~~ in these districts, for a good dwelling is as easy to turn into money as a banknote. The railroads, which some have so much feared, will be no small blessing if they bring strangers from a more enlightened region to abolish the town-evils which harbour in the heart of the mountains. Meanwhile every systematic scheme of drainage is a promise of better things to come.

TO BROUGHTON, BLACK COMBE, VALLEY OF THE
DUDDON, ESKDALE, STANLEY GILL, AND WASTWATER.

(23 Miles).

The road to be followed after leaving Coniston, passes through Torver, and diverges from the lake, overlooking a region in which the hills sink into heathery undulations, which again subside into a wild alluvion which stretches to the estuary. There is, as was before mentioned, a railway from Coniston to Broughton, but this description is given as it originally stood for the sake of what follows. The travellers must see the Duddon, and, in order to get to it, they and their carriage must go to Broughton. When it is high water, the scene is fine : but the vast reaches of sand at low water are dreary. The coast-railway is seen crossing the estuary, — its cobweb tracery showing well against the sand or the water. Near at hand Broughton Tower rises

from the woods above the little town : but there is nothing else to detain the eye. Tourists who desire to ascend **Black Combe**, should do it from hence,—the summit being only six miles from Broughton and guides easily procured. Wordsworth says of this mountain that ‘its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in these parts ; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.’ One would think that this testimony, and Col. Mudges’ information that, when residing on Black Combe for surveying purposes, he more than once saw Ireland before sunrise, would bring strangers to try their luck in seeing Scotland, Staffordshire, and Ireland from the same point. The mountain, however, lies out of the ordinary track of tourists, and very few visit it.

The next part of the drive is charming ;—up the **Valley** of the **Duddon**. The series of sonnets that Wordsworth has given us may have led strangers to expect too much : but to the unprepossessed eye the valley must appear lovely. Leaving the Bootle road and the bridge to the left, the road ascends so steeply that the travellers will get out and walk ; and many a time will they turn to look at the sea-view, and the wooded slopes on the way to Bootle, and the rocks, dressed with wild flowers, that enclose the road. * Then comes a common covered with fern, on which the greenest of paths form a net-work, while far below dashes the brown river between rocky banks, Duddon Grove, with its conservatories and beautiful grounds and green clearings, being seen in the hollow of the vale. Four miles from Broughton, the bridge at **Ulpha Kirk** spans the river, and discloses a beautiful view, up and down. The traveller must remark the strange holes (called *pots*) worn by the water in the rocks, and the rounding of the edges of the boulders and shelves

in the channel. **Ulpha Kirk** is a mere hamlet ; but there is a little inn at which the horses can rest if the party is disposed for a walk in order to see the scene of Robert Walker's life and labours. Ulpha Kirk itself is one of the primitive places where the old manners of the district may yet be traced more clearly than in most road-side settlements. The people still think it no sin to do their farm-work on Sundays, when the weather, — so precarious in that district, — is favourable ; and the familiar style of 't' priest,' in these parts, makes the transition from work to worship very natural. Some time since there was a blind 'priest' settled here. One Sunday morning, service began before the people were all ready. Among them was the stoutest farmer in the neighbourhood, who, detained by some cow, pig, or sheep, entered the church last of all, 'thunnerin' doon t' aisle.' 'Wha's comin, noo?' asked the blind priest. Being informed that it was John T——, he enquired further, — 'a-foot or a-horseback?' Odd sprinklings of learning are found in these by-places, as they are in Scotland. Some students staying at this same little inn, and wanting to settle their account, wrote a note in Latin to the landlord, asking for the bill, and sent it by the girl who waited. Mr. Gunson immediately sent in the bill in Greek. It was too much for the students, who were obliged to ask to have it in English. There was also a 'heigh-larn'd' woman, not far from hence, who married a farmer on the moor. When everybody was lamenting the hard times, she declared that, for her part, she would be contented if she could obtain food and raiment ; whereupon her husband rebuked her presumption. 'Thoo fooel,' said he : 'thoo dusn't think thoo's to hev meär then udder folk ! I'se content wi' mee-et and cleäs.'

Newfield Church is the place where Robert Walker, called 'the wonderful,' exercised his office for sixty years.

The grey farmsteads stand under their sycamores, dispersed in the vale, and up the slope which meets the Walna Scar track from Coniston. Rocky and wooded knolls diversify the dale; and the full beck runs down to join the Duddon, for which it is often mistaken. The Duddon, however, is unseen here: so deep lies the channel among the rocks. The church is little loftier or larger than the houses near. If it were not for the bell, the traveller would hardly distinguish it as a church on approaching; but when he has reached it, he will see the porch, and the little graveyard with a few tombs, and the spreading yew, encircled by a seat of stones and turf, on which the early comers sit and rest till the bell calls them in. A little dial, on a whitened post in the middle of the enclosure, tells the time to the neighbours who have no clocks. Just outside the wall is a white cottage, so humble that the stranger thinks it cannot be the parsonage; though the climbing roses and glittering evergreens, and clear lattices, and pure uncracked walls make it look as if it might be. He walks slowly past the porch and sees some one who tells him that it is indeed **Robert Walker's** dwelling, and who courteously invites him to see the scene of those life-long charities. Here it was that the distant parishioners were fed on Sundays with broth, for which the whole week's supply of meat was freely bestowed. Hither it was that in winter he sent the benumbed children, in companies, from the school in the church, to warm themselves at the single household fire, while he himself sat by the altar during the whole of the school-hours, keeping warmth in him by the exercise of the spinning wheel. But the story is too well known, as it stands in Wordsworth's works, to need repetition here — too well known, we should think, to allow tourists to walk two miles from Ulpha Kirk and back again, without visiting the home, in life and death, of

Robert Walker. There are changes even here. There is a school-house, warmer in winter than the church, but there is a decline in the number of attendants at church. The Wesleyan chapel at Ulpha has drawn away some ; the tastes for Sunday diversion, which has found its way over the hills from Coniston has estranged more ; and the descendant and successor of the good pastor says that 'the old stock are gone and the new families are different.' Thus is the large world's experience reflected in this little vale !

Netfield is three miles from Ulpha Kirk. There is a small and very old-fashioned inn, where everything is clean and comfortable. This is a good place to sleep in, (if the traveller is fortunate enough to find the rooms unoccupied), when **Walna Scar** is to be crossed. The finest part of the Duddon scenery is here, and there is a charming walk by the ~~stepping-stones~~, celebrated by Wordsworth, and up and over the moor, to descend upon Eskdale.

Our present object is, however, to ascend the moor by the carriage-road at Ulpha Kirk, and push on towards Eskdale and Wastwater. As soon as the enclosures are passed, up springs the lark, and freely run the rills, and keen is the air ; while the mountains look like ghosts as they appear by degrees above the high foreground of the moor. It is a rare incident in the Lake District to meet with a lark. Only on a wide expanse of moorland can it happen, for in the valleys the birds of prey allow no songsters. The eagles are gone (or nearly), and a few ravens are left among the crags ; but there are hawks hovering in every vale, so that those who would hear the lark must go out to such places as **Birker Moor**. The mountain-group in front is that which has been remarked upon before as the centre of the region. It is the lofty nucleus whence the vales diverge (as Wordsworth observes after Green) 'like the

spokes of a wheel.' Scawfell is the highest; and the whole line, from that point to Hardknott, is very fine in all lights. The dark basin formed in the midst of the group must be observed, for it is there that Wastwater lies.

14 At length a rude new road appears on the right, tending
15½ towards Birkerthwaite farm. It passes through the farm-yard,
16½ and, in another mile, a wooded ravine is seen. That ravine
is Stanley Gill, and at its head is the waterfall. The key
of the grounds may be had at the farmhouse of Dalegarth.

17 The Stanley Gill Fall has much the character of
Ara Force; but the immediate surroundings are un-
rivalled by other waterfalls in the district. The glen
itself is indisputably the finest in the region; and it is
scarcely possible to say too much of the view from the moss-
house on the steep, which should certainly be the first point
of view. From hence the eye commands the whole ravine,
whose sides are feathered with wood from base to ridge.
The fall is between two crags,—the one bare, the other
crowned with pines; and if there is a slant of sunlight
between them, it gives the last finish of beauty to the chasm.
The most modern element in the scene, is supplied by the
larches, and these cannot offend the eye,—so well is
their vivid green intermingled with the well-grown beech,
oak, birch, and hollies of a sober hue. There is a bridge
below, seen from the moss-house, which will tempt the
stranger to find his way down; and there he will meet
with two more, by means of which he will reach the fall.
Here, among a wilderness of ferns and wild flowers, he may
sit in the cool damp abyss, watching the fall of waters into
the clear rock-basin, till his ear is satisfied with their dash and
flow, and his eye with the everlasting quiver of the ash sprays,
and the swaying of the young birches, which hang over from
the ledges of the precipice. He must then take a path which

leads him under the rocks, now on this side of the stream, and now on that, till he emerges from the ravine, and finally winds his way through the hazel copse to the gate.

It might be thought that our travellers would have no leisure for much meditating in the glen. There are, however, only six miles to be travelled, and no more rough mountain-tracks to-day, but a good road — wonderfully red ! — across Eskdale and all the way to Strands.

After crossing the Esk, the road turns sharply to the left, and runs above the river, till at the King of Prussia Inn, it turns out of Eskdale, and crosses into ~~Widdale~~ ^{19½} ~~Widdale~~. Before Eskdale is lost sight of, the opening of the valley to the sea affords a fine view, with the little town of Ravenglass seated in the bay at which point the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk flow into the sea. Then comes a long ascent, with more views of the level towards the coast, — which is rich with wood and fields. Then there is a descent to cross the Mite ; and another ascent ; and a descent again to pretty Santon Bridge. ^{19½} ^{21½} Instead of passing the bridge the road to the right must be taken. There is another long ascent : but even a tired traveller will not complain of it, when in two miles, the circle of mountains round Wastwater opens before him. The lake is not visible ; but there is no mistaking where it lies. To the right, and close at hand, the Screes present their remarkable sweep of *debris*, their crests being streaked with red, grey, and vivid green, and here and there cloven for the passage of cataracts from the brow, which tumble down through the gloom of woods. Hawl Gill is the largest of these ravines. Next, the Scafell peaks rise above the rest, and Great End just peeps over the shoulder of Lingmell. The cleft between Lingmell and Great Gable is Sty Head Pass ; and to the left, from Great Gable are Yewbarrow and Middlefell. The broken foreground on the common whence

this view is seen, adds greatly to its beauty. Descending upon Wastdale, the Irt is crossed; and then the road meets
 23 others on the green at **Strands**, when will be seen the two little inns. They are humble but clean; and horses can be had at them, and boats for the lake.

CONISTON TO RUSLAND, BY HAWKSHEAD.

(20 miles.)

The drive to Rusland, though not strictly within the Lake District, is, on account of the charming variety of the scenery and the distant views which the mountains afford, one which the traveller will much enjoy. The road first
 4 passes through **Hawkshead** (p. 174), and then continues for some little way by the western side of Esthwaite Water,
 6 (p. 41). About two miles from the town, Esthwaite Hall, now converted into a barn, is seen on the left. It was here that Archbishop Sandys, the great benefactor of Hawkshead, was born. A little beyond this house, after passing through a gate, the road ascends a steep hill over Esthwaite Intake.
 7 When the traveller has reached the summit of this he should rest a moment and gaze on the scene before him, for he will scarcely find anywhere a grander panorama. Looking back, he sees at one glance nearly the whole range of mountain tops from High Street to Coniston Old Man, while beneath him is the quiet but lovely vale of Esthwaite, reflecting in its calm waters the surrounding scenery. Before him, he will have the beautiful Dale Park, through which he will presently pass, while far away in the horizon, he will just get a peep of the sea at Morecambe Bay. It is true the view is not to be compared with many he has lately seen, wanting, as it is, in grandeur, but yet it is a scene which will

be impressed on the memory. The road now rapidly descends into Dale Park, (a grand place in the spring for daffodils), past the pretty little *Rusland* church, and then turning to the right by the parsonage, conducts the tourist to Force Forge, one of the numerous bobbin-mills so constantly met with in this part of the country. Instead, however, of following the main-road past the Forge, he must turn to the left and enter a rough by-road which will lead him past Bark House Bank and Ickinthaite, — the road taking a sharp turn to the right, almost round the latter farmhouse — to Bethacar Moor. The views from this moor are very fine — hill rising above hill in wild confusion, with an occasional glimpse of the sea between them. After crossing the moor there is a very steep descent to *Ickinthaite* where the road round Coniston Lake, (p. 168), which has already been described, is joined. The traveller is now six miles from Coniston, and has a good road home on either side of the lake.

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ASCENT OF CONISTON OLD MAN.

(This mountain can be 'done' in two hours, but three, or even four hours, had better be reckoned on by ordinary walkers.)

This is an excursion which the active tourist will be sure to make. He will want to see the series of tarns; and he hears it said, and very truly, that the prospects from the summit are finer than any but those from Scafell and Helvellyn, — if not, indeed, finer than the latter. There are various ways of accomplishing this feat.

(1.) By taking a pony and riding by Dixon Ground, up the Slate Quarries' road, to within a quarter of a mile of the summit, which is reached by scrambling up the almost perpendicular side on foot.

(2.) By keeping the **W**alna **S**car road, half-way across Bannside Moor, till the point where the southern and easiest slope of the mountain stretches the farthest down towards Torver, and then shaping a northerly course direct for the summit. When the traveller has left the bright and prosperous environs of Coniston behind him, and entered upon this moor, he begins to feel at once the exhilaration of the mountaineer. Behind him lies a wide extent of hilly country, subsiding into the low blue ridges of Lancashire. Below, turning round, he sees here and there a reach of the Lake of Coniston, — grey, if his walk be, as it should be, in the morning, and reflecting the dark promontories in a perfect mirror. Amid the grassy undulations of the moor, he sees here or there, a party of peat-cutters, with their white horse, the latter if the sun be out looking absolutely glittering, in contrast with the brownness of the ground. It is truly a wild moor ; but there is something wilder to come. The Coniston mountain towers to the right, and the only traces of human existence that can be perceived are the tracks which wind along and up its slopes, the paths to the copper-mine, and a solitary house, looking very desolate among the bare fields and fences. The precipice called Dow (or Dhu) Crag appears in front ere long ; and then the traveller must turn to the right, and get up the steep mountain-side as best he may. Where **D**ow **C**rag and the Old Man join, a dark and solemn tarn lies beneath the precipice, as he will see from the height above, in respect to which it lies due west. Round three sides of this **S**eat's **T**arn the rock is precipitous ; and on the other, the crags are piled in such grotesque fashion, as to afford,—like much of this side of the mountain,—a great harbourage for foxes, against which the population are for ever waging war. The summit is the edge of a line of rocks overhanging another tarn,—

Low Water,— which is 2,000 feet above the sea level, while the summit of the Old Man is 2,633 feet.

(3.) By taking the same ~~W~~ *Walna Scar* road till it approaches the Black Beck of Torver, then following its course to Gaits Water, and, taking the stony path along its eastern shore, climbing to the summit of Gait's Hause, which is the neck or pass connecting the Coniston Fells with Dow Crag; then to the right, backwards three-quarters wheel, and an easy march of half a mile across the smooth grassy slope called Fairfield, will bring the traveller to the object of his quest. By this route it is possible, with one or two short intervals of leading, to ride to the very top; but it is a long road with many turnings.

(4.) The pleasantest route, though perhaps neither the least laborious nor the shortest, is directly past the mines. Leaving the works, before inspected, a steep cart-road is taken, which winds up the hill between Paddy-end—a more elevated range of works so-called—and a high precipice called Kernal Crag. Across the face of the rocks over Paddy-end there is a diagonal fissure, called Simon nick, after the name of the miner who made it long ago. There were fairies in the land in Simon's time, and, directed by them, he found vast treasures of copper there.

Still toiling upwards, the tourist attains the edge or lip of the basin which holds ~~Paddy's~~ *W* *Water*, one of the finest of our mountain lakelets, nearly circular in form, upwards of a mile in circumference, and all but surrounded by very steep grassy slopes and magnificent rocky precipices. The Mining Company have utilised the waters of this tarn by damming them up to a height considerably above their natural level, and so making it a reservoir for their works below. It is also observable that their excavations are made even at this height. Passing along a very uneven path on the hill-side

to the west of Levers Water, and arriving at a point about opposite to the approach to it, and nearly under a precipice called Oo Crag—that is Wool Crag—the steep ascent to the left must be taken, and a small water-course followed, until, still more to the left, a fine green Savannah, thickly dotted with sheep, comes into view. It is called the Ghyll-cove, because, from time immemorial, the sheep belonging to a farm called the Ghyll—or Gill—have been pastured in it. Cross this beautiful cove, and mount over the shoulder of Brimfell, which regularly gains upon the main eminence. Then the ascent becomes laborious, so much so, that the tourist will be fain, perhaps, to lie down upon the soft dry mountain grass to recover breath.

Resuming his climb, he will come out by and bye, upon the high narrow ridge that connects the Old Man with the fells. It is now all plain sailing, until he arrives at the pillar, or pinnacle, or pile of stones, erected on the summit of the mountain, which, according to the best authority, is 2632 feet above the sea. At this point, a 'Man' formerly stood; but it was removed by the Ordnance Surveyors, who erected another, less convenient; for the first contained a chamber, useful to shepherds and tourists overtaken by bad weather.

Any erection of this sort, on a hill-top, is locally called 'a man,' and certain etymologists hold that this pile upon his summit gave the *Old Man* his title. Its name is obviously derived from the two common Celtic words *Alt* and *Maen*—the first, signifying high, and the second a crag or rocky eminence, which perfectly describes the Old Man, and resembles very nearly the present pronunciation of his name as given by those who live in the district where he reigns.

Meanwhile, looking abroad from the summit, the traveller

sees (beginning from Goat's Tarn) Devoke Water, in a line with Goat's Tarn, to the west. It is said that the trout in that lake used to have a great reputation; and tradition declares that the comfortable abbots of Furness imported them from Italy. There is a fine stretch of sea visible, the Isle of Man being conspicuous in good weather. We need not recapitulate the names of the chief mountains; enough that Ingleborough is visible in one direction and Lancaster Castle in another; and, in clear weather, even Snowdon may be seen. The number of tarns within view is remarkable. We have mentioned Goat's Tarn and Low Water. Beyond the latter lies Seathwaite Tarn, whence the infant Duddon issues. Stickle Tarn is conspicuous, lying under Pavey Ark; while in a hollow of the mountain, on its north-east side, are Levers Water and Low Water. Only the nearer lakes are seen; but there is a glorious stretch of sea, and when the estuaries are full, the coast is a beautiful spectacle. The shores of Coniston and Winandermere, studded with woods and dwellings, present nearer beauties.

The finest descent,—though the longest,—is by the ridge of ~~W~~etherlam, above Levers Water, descending into Tilberthwaite and returning to Coniston through Yewdale, noticed at p. 157.

OVER WALNA SCAR TO SEATHWAITE.

(Seven miles of hill-work.)

The traveller has already followed the track as far as the stream from Goat's Tarn (p. 185). After ascending for more than a mile he finds himself on a ridge to the south of Dow Crag. Descending he has a fine view of summits, from

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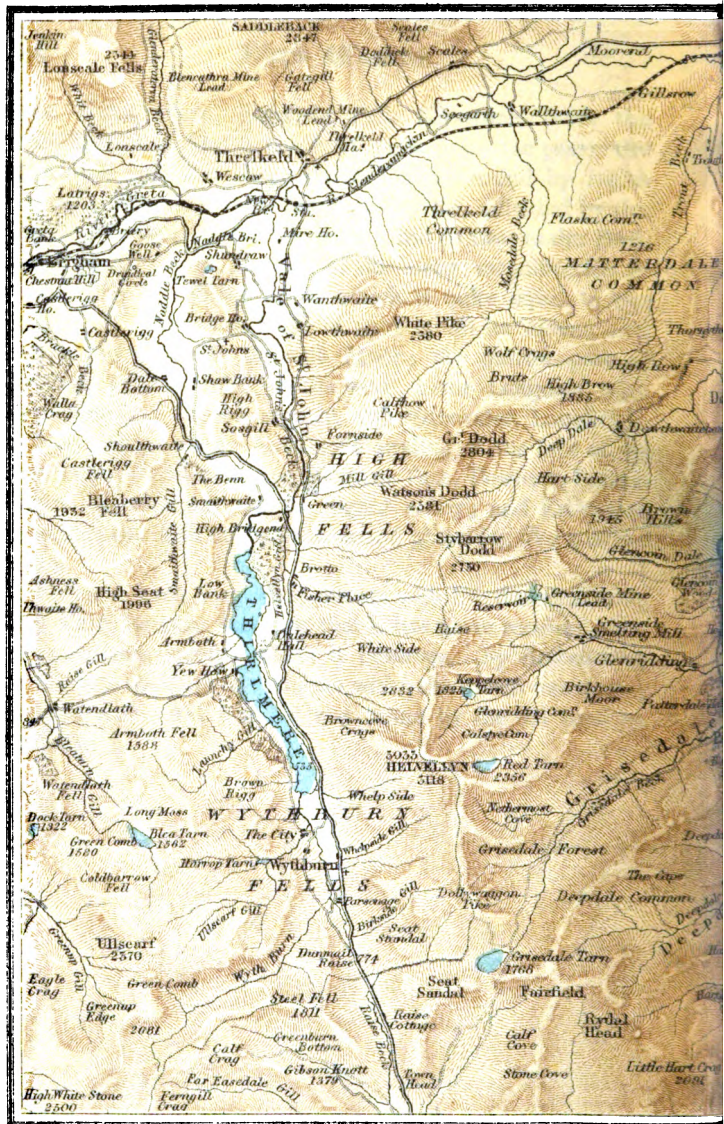
Blackcombe to Scafell, and the valley of the Duddon opens beautifully beneath him. For the greater part of the way he has the stream upon his right. About half-way down there is a stile in the wall on the opposite side of this stream. By crossing it and following the track, which is plainly seen, the top of Dow Crag may be reached. It is about seven miles from Coniston to Seathwaite by Walna Scar. The active pedestrian might return to Coniston by way of Wrynose, Little Langdale, and Tilberthwaite (p. 143).

ASCENT OF IRON KELD.

There is one more hill excursion which we recommend the tourist to make during his stay at Coniston, and that is to an eminence, seldom visited, locally called *Iron Keld*, from which a glorious panorama of mountains is to be seen. The hill is on the eastern side of the Yewdale Valley, and extends nearly to Skelwith Bridge; but the principal point of view is only three miles from Coniston, and may be best approached by taking the road by Tarn Haws to two lovely houses called Arnside. As there is no regular track to the summit he will do well to enquire his way at one of the two houses. When he has reached the top, which is marked by a pile of stones, he will find himself well rewarded for the trouble of ascending this height by the extensive view which he will obtain. Surveying the circuit, the eye travels along by Blackcombe, at the mouth of the Duddon, the Old Man of Coniston, Wetherlam, Wrynose Gap, Pike of Blisco, Crinkle Crag, Scafell, Bowfell, Great End, Langdale Pikes, Helm Crag, Skiddaw, (dimly seen through the Vale of St. John), Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, Fairfield, Nab

Scar, Rydal Head, Scandale Fell, Kirkstone, (with the Traveller's Rest like a patch of snow upon the pass), the Kirkstone hills, and those about Kendal, round by Ingleborough, Wrysdale Fell, Morecambe Bay, (divided by the fells near Greenodd and Ulverston), and so away to the Duddon Sands, — a circuit truly of no mean magnificence in extent, and the filling up of which is quite equal to the framework. Coniston Lake is seen in all its extent, and one or two tarns on Borwick Moor; the narrow part of Yewdaie, with Oxenfell on the west; Little Langdale, with its mountains; Great Langdale, with Elterwater, Loughrigg, with its solitary tarn; Ambleside nestling at the foot of its mountains; Winandermere, Blelham Tarn, Bowness, Latterbarrow, Hawkshead, with its rugged valley; and Esthwaite stretching out with its peninsulas and glistening like a silver mirror.

We have been somewhat minute with the description of Iron Keld, because we think that it has never received that attention from tourists which it deserves. By descending on the side opposite to that from which the ascent was made, the pedestrian will find his way home by the old road to Coniston. 8



[illegible]

A horizontal scale bar with markings for 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 miles.

DISTRICT IV.

Patterdale.

HOTELS AND INNS.

BOWNASS' ULLSWATER. — Finely situated on the margin of the lake.
Everything that can be desired.

THE PATTERDALE HOTEL. — A famous old house; under the same management as 'the Ullswater.'

THE WHITE LION. — A small comfortable house.

TWO INNS AT POOLEY BRIDGE, where conveyances may be had.

KIRKSTONE PASS INN. — Refreshes many a one after toiling up the pass, and affords one or two beds in emergencies.

THE DUN BULL, at Mardale. — Good for ham and eggs.

ABSTRACT OF DIRECT ROUTES FROM PATTERDALE.

**.* Special Conveyances to be had at the Hotels.*

TO AMBLESIDE. — 1. Over Kirkstone Pass; 10 miles. 2. By Kirkstone Pass and Troutbeck; 14 miles. There are one or two coaches a-day by the former route.

TO BOWNESS. — Over Kirkstone Pass, through the Valley of Troutbeck, and by Miller's Brow; 15 miles. 2. The coach-road is by the Village of Windermere, instead of going direct by Cook's house; 16 miles.

TO CONISTON. — 1. To Ambleside, as above, thence by Brathay Valley and Skelwith; 19 miles.

- FURNESS ABBEY.— 1. To Coniston, as above, thence by railway ; 36 miles. 2. To Bowness, as above, thence by steam yacht on Winandermere and Railway ; 40 miles.
- GRASMERE.— 1. To Ambleside, as above, thence by Rydal ; 14 miles. 2. By Grisedale Tarn mountain-path between Helvellyn and Fairfield ; 9 miles.
- TO HAWKSHEAD.— Coach to Ambleside, thence by Brathay, 14 miles.
- TO HELVELLYN.— 1. By Greenside Smelting Mills, Glenriding Beck, and on the ridge to the north of Kepplecove Tarn ; 5 miles. 2. By Grisedale and Striding Edge ; 5 miles. 3. By Grisedale Pass to the Tarn, thence up the ridge ; 8 miles.
- TO HIGH STREET.— To Hartsop, thence by the beck, and round by the north and east of Hays Water ; 7 miles.
- TO KESWICK.— 1. By Glencoin Park, Dockray, and Matterdale to Troutbeck Station, and thence by railway ; 16 miles. There is a coach in the summer months between Patterdale and Troutbeck. 2. By Greenside Lead Mines, and over by the miner's path to Brotto, thence on the turnpike ; 12 miles.
- TO THIRLMERE.— 1. Over Helvellyn by any of the above routes ; distance from 7 to 10 miles. 2. The Grisedale Lead-mine path towards Keswick may also be used ; 8 miles to Dale Head on the margin of the lake.
- TO TROUTBECK, *Windermere*.— Over Kirkstone Pass ; 8 miles.
- TO TROUTBECK, *Cumberland*.— See route to Keswick ; 8 miles.



Patterdale, being rather out of the ordinary track of travellers, is not so much frequented for a resting-place as Keswick and Ambleside, but it is a charming spot to spend a short time in, and we recommend the tourist, if he wishes to see Ullswater and its surroundings in perfection, to take up his abode at one or other of the two good hotels which he will find there. By doing so he will also have the opportunity of visiting Haweswater, which is one of the loveliest of the lesser lakes, and not nearly so well known as it deserves to be.

The church, and the few houses round it, nestling under the hills at the head of Ullswater, are known as **Patterdale**, a name, as some say, derived from St. Patrick, who, if accounts be true, once preached to the inhabitants of this vale. However that may be, the church, which is quite in keeping with the surrounding scenery and has been rebuilt, is called after the Saint, and this circumstance perhaps

affords some ground for the truth of the tradition. It may be as well to observe here, as so many mistakes have been made on the subject, that the remains of the unfortunate Gough, who perished on Helvellyn, are not interred in this churchyard, but in the ground belonging to a Quaker's Meeting-house near the foot of the lake, he being a member of the society of Friends. There is, however, in the churchyard, a remarkably fine old yew tree which attracts the notice of all visitors.

SURVEY OF THE LAKE.

(The track of the steamer is about 15 miles, and the trip, out and home, occupies two hours and a-half. Coaches for Penrith meet the boat at Pooley Bridge landing.)

There can be no question but that Ullswater should be approached from Pooley Bridge, as all its beauties are concentrated at the head; but travellers who have not been fortunate enough to come by this route, should go by the steamer which makes the tour of the lake two or three times a-day, and which starts from the pier close to the Hotel.

'Suppose, therefore, that we are starting from the head of the lake, the real grandeurs of which we are at present much too near to see: Glenridding Dod, and a few small mountains hem us in to westward; whereas, behind, and close by, tower the highest peaks that cleave the English skies. ~~Placc~~ ~~Fell~~ alone, sheer from the lake's breast, guards the eastern side till he gives place to his more sullen brother, Birk Fell; then, Long Crag, and wood-fringed Hallen Fell, round which we glide into the little bay of ~~Th~~ ~~now~~ ~~town~~, upon whose sequestered shores is an hotel. On the right-hand gleams a milky waterfall, Scale Force (there are about six waterfalls in the district bearing this name); and, on the

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left, frowns Raven Crag, (of which there nearly are as many as there are of John Streets in London). And now, as we steam out of the bay, turn your eyes southward, and if they be not fairly enchanted — No : the blackness of darkness covers all : a bitter wind, the herald of the hail-storm, sweeps upon us : patter, patter, fall the huge frozen drops, and all the well-intentioned worshippers of Nature betake themselves to the cabin. There are but twelve of us, but we nearly fill that uncheerful apartment ; and it is with something like terror that we read, upon a board that supplies the place of pictorial embellishment, that this boat is licensed to carry 200 passengers, except when cattle are part of the cargo, in which case three human beings are counted as one horned beast ! Presently, such is the fury of the tempest that the hatches have to be battened down, when the whole position becomes too ludicrous not to be enjoyable. After we don't know how long, for it is almost too dark to see the face of one's watch, one of the window-holders reports that things are looking better, and at the same time a bump informs us that we have reached our terminus.

7½ 'Green Dunmallet above us glitters with the storm-drops, as gladly as though they were a *parure* of diamonds bestowed upon her by her lover ; poor little Mell Fell has been taken in with equal facility : and bird and beck seem to vie with each other in mutual congratulations. Thus it is that the smiles of a tyrant are always welcomed. And now comes the promised glory. Before we reach Howtown again, the whole meshwork of the mighty hills, about the head of the lake, comes into view ; the long level height of Helvellyn ; the conical peak of Catstye Cam, immortalized as we poor mortals say) by Walter Scott ; the vast rounded summit of St. Sunday's Crag (so called may be because it is by no

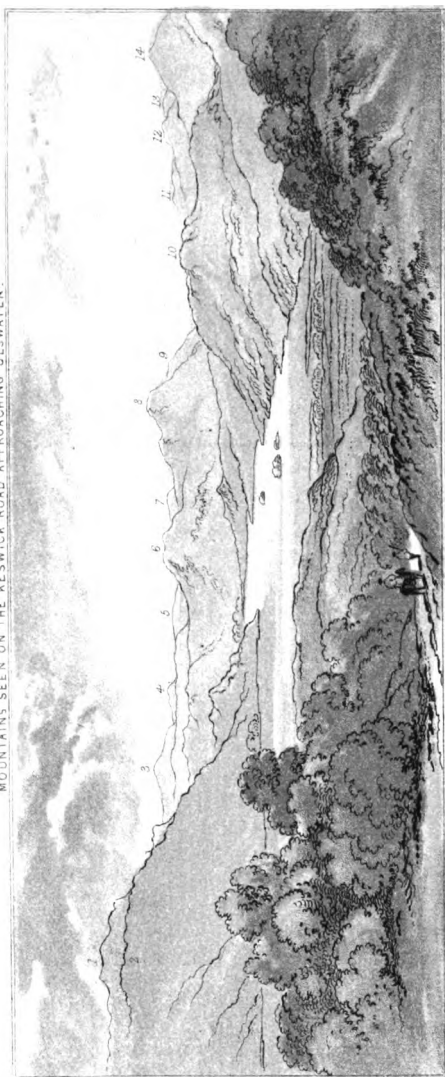
means a sight seen every day of the week); and many another grand old Fell, magnificent alone, but far more majestic when standing, as here, shoulder to shoulder, summit behind summit, as far as eye can reach. We can hardly withdraw our eyes, so rapt by these splendours, to gaze on dusky Swarthmoor, on the eastern margin of the lake, or even to Loadpot behind it, stretching up (at the back of Birk Fell) to unseen High Street, although we know that the great Roman Road ran, and still runs over both. Upon the western shore, however, we cannot fail to mark the fells that fringe it, each giving place to a larger one as we proceed: Glencoin, with its fine valley; Gowbarrow, with its far-stretching park, dotted with herds of deer, and Lyulph's ivied Tower, and Ara flashing from its dark ravine; the swelling heights of Greenside, with fair Glenridding running up between, as if for shelter; and Stybarrow's densely-wooded crag. As we glide to the pierhead yet another nest of hills, with Hartsop Dod standing finely in advance of them, comes into view, and all admit that we have hitherto seen no such spectacle from any lake as Ullswater has presented to us. Winandermere is very home-like, and makes one wish to live for ever (or even die) in one of its many pleasant dwellings; but, for grandeur, it is certainly not to be compared with its northern sister.

GOWBARROW PARK AND ARA FORCE.

(8 miles).

The tourist's first wish, after seeing the lake, will be to visit *Ara Force*. This he may do either by land or water. As the lake has been described, we will suppose the former route is taken; although it may be noted that nine-

MOUNTAINS SEEN ON THE KESWICK ROAD APPROACHING ULSWATER.



Asylant, Delt.

Banks, S.C., Edinburgh

- 1st Place Fell
2nd Birch Fell
3rd Red Snow

- 4 Scandale Head.
5 Dove Craig (Hartsop)
Rink.

- 7 Rydal Head
8 St. Sunday's Crag
9 Fowls' d'

- 10 Glenridding Dod
11 Dolly Waggon Pike
12 Bleaberry Fell

- 13 *Swiding Edge*
14 *Herring Pike*
15 *Conqueror Fork*

tenths of strangers go by boat. The distance is about four miles, the road winding by the shore, here shut in by dense woods, and at the next turn revealing, perhaps, a beautiful bay with charming overhanging trees which at once arrest the attention of the sketcher. At page 55, **Gosbarrow Park** and the waterfall are fully described.

THE VALLEY OF GLENCOIN.

(4 miles.)

We have already seen the dale from the lake. We must now conduct the tourist thither by land, and see how full it is of tempting subjects for the artist's pencil. About a mile beyond the Ullswater Hotel there is a lane on the left which leads into the **Glencoin** valley. Shortly before reaching the lane, there is a gate into the wood; by taking this path a corner will be cut off, and a very fine view of the lake seen. The dale is a retired, out-of-the-world sort of place, so much so that some of the houses in it go by the name of 'seldom seen,' so completely are they hidden from the view of the passing stranger; there is much, however, in the many beautiful pictures which it affords to repay an hour's ramble up it. At its head there is a path across the hills to the Glenridding valley, but we do not recommend this to the tourist unless he desires to pay a visit to the mines on his way home.

GLENRIDGING AND THE SILVER MINES.

(3 miles.)

The road to Glenridding is the one opposite the hotel. The chief inducement for visiting it is to see the lead-mines and the works connected with them. The stranger may be perhaps surprised to hear that 2,000 ounces of silver, besides

lead, are obtained from these mines every month. Moreover, the silver is considered of such quality that it always fetches the highest price in the market. The chimney of the works may be seen higher up on the hill-side; the flue to it is more than a mile in length, and whenever it is cleaned out, (a process which takes place once or twice a-year), a large amount of silver is extracted from the soot. It is strange to witness all this life and activity amongst the solitudes of the mountains; and, doubtless, the smoke and turmoil of the glen form a striking contrast to that last visited; yet the stranger will find much to interest him, and would be sorry to have missed seeing the operations which are carried on here.

GRISEDALE.

(6 miles.)

The way to Grisedale is by the road turning up close to the church; the house passed on the right is Patterdale Hall, where the 'kings' of Patterdale once lived. The head of the ancient family of Mounsey still enjoys the title. If the tourist does not visit this dale on his way to Grasmere, he should not omit to walk up the valley as far as the foot of the pass, as the scenery is very fine and grand. Helvellyn towers above him on the right, while on the left are the bold and precipitous rocks of St. Sunday's Crag—an offshoot of Fairfield.

BROTHERS' WATER AND HAYS WATER.

(11 miles.)

Brothers' Water is on the road to Kirkstone, and will be seen in the drive to Ambleside; but the walk round the tarn is charming, and will form a pleasant excursion from Patterdale.

6½

The visit to **Hays Water** may be made at the same time if the tourist is not afraid of extending his walk so far. He must diverge to the left, to **Hartsop**, which he will notice just before coming to Brothers' Water. The track passes among the farms, and follows the beck between the mountains until its source is reached,—this source being itself the secluded tarn called Hays Water. This little lake is a mile and a-half from the main-road, and the ascent is rather steep. It is the delight of the angler because the delight of the trout. It is overhung by High Street; so that perhaps the Roman eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, have cast their shadows upon its surface. Not far off lies Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell. Both these tarns send their brooks down to swell the stream from Brothers' Water, which is itself supplied from the busy, noisy beck that descends the Kirkstone Pass; and the whole, joined by a tributary from Deepdale, form together the clear brown stream which winds through Patterdale and empties itself into Ullswater. Brothers' Water derives its name from the accident—which is said to have happened twice—of brothers being lost in it, in the attempt of one to save the other. On one of the two occasions, the accident happened through the breaking of the ice, when the brothers were making a venturesome short cut across it to church.

No persuasion of ours is necessary to induce the traveller to visit **Deepdale**, if he has time. Its aspect from the road is most tempting.

PLACE FELL QUARRIES AND HOWTOWN.

(12 miles.)

The walk to Place Fell **Quarries** should not be omitted on account of the fine views obtained of the head of Ullswater and the surrounding mountains; and as it is within

such easy distance, it may be accomplished by all. The way to it is to pass through a gate situated between the school and the rectory, cross the wooden bridge, and by a farm to the left, then scrambling up by a wall built of loose stones, a few steps to the left again, will bring the tourist to a ledge from which he will command one of the loveliest views he will as yet have seen : at his feet is the lake reflecting in its calm waters the beauties of the surrounding scenery ; opposite, he will look into the Glenridding valley, with its Greenside Smelting Works ; and to the left of this, if he carries his eye upward he will just catch the summit of Helvellyn. Turning to his left and following the windings of the pretty stream flowing through the valley, and appropriately called Goldrill, he will discover Brothers' Water, and further up, Kirkstone Pass, guarded by the Red Screes on the right and Caudale Moor opposite. The stranger will doubtless long linger over the enchanting scene before him, and will take care to repeat his visit at sunset.

The path which continues on past the quarries is the lake route to **Howtown**, a charming but rather rough walk of six miles out. The return journey might be by steamer. 6 12

TO AMBLESIDE, BY KIRKSTONE.

(10 miles.)

The road to Ambleside passes the church and keeps along the left side of Patterdale until just before Brothers' Water is reached, when it crosses the stream to the right ; soon after this the ascent of Kirkstone begins ; the rock which marks the summit of the pass, and from which it takes its name, may be seen for some distance. The hill on the left is known as **Caudale Moor**, while that to the right is called **Red Screes**. At the highest inhabited house, at the top of 6

the pass, the traveller leaves the Troutbeck road to the left, and descends rapidly upon Ambleside. On the left is the valley of the Stock, whose waters are concealed by wood. Below, Winandermere opens more and more; and at length
 10 the little town of ~~Ambleside~~ appears, nestling at the foot of Wansfell. The particulars of this route are given in the Windermere Section.

If the traveller has to return to Patterdale, he may vary it by going as far as the Lowwood Hotel and then taking the first turn to his left, which will bring him into the Troutbeck valley, and then on to Kirkstone and so home. This would add three miles to the drive.

TO WINDERMERE AND BOWNESS.

(15 miles.)

The route above described is to be followed as far as Kirkstone, when the Troutbeck road must be taken; it gradually descends into the valley, and just where the houses commence it crosses it to the church; the hills which the traveller will notice opposite him in the descent, form part of the High Street range. From the church the road still descends until it joins the high-way from Ambleside at
 14 ~~Cook's House~~; here, the turn to the left takes the tourist to Windermere, while for Bowness, he must continue straight on (see pp. 33 and 36.)

PATTERDALE TO KESWICK.

(19 miles.)

2 The road winds along the lake as far as Gowbarrow Park,
 3 from whence it ascends to ~~Dockray~~, passing through Matter-
 6 dale and so on to ~~Troutbeck~~ station, where the railway can

be taken to Keswick. This route is described in reverse in the Keswick Section. In the season, there is a coach or omnibus once or twice a day from Ullswater Hotel to Trout-Station.

TO PENRITH AND BROUGHAM.

(33 miles, out and home.)

The road as far as Gowbarrow Park is the same as to Ara Force. From Gowbarrow Park to Pooley Bridge the road still winds delightfully along the lake, the hills declining as the out-lying region is approached. Hallsteads, the family seat of the Marshalls, is the last stage commanding a mountain view. The hamlet of Watermillock is the chief settlement passed on the way to Water Foot. The Eamont is crossed by a handsome bridge leading to the pleasant inn at ~~Pooley Bridge~~, a great resort of anglers. A good lake-view is obtained from Ewesmere, near Pooley Bridge; and the traveller may there bid his farewell to Martindale, Glenridding, and Hallin Fell. The hill of Dunmallet, or Dunmallard, is worth climbing for the vestiges of a Roman fort which are found at the top. As for the fishing, there is abundance of trout, a few char, and plenty of skelly, the peculiarity of which may be best ascertained on the spot; and in autumn quantities of eels are taken below the bridge.

There are no objects of peculiar interest between Pooley Bridge and Penrith, but the roads which tend eastward are all tempting. One leads to Lowther Castle, and others enter the Park, leading to the villages of Clifton and Brougham Hall. Another, to the south-east, leads to Hawes Water and Mardale Green; and the same road is pursued through Brampton to Shap Abbey and the mysterious antiquity in the neighbourhood called Carl Lofts. Of the two last men-

4½

7

tioned little now remains—one tower being almost the only remnant of the once magnificent Shap Abbey, and the farmers having made so free with the granite blocks which once marked the area of *Carl Crofts*, its boundary is difficult to trace. It was once a strip of land half-a-mile long by about twenty-five yards broad, covered by huge granite blocks placed at intervals of ten or twelve yards. To the west of Pooley Bridge, the main-road leads to Keswick.

- 15 *Penrith* is a neat little town, busy from the fact of its being a great thoroughfare of the district, but not particularly interesting, except for some Druidical remains in the neighbourhood, a curiosity in the churchyard, and Brougham Castle. The circle called Long Meg and her daughters is six miles from Penrith; and no relic of the kind in England is better worth a visit. In the churchyard of Penrith is the monument about which nobody really knows anything, though it goes by the name of the Giant's Grave. It consists of two stone pillars, with four slabs between them, set up on edge. There are some unintelligible carvings on the upper part of the pillars. This was the monument which Sir Walter Scott's family could not get him past, (though they had all seen it 'dozens of times'), when, failing and infirm, he set out on his last sad journey in pursuit of health. Passing through Penrith, he would see the Giant's Grave; and thither he limped, to wonder once more what it could mean.

The parish of Brougham, Burg-ham (meaning Castle-town) was the *Bovacum* of the Romans, where, as we learn from Nicholson and Burn, they had a company of *Defensores*, and left many tokens of their presence in antiquities which have come to light from time to time. The village of Brougham passed into the hands of the *Veteripoints* in the reign of John or Henry III. The Castle of Brougham has been held by the *Veteripoints*, Cliffords, and Tuftons, and is

at present the property of the Earl of Thanet. It is now in ruins, and fine ruins they are. They stand at the confluence of the Eamont and Lowther rivers, at a distance of a mile from Penrith. 16

Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, is within a mile and a-half of Penrith. The traveller should walk along the river bank from the bridge at Brougham Hall to Askham, and then ascend the steep bank of red sandstone, overshadowed by trees, to the park of Lowther Castle. 16½

HAWES WATER AND LOWTHER CASTLE.

(19 miles to Mardale ; back, by Lowther, 20 miles more.)

The traveller should by no means miss seeing Hawes Water, for though less visited than any other lake in the district — being rather out of the way — it is very beautiful. It may be approached either by road through Pooley Bridge, Askham, or Bampton ; or by foot from Howtown, across the hills. This latter route we shall describe when we point out the mountain excursions in the neighbourhood of Patterdale. For the carriage-road, that mentioned at p. 202 should be taken to Pooley Bridge, whence the tourist must diverge to the right in a south-easterly direction : or rather, let him take the road for Askham, which, though somewhat longer, is far more beautiful. On reaching Bampton, those who want to shorten their excursion and have a near view of Hawes Water, should go southward to **Rosagill Mill** ; from no point on the shore of this lake is the view so fine. 14

We pass through Bampton, and soon after Thornthwaite Hall, 'a dark-blue piece of Haweswater, lying between funereal Naddle and Burnfell, with its milky white waterfall called **Messand Force**, comes into view. Bid the coach- 16½

man stop, for the scene is indeed a sublime one, and well worth running the risk of being carried away by a 'helm wind' in viewing it. It is undoubtedly the finest 'station' — as the old guide-books have it — for seeing Haweswater, and even includes a peep at distant Saddleback. Moreover, across the ink-black forms of Kidsty Pike and High Street, in the extreme distance, marches the mountain storm towards us, — a living wall of water. Before it, all is sunshine; you perceive the gleaming fields devoured, one after another, by the serried ranks of rain. Nearer and nearer comes the noiseless host, until against the glasses of the carriage the drops begin to patter, — skirmishers of the great Array; then, in a few moments, all is in darkness: the earth itself has disappeared: a second deluge drowns both Land and Sky; then, thinner and thinner grows the rain-curtain, and the unceasing volley gives place to a dropping fire: the rear-guard of the storm is passing by. Above it strides the rainbow, — an arch of triumph for the conquering sun, who now once more reassumes his usurped throne, and all the landscape decks itself in smiles to welcome his return. Proud High Street doffs its crown, and does him fealty; the tribute of a thousand silver streams is paid to him in a single instant; the dark fells dance with brightness; and the erst frowning lake shines like a spoilt brunette, reconciled, for the nonce, to her lover.

'It is no wonder that, living in a locality where the glorious change from storm to sunshine is so common, that Wordsworth should have described it with such eminent success. Other poets, though possessing even a greater command of fitting epithets, often give the impression of having imagined such scenes; but it is impossible to doubt that Wordsworth was an eye-witness of them. What a truthful picture is contained in those few opening lines of

his 'Resolution and Independence!' They are applied to a fine day, but it is equally true of a fine *hour* in Lakeland.

"There was a roaring in the wind all night ;
 The rain came heavily, and fell in floods ;
 But now the sun is rising, calm and bright ;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods ;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters ;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
 The sky rejoices in the Morning's birth ;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops ; — on the moors
 The hare is running races, in her mirth ;
 And, with her feet, she from the plashy earth,
 Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run."

Who that knows the country, and especially the Lake Country, will not bear witness to the fidelity of this description? Its truth struck me more than ever as we rapidly passed through the fresh, sweet smelling air, and amid the songs of innumerable streams.'

The travellers who wish thoroughly to explore the Valley of ~~Haweswater~~ and ~~Mardale~~, will find it fully described at page 68, and there also the exits to Longsleddale, Kentmere and Troutbeck are detailed. 19

On the return journey, after Bampton, as we have to pass through ~~Asham~~, only half a mile from ~~Lowther Castle~~, it seems a pity not to visit that splendid palace. The mansion itself, huge enough for Royalty, with a court-yard large enough for the review of an army, will repay a visit to all lovers of painting and sculpture. All the year round it is open to strangers six days a week, even though the family be residing there; and the hospitable lord is said to submit to be driven from room to room, rather than debar the sight- 28

seer from taking his eyefull. However, the finest part about the Castle is, beyond question, the terrace, a grass-green walk of 400 feet long and 90 broad, from whence there is a wondrous view of vale and mountain. The most remarkable feature of this landscape is perhaps the hollow in which Haweswater lies. The park has some fine old trees ; and the number and size of the yews in the grounds will strike the stranger. But lasting injury was done to the woods by the hurricane of 1839, which broke its way straight through them, levelling every thing in its path.

On the road from Bampton to Askham, the high grounds of Lowther present, on the right, a nearly straight line of elevation, along which runs the park-wall, almost to the extremity of the promontory.

From a distance, it looks the most enviable position for a park that can be imagined.

GRISEDAL PASS.

(10 miles of mountain-work.)

There is a very charming walk of ten miles from Patterdale to Grasmere (from inn to inn) by Grisedale, which may as well be enjoyed by the pedestrian traveller, whether he chooses to ascend Helvellyn or not. Grasmere and Grisedale have the same derivation,—*Gris* being the old Saxon word for ‘wild swine:’ and these are therefore, ‘the lake’ and ‘the valley’ ‘of the wild boar.’ A deep and still retreat must either of them have been in the days of wild boars. The Grisedale valley will be visited with interest by geologists. Sir R. Murchison reports that it bears more distinct traces of glacial action than any other in the district. At the lower end remains of moraines are clearly traceable, and at several

points there are stones which, from their being of a different formation from the surrounding rocks, give evidence of having been brought from a distance.

From Patterdale the traveller crosses Grisedale beck, and ascends by a well-wooded road to the table-land of Grisedale. The old hollies in the woods here are remarkably fine. At every step the grandeur and gloom overhead increase,—the path leading directly under the frowning Helvellyn. There are lead-mines about half-way up, under Striding Edge ; and the tourist is likely to mistake the track to the mines for his own road : but he must keep the stream to the right,—in other words, he must keep on the right bank of the stream for some way further. The path crosses and re-crosses the beck in climbing the steep ascent to the tarn ; but there is no further danger of losing the track. 5 The view of Place Fell behind is fine, as seen through the steep sides of the dale ; and, north-westwards, the mountains above the Vale of Newlands are seen peeping between Seat Sandal and Helvellyn. The tarn lies under the east flank of Seat Sandal, in a deep hollow ; and a more sweet and solemn resting-place than Grisedale Tarn is perhaps not to be found among the mountains. A wall runs along the ridge ; and through a gate in that wall the track leads down to Grasmere. The views are gayer and more extensive by far than those presented on the other side of the pass. The mountains now seen are the Langdale Pikes and Conistون Old Man, with Scawfell and Bowfell predominant. The first part of the descent is steep, and the latter part gradual and pleasant, over grass, and finally between fences and among farmhouses, till the path comes out upon the mail-road, opposite Helm Crag, and some way above the Swan 7 at Grasmere. About half-a-mile before he reaches the high-road, the traveller must look out for Tongue Gill Force.

the path is high above the stream the fall may be missed. It is not one of the finest falls, but is well worth seeing, and is easily reached by descending the bank to the stream.

ASCENT OF HELVELLYN.

(5 miles of mountain-work to the summit.)

If the traveller ascends Helvellyn via the Grisedale valley, he must take the road to the right, soon after entering the dale, in order to reach Red Tarn. Some sturdy climbers go on to Grisedale Tarn, and ascend from thence: but it is better to take the road to ~~Red Tarn~~. The path is clearly marked, and it is possible to go on ponies to within half-an-hour's walk of the summit. When the tarn is reached, the climber has the summit almost immediately above him to westward; ~~Striding Edge~~ to the south; and a similar ridge called ~~Swirrel Edge~~ to the north. This last is the ridge along the breast of which lies our track, the conical head of Catstye Cam being its termination; and this part of the ascent is that which is most trying to unaccustomed nerves, though there is no real danger. It was in trying the other ridge, (always a foolhardy attempt), that Charles Gough fell from the precipice into the valley, where his corpse was watched by his dog for two months, until it was found. Every one knows the story, as told by Wordsworth and Scott. There are stakes near the tarn where horses are fastened, and then there is a steep scramble by zig-zags to the top. (See page 132.)

ASCENT OF HIGH STREET.

(Six miles to the summit.)

For the ascent of High Street the road towards Windermere should be followed until ~~Hartson~~ is reached; then by

the beck to **Hays Water**, as at p. 199. From the north end of this tarn the traveller will find a zig-zag path in an easterly direction. This will lead him to the ridge and the **Roman Road**. The road is grown over with grass, like the other parts of the ridge, but is clearly defined. After following it in a southerly direction for about half a mile, the traveller catches sight of Winandermere, and then if he turns eastwards, a few paces will bring him to the precipice beneath which lies Blea Water.

The ascent from Hays Water may also be made by following the stream which feeds the tarn.

The distant views by this route are finer than by the ascents from Mardale Green or Troutbeck. Helvellyn is the most interesting object of view, more of it being seen from this height than from any other. Its great arms Swirrel and Striding Edge lie stretched out as if on a map. The 'men' on its summits are also seen, and the hollows which contain its tarns. Most of the mountains of the district are rugged and precipitous on the eastern, and rounded and grassy on the western side. This is remarkably the case with Helvellyn, and, as its relative position to the high summits causes its being seen most frequently from the western side, its full grandeur is not apparent till the traveller has obtained the view of it from Kidsty Pike or the ridge of High Street. (See page 60.)

The descent may be made either to Mardale Green (described in the Windermere Section) or to Troutbeck; for the latter route keep on the table-land until the Troutbeck valley is well in view, when the track leading up from it can be distinctly made out; follow this until the farm at the foot of the tongue is reached. From this point the road may be taken either to Windermere, or back again to Patterdale over Kirkstone.

TO HOWTOWN AND BACK.

(12 miles.)

There is another route to Howtown besides that mentioned at page 200,—over Place Fell and through Boredale. The pedestrian must climb the hill-side at the farm near Place Fell Quarries. The path is visible. When the top of the Pass is reached, on looking back, he will have a fine view of the Head of Ullswater and its surroundings. There is no difficulty about the road through the valley, and Howtown will be reached after six miles of average hill work.

There is choice of ways home, namely by steamer or by the path along the shore.

TO HAWESWATER AND BACK.

(4 miles of road and 16 of mountain.)

Travellers have often wished to reach Haweswater on foot without going round by Pooley Bridge. We will now attempt to show how this can be done. On starting, the traveller must take the path at Place Fell Quarries for Boredale, as in the last excursion ; but, when the summit of the pass is reached, instead of turning to the left towards Boredale, he must keep straight on, making for an old gate-post which has evidently been set up as a land-mark ; passing this, he will see a good track leading over the brow of the hill into Martindale. At the foot of the hill is the Dalehead farm, after passing through which he must strike across the fields to a wood on the opposite side of the valley, diverging a little to the left to cross the bridge. A gate will now be seen on the right, leading into the wood or copse. Ascend diagonally through

this wood to a wicket-gate in the wall which may have been noticed from below. The ascent must still be continued, keeping on the right-hand side of the wall until the summit is gained. There is one wall to climb. When on the summit, which is flat and rather boggy, keep in a south-easterly direction until the *Meesandbeck* valley is seen. As there is no track here the traveller must make his own, gradually descending the hill-side, until he gets sight of a small wooden bridge across the beck; this must be crossed, and then a path will be seen leading past more cultivated land towards a ruined farmhouse on the left; near this, and close to a very fine holly tree which is worth while inspecting, is a gate, and from this point he will have no further difficulty, as he will strike the road a few yards further on, and just opposite the junction of Low Water with *Haweswater*. When our traveller has reached this, let him turn to the right, and in about half-an-hour he will be at *Mardale Green*. The view of *Haweswater*, above the ruined farmhouse which we have just mentioned, is certainly one of the most exquisite we know; the lake looks so calm and placid, and the mountains rise round it so grandly, that we seem to be gazing on a scene scarcely of this earth. What adds, perhaps, to this feeling is that the hand of man is less discernible about this lake than about many of the others.

The time taken in this expedition will be nearly four hours; but this may be considerably shortened by going in the steamer to Howtown landing, whence a track, gradually ascending the valley, can be made out to the summit as above.

Haweswater may be reached by crossing High Street, as at p. 209; but, the great disadvantage of this route is that the lake is first seen from a height whence its beauties are much diminished, and an unfavourable impression created of what is really one of the most lovely lakes of the district.

In returning, the traveller can, if he likes, ascend High Street and descend by Hays Water and so home by the Kirkstone road. In doing this from Mardale Green, care must be taken to make a sufficiently wide circuit of Blea Water. Its rocky boundaries are very steep, and more than one unfortunate tourist has been 'crag fast,' and rescued with difficulty, in consequence of having attempted to descend too near the tarn. Observing this caution, however, the traveller may ascend either by the northern or southern ridge; the former is generally recommended by dwellers in the dale. The top of High Street is immediately above Blea Water. p. 210.

The descent has been described in the Windermere Section, as also the view from the summit.

KESWICK SECTION



DISTRICT V.

Keswick.

HOTELS AND INNS.

THE KESWICK HOTEL.—At the railway station. A large, new house, replete with every comfort.

THE ROYAL OAK.—A good old house in the main-street.

THE QUEEN'S.—In the market-place. Recently built and commodious.

KING'S ARMS.—A most comfortable old-fashioned house.

LAKE HOTEL.—Newly-built, and nearer the lake than the others. Several smaller Inns.

PORTINSCALE.

THE DERWENTWATER.—A first-class house, in a fine situation.

THE TOWER.—New and good.

BORROWDALE.

LODGE.—A well-managed hotel, in a good situation. Much enlarged lately.

THE BORROWDALE.—New house, with every comfort.

ROYAL OAK.—Clean and old-fashioned.

SCAFELL HOTEL, Rosthwaite.—A well-appointed comfortable house.

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK, AND SCALE HILL.

FISH.—Rebuilt : accomodation good.

VICTORIA.—Much improved by a recent addition.

SCALE HILL.—A capital house in its own grounds.

CHURCH STILE INN, Loweswater.—Small and very clean.

BASSENTHWAITE.

PHEASANT INN.—A nice quiet place. Boating and good fishing.

CASTLE INN.—A good and comfortable road-side house.

Two small Inns at Threlkeld.

THIRLSPOT OR DALE HEAD.

THE KING'S HEAD.—A small road-side Inn, useful to these ascending Helvellyn from Keswick or exploring Thirlmere.

WYTHBURN.

NAG'S HEAD.—An excellent little house at the foot of Helvellyn.

 ABSTRACT OF DIRECT ROUTES.

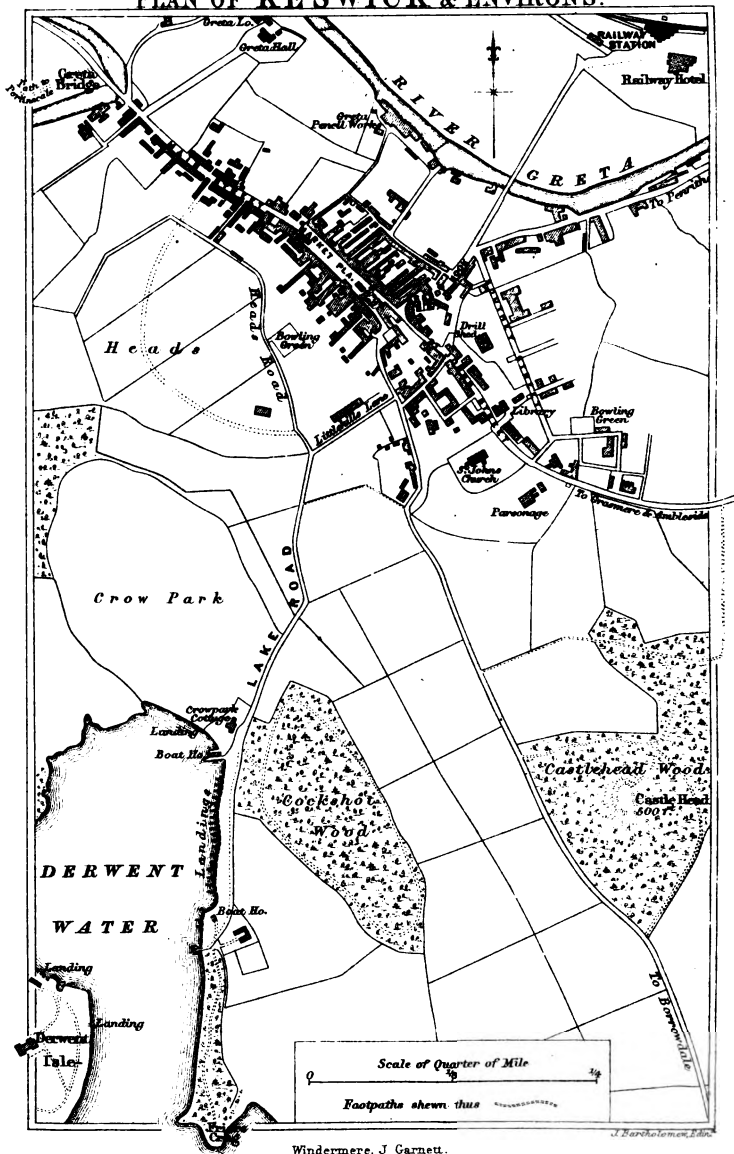
*** *Special Conveyances to be had at the Hotels.*

- TO AMBLESIDE.** — 1. Coaches several times a-day, by Castlerigg, Thirlmere (under Helvellyn), Dunmail Raise Pass, Grasmere, and Rydal ; 17 miles. 2. Through the Vale of St. John, and then on the turnpike as in No. 1 ; 19 miles. 3. Pedestrians can take to the fells at Rosthwaite, and cross over by Easedale Tarn to Grasmere ; 19 miles. 4. Or, they may go over the Stake Pass to Langdale ; 20 miles. 5. Or, by Watendlath and Harrop Tarn.
- TO BARROW CASCADE.** — By eastern margin of the lake, or, by boat to the lodge ; 2 miles.
- TO BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.** — By Portinscale ; 4 miles. Or, round the lake, 18 miles.
- TO BLACKLEAD MINES.** — By east side of Derwentwater, Borrowdale, Rosthwaite, and Seathwaite ; 9 miles.
- TO BLENCATHERA (Saddleback).** — By Penrith road to Threlkeld and Scales, thence by the stream from Scales Tarn ; 10 miles.
- TO BOWNESS.** — By turnpike road, passing Castlerigg, Thirlmere, Dunmail Raise, Grasmere, Rydal, Ambleside, and the eastern shore of Winandermere ; 22 miles. For mountain routes, see *Ambleside*.
- TO BORROWDALE (Bowder Stone).** — By eastern margin of Derwentwater, Lodore, and up the valley ; 5 miles.

- TO BUTTERMERE. — 1. By east side of Derwentwater, Borrowdale, Rosthwaite, Seatoller, Honister Pass, and Gatesgarth; 14 miles. 2. By Vale of Newlands, and Newlands Hause; 9 miles. 3. Cross the lake to Derwentwater Bay, thence to Newlands and over the Hawes or Pass; 8 miles.
- TO CALDER ABBEY. — 1. By Borrowdale, Sty Head Pass, Wastdale, Strands, and Gosforth; 27 miles. 2. By railway, round by Cockermouth, Workington, Whitehaven, to Seascales, and thence six miles by road; about 4 hours.
- TO CONISTON. — 1. By coach to Ambleside, and thence by Skelwith Bridge; 25 miles. 2. Coach to Grasmere, and thence by Red Bank and Skelwith Bridge; 23 miles.
- TO CRUMMOCK WATER. — 1. By Portinscale, Lorton Fells, and Swinside; 12 miles. 2. By Newlands and the Hause to Buttermere; 14 miles to Scale Hill.
- TO DRUID'S TEMPLE. — By Castlerigg, and lane on the left, or by the Penrith road; 2 miles.
- TO ENNERDALE LAKE. — 1. To *Scale Hill*, Crummock Water, thence by Lowes Water, Lampleugh, and Ennerdale Bridge, 25 miles. 2. Pedestrians can go by Newlands to Buttermere, thence by Scarf Gap and the river Liza; 23 miles to Angler's Inn. 3. Or to Scale Hill, thence to Mosedale Beck and Floutern Tarn; 20 miles.
- TO ESKDALE. — 1. By railway to Ravenglass; about 4 hours. 2. To *Wastdale*, the Strands, and round by Santon Bridge; 25 miles.
- TO GRANGE, *Borrowdale*. — By eastern side of Derwentwater; $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- TO GRASMERE. — See *Ambleside*; distance 4 miles less.
- TO HAWESWATER. — By railway to Penrith (1 hour), thence 12 miles by road.
- TO HELVELLYN. — By Ambleside road to Dale Head or Wythburn; 10 miles.
- TO HONISTER CRAG. — See Buttermere; $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- TO LANGDALE. — 1. To *Ambleside*, and up the valley; 24 miles. 2. By Borrowdale and the Stake Pass; 15 miles.
- TO LODORE. — See Borrowdale; 3 miles.

- TO LATRIGG. — Penrith road to tollgate, then turn to the left ; 2 miles.
- TO LOWES WATER. — See Crummock ; 14 miles.
- TO PATTERDALE. — 1. By railway to Troutbeck Station, thence by Matterdale, Dockray, Gowbarrow, and the margin of Ullswater ; 20 miles. 2. Pedestrians will diverge from the Ambleside road near Brotto, and follow the path past the Greenside Mines.
- TO PENRITH. — By railway ; about one hour.
- TO PORTINSCALE. — Due west ; $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile.
- TO RYDAL LAKE. — On the way to Ambleside ; 15 miles.
- TO ST. JOHN'S VALE. — Via Penrith road to Naddle Bridge, where hold to the right ; 7 miles to the end of the Vale at Castle Rock.
- TO SCALE HILL. — See *Crummock Water*.
- TO SCAFELL PIKE. — By Derwentwater, Borrowdale, Rosthwaite, Seathwaite, and Sty Head ; 15 miles.
- TO SKIDDAW, top of. — Penrith road, under Latrigg, and mountain path ; 6 miles.
- TO THIRLMERE. — Is on the way to Grasmere ; 6 miles to the bridge at Dale Head.
- TO THRELKELD. — By Penrith road, under Blencathera ; 4 miles.
- TO ULLSWATER. — See *Patterdale* ; 20 miles to the Hotel.
- TO WASTDALE. — By Borrowdale, Seathwaite, and Sty Head Pass ; 15 miles.
- TO WATENDLATH. — Diverge from the lake-road at Barrow, over Ashness Bridge, and thence by farm-road ; 5 miles.
- TO WINDERMERE VILLAGE AND RAILWAY. — To Ambleside, thence forward on the turnpike, past Lowwood, Troutbeck Bridge, and Cook's House ; 21 miles.
- TO WYTHBURN. — 1. By Ambleside road, past Thirlmere ; $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles. 2. By *Watendlath* and over the fells to Armboth, thence by the western margin of Thirlmere ; 10 miles.

PLAN OF KESWICK & ENVIRONS.



Windermere, J. Garnett.



Keswick, until within the last few years, was much more isolated than Bowness and Windermere, but now the route offered by the Cockermouth, Keswick, and Penrith Railway, which was opened in the autumn of 1864, supplies direct communication with the main lines north and south.

In approaching Keswick from Penrith, the rocky vale of Greta is seen to great advantage, as the new line follows the sinuous course of that stream, piercing through the red rock, and emerging from the 'darkness visible' of the railway tunnel upon patches of the greenest meadow, by the side of which the Greta brawls musically at the foot of overhanging woods. After skirting Keswick on the north, (where it runs under Latrigg and the lofty Skiddaw), the line makes a circular sweep behind Crosthwaite Church, and crosses the valley of Braithwaite at the foot of Grisedale Pike; there it follows the line of the old coach-road to Cockermouth, skirting the shore of Bassenthwaite, under

the imposing masses of Barf and Whinlatter Fell. The views on this portion of the line are of great beauty.

Keswick is supposed by some authorities to derive its name from *Kesh*, the local name for a kind of hemlock that abounds in its neighbourhood, and *wick*, a village. There is no beauty in the primitive little town itself; but outside there are new terraces and groups of pretty lodging-houses; also the gigantic new railway-hotel, which stands out boldly as one approaches the valley. And, it has other attractions besides the convenience of its situation among so many mountains and valleys. One of these is the Model of the Lake District, which may be seen during a shower, when, otherwise, the stranger might be losing temper in hearing the rain drip. He will probably linger over it till he has learned all the sixteen large lakes, and some of the fifty-two small ones, and traced every road and main pass in the district.

Secondly, on a wet day in Keswick, there is the Pencil Manufactory to be explored,—one of the few commercial visits that can be paid without one's being stunned by engines, having one's teeth set on edge by saws, or being nauseated by oil. It is an industry peculiarly befitting the scene of its labours. In an atmosphere redolent of Cedar of Lebanon, you behold the pencils made with which artists reproduce the beauties around us, to gladden our eyes when we are far away. All lead used at Keswick is not Borrowdale lead; but such is always to be procured,—if you choose to pay for it. There were times when the simple dalesmen only used the 'wad' for marking their sheep with; but even a hundred years ago the price of the best lead was thirty-five shillings a-pound. In the preamble to the act of Parliament passed to protect it in 1752, it is described as 'necessary to the casting of bomb-shells and cannon-balls;' but its chief use now is for making pencils. In the edition of 1816 of

the *Magna Britannia*, it is stated, 'the wadd, or black lead, is not found in regular veins, but lying in lumps or nodules, in the fissures of the slate-rock, the lumps varying from an ounce to fifty pounds. When the mine is opened,* a sufficient quantity is procured to answer the demand for several years : the black lead of the best quality is packed in barrels and sent to London by the waggons,—the proprietor of which is bound in a considerable sum for its safe delivery. It is deposited in the cellars under the Unitarian Chapel in Essex Street : and, on the first Monday in every month, there is a sale of it, which the pencil-makers attend in an upper room in a public-house in the neighbourhood.' But whether we purchase artist's pencils or not, at Keswick, by all means let us purchase pencils, which, in a few minutes, the expert workmen will deliver to you, with any name you please cut in them in gold or colours. Nothing delights small folks at home more than such gifts as these ; to see their own names — and better still, their nicknames — engraved on their own property, after this fashion, seems little less than magic, and, if dear papa or mamma present them, the magic of love.

Thirdly, on a wet day in Keswick, there is the visiting *Greta Hall*, once the residence of *Robert Southey*. In that little house yonder, (for it is small for a Hall), which you behold from the bridge, he wrote more than a hundred volumes and a hundred and fifty articles — some of them, like that on Nelson, as big as a book—for different Reviews ! Thirty-four years ago, he escaped from the thrall, and is laid in Crosthwaite Church, close by the scene of his studies and labours of love. A visit to the church, and the monument which it contains to his memory would be a fitting close to this short walk.

* The mine is shut at the present date, and has been so for years.

The town has also its town-hall, market-house, banks, mechanics' institute, library which visitors are allowed to use, a second church, a well-endowed grammar school, and, generally in summer, there are (third-class) players at the theatre.

There are excellent guides in all parts of the district, but none better than at Keswick.

CASTLE HEAD.

(An hour's walk.)

The first piece of advice given to strangers is to go to Castle Head, or, as it is locally called, Castlet. Castle Head is a wooded hill rising to the left of the road from Keswick to Borrowdale, and about a third of a mile from the town. One footpath surrounds the hill, leading to a quarry of fine stone, used in the buildings in the neighbourhood : but the other path is the interesting one, winding up and through the wood to the summit of the rock, from whence the best view of the surrounding mountains may be obtained by persons who cannot undertake more arduous ascents. Far away to the right, or northwards, stretches Bassenthwaite Lake, and, nearer, the populous and rich plain which fills up the space between the two lakes. Immediately below lie the church and parsonage of St. John, and the grey town. In front lies *Dertwentwater*, sprinkled with islands, and showing in clear and still reflection the wooded heights which guard it to the west. The southern view is the special glory of this station. Beginning at the left hand, the nearest height is Walla (or Wallow) Crag, with its fellow, Falcon Crag, immediately beyond it. These crags, wooded to their very crests, are beautiful in all seasons, and especially in autumn, when all woods less sheltered show only a wintry

bareness. Passing over some lower ridges, Glaramara, which forms 'the fork' and is 'the tongue' of Borrowdale is seen swelling above the intervening heights. Next comes the central peak of Scafell and Great End, filling up the space between the sweep of Glaramara and Gate Crag: and conspicuous in the fore-rank, is Castle Crag, a bold conical height at the entrance to Borrowdale. Next, behind the front ridge of Catbells, the Buttermere mountains show themselves; Great Robinson, High Stile, Red Pike, the Knotts, and Rowling End: and towering opposite Causey Pike. The best time for enjoying this walk is early morning,—for those who do not object to dewy paths. It is a favourite place for pic-nics which are sometimes got up on a large scale; and it is the resort of all strangers.

CROW PARK, COCKSHOT, AND FRIAR'S CRAG.

(2 miles.)

Crow Park is the spot best known to fire-side travellers by the repeated mention of it in Gray's Letters. It lies between the town and the northern end of the lake, and is therefore close at hand, to be enjoyed in any odd half-hour. Gray went there the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. He saw 'the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadow of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many waterfalls, not audible in the day-time.' At that time, 1769, there were large roots remaining of the old oaks that once formed a glade here,—a noble approach to the

lake: but the place was in Gray's eyes, 'a rough pasture' while affording the best point of view for the sketch of the lake. With regard to the near objects of the landscape, Gray preferred the gentle eminence of Crow Park to Cockshot, as he preferred Cockshot to Castle Head. After Gray's time, Crow Park was used as a race-course, and was the scene of Cumberland games, and the starting-point of the boats at the annual regatta. The steward of the Derwent-water estates built his pretty residence there, a few years ago and the wildness of the spot has disappeared. The first green eminence on the right, as the lake-road leaves Keswick, is Crow Park.

Gray saw Cockshot 'covered with young trees, both sown and planted,' and all thriving wonderfully. These young trees are now large oaks and spreading beeches. The stranger cannot miss the stile, on the left of the lake-road nearly opposite Crow Park Cottage; and he will find a pleasant path running round the base of ~~Cockshot~~.

A little further along, where the road comes out upon the lake, is Friar's Crag, a rocky promontory, commanding a fine view. Where the artists now sit down to sketch, the monks of Lindisfarn used to stand, once a-year, to receive the blessing of St. Herbert. There, if the south wind was blowing, they might hear, and if the south wind had brought rain from the central peaks, they might see, the Lodore fall, leaping down the chasm between its two guardian pillars. The contrast between this quiet valley and the wild coast of Holy Isle must have been as impressive to them as the Saint's benediction.

If, instead of returning direct, the stranger proceeds through the meadows on the left to join the Borrowdale road, he will pass the spot where Southey would have built his house, if he had had 'Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's purse.'

Gray also spoke of the Stable Fields as affording a view almost as fine as the one from Crow Park. His mention of Scarf Close Reeds, as the name of a fine station, shows that he skirted the lake under Walla Crag, where the present Borrowdale road runs at some height above the margin. The tourist may follow his example, pursuing the track along the water's edge till at ~~Barrow~~ **Barrow** Bay it joins the high-road which will lead him back to Keswick. This would add two miles and a-half to the walk.

DERWENTWATER.

(In ordinary weather, it will take three hours to row round the lake ; four hours if Barrow and Lodore Falls be visited. The prohibition with regard to sailing yachts, we are informed, has been withdrawn.)

The most permanent attraction to the stranger will probably be the lake itself. It is not seen in its greatest perfection from its own waters, and yet it is so exquisitely beautiful that boating, upon a fine day, is little less than a fairy voyage. The waters are singularly clear, and their surface often unruffled as a mirror, at which time it reflects the surrounding shores with marvellous beauty of effect. Southey, writing to a friend, says — ‘I have seen a sight more dreamy and wonderful than any scenery that fancy ever yet devised for fairy-land. We had walked down to the lake side ; it was a delightful day, the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. The opposite shore of Derwentwater consists of one long mountain, which suddenly terminates in an arch, and through that opening you see a long valley between mountains, and bounded by mountain beyond mountain ; to the right of the arch the heights are more varied and of greater elevation.

Now, as there was not a breath of air stirring, the surface of the lake was so perfectly still that it became one great mirror, and all its waters disappeared: the whole line of shore was represented as vividly and steadily as it existed in its actual being—the arch, the vale within, the single houses far within the vale, the smoke from their chimneys, the farthest hills, and the shadow and substance joined at their bases so indivisibly, that you could make no separation even in your judgment. As I stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds seemed lying under me: I was looking down into the sky, and the whole range of mountains, having one line of summits under my feet, and another above me, seemed to be suspended between the firmaments. Shut your eyes and dream of a scene so unnatural and so beautiful.’

At **Crow Park Landing** there are plenty of boats for hire; and fishing-tackle can be had of the boatmen. If it is intended to fish, terms had better be settled before starting; all the necessary equipment for a party, including boatman, should not cost more than ten shillings per day; for a shorter time a bargain must be made. For this privilege of fishing, however, a ticket, which costs one shilling, must be obtained from the secretary of the Angling Association. This ticket applies also to the rivers. Pike, trout, and perch, abound in the lake, but not char, which requires deeper water, Derwentwater only being eighty-one feet in the deepest part. Its length is nearly three miles; and, at its broadest points (Derwentwater Bay) a mile and a fifth, thus being 110 yards narrower than Winandermere at Lowwood.

It is impossible, and we think unnecessary, to describe and name the features—water, wood, and hill,—which make up the various charming combinations as the boat coasts by jutting promontories, and into the pretty bays: with the

help of our maps, or that of the boatman, the information is most easily and correctly acquired. Opinions differ on this point :— Mr. Payn says,— ‘ Give us a cigar by all means, if the ladies do not object ; and let the boatman (and not ourselves on any account) pull slowly, just where he will ; and let us hold our tongues unless we have anything particularly worth hearing ; and that is the way to enjoy Derwentwater, we assure you.’

The islands of Derwentwater are full of historic interest. The Ratcliffes possessed *Lord's Island*, the largest on the lake, which was once a part of the mainland, and traces of the family residence which stood there are still to be found. In the feudal times, they cut a fosse, and set up a draw-bridge. Everywhere there are traces of the unhappy family ; even in the sky, the aurora borealis being sometimes called to this day, Lord Derwentwater's lights, because it was particularly brilliant the night after his execution. Ramps Holme, another of the islands, was theirs also, and the hermit, the dear friend of St. Cuthbert, who lived on St. *Herbert's Isle* in the seventh century, is somehow mixed up in legends, or in local imaginations (which are careless of dates), with the same family. All that is known of St. Herbert is, that he really had an hermitage in the island* and that Cuthbert and he used to meet, either at Lindisfarn or Derwentwater, once a-year. The legend of their deaths is well known : namely, that, according to their prayer, they died on the same day. There is beauty in the tradition that the man of action and the man of meditation, the propagandist and the recluse, were so dear to each other, and so congenial. Vicar's, or *Derwent Isle*, is the other of the four large islands, and a cool and fragrant bower it is. The

* There are some remains of walls on the island, which are believed to have been the walls of his cell.

Floating Island, whose appearance is announced at intervals of a few years, has obtained more celebrity than it deserves. It is a mass of soil and decayed vegetation, which rises when distended with gases, and sinks again when it has parted with them at the surface. Such is the explanation given by philosophers of this piece of natural magic, which has excited so much sensation during successive generations. Sometimes it comes up a mere patch, and sometimes as large as an acre.

With this boating excursion can be combined a visit to Barrow Fall, Lodore Cascade, and, if time permits, a walk as far as the Bowder Stone, each of which we describe elsewhere.

The principal land-owners in the vicinity of Derwentwater, are the Marshalls, of Leeds; and the estate of the late Lord is now in the possession of a member of that family; other members of which possess valuable properties at Coniston and Ullswater.

BARROW WATERFALL.

(4 miles and a half.)

The pretty **Halls** and **Woods** at **Barrow** are reached by the road on the eastern side of the lake; or, by boat from Crow Park Landing to Barrow Bay. On application at the lodge, a guide conducts you through the park and among fine trees to the back of the Hall, where the cascade is discovered, making two great leaps, from rock to rock, in all measuring a height of 124 feet. There are steps by the side of the falls, which enable the visitor to enjoy all the points of view; and there are also some sweet paths in the woods which, perhaps, the guide will allow you to explore. In any case — whether she does so or not, you will pronounce that the little excursion has been

most enjoyable, and that the fall, although perhaps wanting the solitary wildness of some others in the district, is very pretty and interesting. It is often visited when making a circuit of Derwentwater by land, and few strangers who row on the lake fail to call ; but we give it as one of the pleasant, moderate walks from our head-quarters at Keswick.

GREAT WOOD.

(The shortest circuit is about three miles.)

Since Gray's time, a charming walk has been created, for which the public ought to be very grateful to the owners of the Derwentwater property. Gray estimated the perpendicular part of the Wallow Crag to be four hundred feet in height, (and he was not far wrong), adding that the country people believed it to be much more. From the base of that prodigious wall, the bit of forest called *Great Wood* slopes down to the road, and in some parts, down to the lake. Through Great Wood winding paths are now cleared ; and to walk in them in spring and autumn,—or indeed at any season when weather will permit,—is as rich a treat as can be desired. In one season there are the early wild-flowers, the sprouting trees, and the wood-pigeons and other birds, pairing and building ; and in another, there is the squirrel, amidst the dropping acorns and hazel nuts. In winter, the robin hops among the frosted leaves in the path ; and there are broader glances of the lake and the opposite heights through the leafless trees. There are waterfalls always within hearing ; for almost every cleft and channel in the crags has its streamlet, ever busy in making its way to the lake.

There are two or three entrances to these wood-paths from the Borrowdale road, and a pleasant way home by the

northern end of the wood, where the path strikes across the field to the coppice called Keswick Springs, whence, among several tracks, there is one due north, which leads out upon the mail-road at **Brown Top**, just above Keswick, on the Ambleside road.

WALLA CRAG.

(Four miles and a-half. If extended to Barrow two and a-half more.)

A walk, involving a little more fatigue, is that to the summit of Walla Crag. It is commenced by the Ambleside road, along which the walker proceeds until nearly at the summit of the first hill called **Castlerigg**. Here there is a turn on the right which will lead him past Castlerigg farm-houses to Rakefoot, where a track will be seen, ascending to the open ground of Castlerigg Fell. A wall stands in the way; but there is a stile in it. There is then a plantation to cross; and the stranger comes out upon the rocky brow which commands a view as fine as any seen from a similar elevation, and different from all others; embracing the whole valley of the Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite lakes, with the enclosing hills. The chasm which opens downwards a little to the left is **Lady's Rake**, the gully through which the Countess of Derwentwater escaped with the family jewels when the officers of the Crown took possession of the mansion on Lord's Island. If the stranger relishes fatigue and danger, he can get down where the lady got up; or he may recross the stile and descend the Catgill gorge a little further to the south. He must keep the wall of the plantation on his right all the way. There is a rough path, but it is not an expedition to be made by any one who is not surefooted. This path leads finally across

a field into the road by the lake, less than two miles from Keswick.

There is still another way down. The tourist may pursue the pony-track along the mountain over the top of **Falcon Crag**, and down to **Barrow**, which affords some of the choicest points of view. If he inquires as he goes, he may learn the precise spot on which the Castle of the Derwentwater family stood, in the reign of Edward III, when it ceased to be the family residence.

LATRIGG AND DOD FELL.

(To the summit of both hills and back, 9 miles.)

It will be seen by the maps, that **Latrigg** is one of the spurs or buttresses at the south-west of Skiddaw. It is approached by the road towards the railway station, just before reaching which, the turn to the right must be taken, between the river and the hotel—under the railway—the first path on the left, and then the first turn (a lane) on the right.* This leads to the summit, where a grand prospect repays the slight exertion. The heights are familiar, excepting, perhaps, the Helvellyn mass on the south.

Probably no one ever pursued the road to Latrigg without longing to follow the paths seen to wind through the woods above the Greta. Southey in his 'Colloquies,' speaks of the scenery here as 'of the finest and most rememberable kind. From a jutting isthmus, round which the tortuous river twists, you may look over its manifold windings, up the water to Blencathera; down it, over a high and wooded

* This point can be reached from the northern end of Keswick, by taking a lane in an easterly direction near the toll-gate. There can be no difficulty for those who know the point aimed for.

middle-ground, to the distant mountains of Newlands, Causey Pike and Grisedale.' The scenery of Latrigg, however, is treated of in connection with the ascent of Skiddaw. The points of view near Bassenthwaite are shown in the course of the circuit of the lake; and the high roads which cross the plain may speak for themselves. But the whole range along the skirts of Skiddaw, from Latrigg to Bassenthwaite village, (which is eight miles from Keswick), commands views so fine that the stranger's attention should be specially drawn to it. Southey declared, in his 'Colloquies,' that 'the best general view of Derwentwater is from the terrace between ~~Applethwaite~~ and ~~Millbeck~~, a little before the former hamlet. The old roofs and chimneys of the hamlet,' he continues, 'come finely in the foreground, and the trees upon the Ormathwaite estate give there a richness to the middle-ground which is wanting in other parts of the vale.' From that terrace the traveller may go on as far as the summit of ~~Dod Fell~~, and will find himself abundantly repaid. Dod Fell is an infant Skiddaw, nestling under its parent on the western side. The ascent is perfectly easy; and the summit commands, not only the two lakes, their immediate plain and surrounding mountains, but the Vale of Lorton, the Solway, and the Scotch range of summits beyond.

3½

5½

DRUID'S CIRCLE.

(Four miles.)

This very well-preserved memorial of antiquity is reached by the road towards the railway station, from which the walker diverges before crossing the river. Pass on this turn-

pike road and through the toll-gate ; then the second road on the right must be taken. Shortly after the summit has been reached, a stile will be seen on the right, by which we enter the field in which are the famous stones we are seeking. They are forty-eight in number and form an oval ; and there is a peculiarity in this case which distinguishes this from all other Druidical monuments extant in England. On the eastern side, within the circle, there is a small recess formed by ten stones, forming an oblong figure. As Southey observed, the spot is the most commanding that could be chosen, short of a mountain-side : and it is indeed nearly surrounded by mountains.

The old legend about the last human sacrifice of the Druids may belong to any of the monuments of that age in the district ; and is probably claimed for them all. According to that old story ; when some people settled in a clearing of the woods, beside a river, somewhere to the south of the district, the priests took up their station further north, among the mountains, where there were plenty of stones fit and ready for their temple. After a time, a fever laid waste the lower settlement ; and the oracle demanded a sacrifice to appease the divine wrath. The lot fell on a young girl who was betrothed ; and, on an appointed day, she was conveyed, with all the ceremonies, to the temple. A small hut of wicker-work, like a large beehive, was found set up on the western side of the temple. The girl was led into the circle, and placed in the midst, while the dedication proceeded. We are even told that she was adorned with an oak garland, and held mistletoe in her hand. The whole population was looking on from a distance : but it must have been within reasonable reach, as every one was required to contribute a stick to the fire. The wretched lover saw all from afar ; and he daringly resolved

—let the god be as wrathful as he pleased,—not to contribute so much as a twig to the burning of his beloved. She was seen to enter the door, which was next to the circle; and then the priest closed it up, and heaped dry leaves and sticks that were brought all round the hut. The arch-druid meantime was procuring fire from two pieces of wood. He succeeded, and set the pile in a blaze. In this moment of desperation, the lover saw every mountain round give forth a great cataract; and all the floods gushed to the temple as to a centre, and made an island of the little hut,—returning when they had extinguished the fire. The victim came forth, with not a hair singed, and not a leaf of her garland withered. The arch-druid, skilled to interpret thunder, seems to have understood in this case the voice of the waters; for he announced that, henceforth, the god would have no more human sacrifices.

Any resident who is sufficiently familiar with the country people to get them to speak their minds fully, will find that they still hold to the notion that nobody can count the Druid stones correctly; and also that a treasure is buried under the large stone. As to the first,—there are in such circles, some smaller stones cropping out of the ground which some visitors will, and others will not, include among those of the circle. We ourselves counted Long Meg and her daughters, near Penrith, many times before making out the prescribed sixty-seven, with any certainty. As for the treasure, can any one prove that it is not there? Nobody wants to undermine the stone, to get rid of the tradition: so our neighbours are like the Arabs at Petra, who have been shooting with sling, bow, and matchlock, for a thousand years, at the urn where they are sure Pharaoh's treasure is,—in the rock temple. For a thousand years they have failed to bring it down, and they are determined that no European

shall. And no European would dismantle the temple to disabuse the Arabs; and so the tradition and the urn stand untouched. So may it be for ages with Long Meg, and the giant of eight tons weight that presides over the Keswick circle!

The return walk may be by Castlerigg.

PORTINSSCALE.

(Two miles and a half.)

Immediately after Greta Bridge has been crossed, there is, on the left, a most pleasant field-path which leads to ~~Port~~ ^{Portinscale} distant about a mile. At this pretty village there are two large hotels, one of which (the Derwentwater) has grounds stretching to the margin of the lake. The stranger will certainly pass this way when on some of the excursions to the neighbouring lakes; but we also point it out as a tempting walk, which may perhaps be made between showers, or in the bright evening of an unpropitious day. It may be extended by the western side of the lake, turning southwards, and descending at pleasure to the margin of the water through the woods at ~~Flat~~ ^{Flat} Park. Or Swinside, at the entrance of the Vale of Newlands—little more than two miles from Keswick—may be ascended. In any case, the return ^{will} be by Crosthwaite Church, and probably by Greta Hall.

CAUSEY PIKE.

(Four miles to the summit. If Grisedale Pike be included in the walk—a circuit of ten miles.)

This hill, it will be seen, is directly west of Derwentwater, and is best approached via Portinscale, Newlands Beck, and Stair. If a guide be employed then it will be wise to

make the whole round by the ridges which connect Grassmoor with Grisedale Pike, whence the descent is easy upon Braithwaite, a village two-and-a-half miles from Keswick. This is a most lovely circuit, commanding first and last the bright and populous valley of the two lakes, and, for the rest of the way, the Vale of Newlands, with its quiet sheep-walks and folds, and green steepes of Buttermere Hause, and the wild recesses of the mountain group occupying the space between Crummock Water and Derwentwater; while to the north-west from Grisedale Pike stretches the Vale of Lorton, with its multitudinous fields and scattered hamlets, and the Cocker winding its way to join the Derwent at Cockermouth. The Solway and the Scotch mountains are on the horizon.

Causey Pike is 1762 feet above Derwentwater.

CATBELLS.

(Four miles to the summit.)

If the milder enterprise of ascending Catbells is preferred, well and good; for that, too, is a charming walk. The way is via Portinscale, and on the road turning southward until the walker is opposite Derwentwater Bay; then the hill must be ascended by a path along the ridge. If he does not mind bits of boggy ground he has nothing to fear, — always supposing the weather to remain clear, and that he has either compass or guide. Looking across the Vale of Newlands, he sees the whole group of summits which overhang Crummock Water and Buttermere; and if he goes on two miles southward, traversing the ridge of Maiden Moor, he looks into Borrowdale, and even sees the Langdale Pikes, and the great mountain group about Wastwater.

The descent may be made to Derwentwater Bay, where

a boat should be ordered to be in waiting. In this case, he will reach the road which skirts Catbells at some height above the lake, or will turn into the footpath which leads through the woods and over the meadows of Brandelow Park, coming out upon Derwentwater Bay at Hawse End.

If the walk be extended along the ridge of Maiden Moor, the descent will be upon Grange, from whence he might reach home in a car which he will have ordered beforehand.

These are the moderate walks about Keswick; and they will occupy a week of fine weather for ordinary walkers. Those who remain longer can find plenty more. We have only undertaken to point out such as the stranger would be most sorry to miss. We will now describe the excursions for which a carriage or horses will be needed by any but the most robust.

BORROWDALE, ROSTHWAITE, AND GRANGE.

(13 miles, exclusive of the digressions to visit Barrow Fall and Lodore, which may be estimated at 2 more.)

The tourist must now be introduced to the valley which is, perhaps, at once the most beautiful and also more visited by strangers than any other in the Lake District. Many of those whose stay at Keswick is short make this their only excursion, and that in preference to boating on the lake. If there be a party, it is easy to procure a car or wagonette at

one of the hotels ; but the excursion is quite within the compass of good walkers.

The road to be taken is the same as to Castle Head, that is, by the eastern side of the lake. Derwentwater is not much seen until three-quarters of a mile have been traversed, when at the top of a hill, with **Great Wood** on either hand, ^{1½} the southern portion comes into view ; after which, all the way to Lodore, there are most charming peeps between the trees on the margin. In little more than two miles, the gate admitting to the **Barrow** estate and waterfall is reached. ^{2¼} As we have said at page 228, strangers are kindly admitted to see the latter ; and very few omit to take advantage of the privilege. The carriage waits at the gate during the fifteen or twenty minutes required for the visit.

After this, the traveller begins to listen for the **Fall of Lodore**. ³ The inn at the fall has been much enlarged lately, and is well managed. To visit the Fall the way is through the garden and orchard, (where the fish preserves are terrible temptations to waste of time), and over the footbridge, and up into the wood, where the path leads to a mighty chasm. It is the chasm, with its mass of boulders and magnificent flanking towers of rock, that makes the impressiveness of Lodore fall, rather than the water. No supply short of a full river or capacious lake could correct the disproportion between the channel and the flood. After the most copious rains, the spectacle is of a multitude of little falls, and nowhere is there a sheet or bold shoot of water. The noise is prodigious, as the readers of Southey's description are aware : and the accessories are magnificent. Gowder Crag on the left, and Shepherd's Crag on the right, shine in the sun, or frown in the gloom like no other rocks about any of the falls of the district ; and vegetation flourishes everywhere, from the pendulous shrubs in the fissures, two hundred feet

overhead, to the wild flowers underfoot in the wood. On a lustrous summer evening, when the lights are radiant, and the shadows deep and sharp, the scene is incomparable, whatever may be the state of the water. When the streamlet is fullest, and the wind is favourable, it is said the fall is heard the distance of four miles.

There is something else to be heard here ; and that is the Borrowdale echoes. A cannon is planted in the meadow before the inn, which awakens an uproar from the surrounding crags to Glaramara.

3¼ The new and handsome Borrowdale Hotel is shortly reached. By crossing three or four fields from here, an interesting establishment for the propagation of char and trout will be found. There they are, darting about in their separate cisterns, from the tiniest little things to the full-grown fish fit for the table. We understand that it is the aim of the proprietors to compete in the market with the yield from the lakes ; and, if all reports be true in regard to the wholesale destruction of spawning fish permitted on the shores of the lakes, it is possible they may succeed.

¼ Following the course of the river Derwent, which feeds the lake, in a mile we turn a sharp corner and come rather suddenly upon **Grange**. When the abbots of Furness owned the whole of Borrowdale, a few monks were placed at its entrance to receive and guard the crops ; and this place was their granary. It is now a picturesque hamlet, which must be familiar to all who haunt exhibitions of pictures. Nobody who carries a pencil can help sitting down on the grass to sketch it. Just behind is the bold hill, called Lobstone Band, and, to the left, the noble wooded rock, called **Castle Crag**, which leaves room only for the road and the river. Nimble youths who have reached its summit say the view is splendid. It is, in itself, a fine spectacle.

Those who are making the circuit of the lake by land turn over the bridge; our way is straight forward through the gate, and on to the **Bowder Stone**—a fallen rock, standing on its edge, and about thirty feet high and sixty long. There are steps for the ascent to the top; but it is well seen from below. The weight of this enormous stone has been computed to be 1900 tons.

From this point to the village of **Rothwaite**, the way is close to and almost parallel with the river, richly-wooded hill and rock rising steeply on each side. Rothwaite is beautifully situated near the centre of the dale, and at the confluence of the two mountain-brooks which form the Derwent.

The traveller is now standing in the middle of that far-famed Borrowdale of which so many curious tales are told. Its inhabitants were once considered as primitive as we now consider those of Watendlath; and a good deal more, if the current stories be true. It is said that an old Borrowdale man was once sent a very long way for something very new, by some innovator who had found his way into the dale. The man was to go forth with horse and sacks (for there were no carts, because there was no road) to bring some lime from beyond Keswick. On his return, when he was near Grange, it began to rain; and the man was alarmed at seeing his sacks begin to smoke. He got a handful of water from the river; but the smoke grew worse. Assured at length that the devil must be in any fire which was aggravated by water, he tossed the whole load over into the river. That must have been before the dalesmen built their curious wall; for they must have had lime for that:—Spring being very charming in Borrowdale, and the sound of the cuckoo gladsome, the people determined to build a wall to keep in the cuckoo, and make the spring last for ever. So they

4½

6½

built a wall across the entrance, at Grange. The plan did not answer ; but that was, because, according to the popular belief from generation to generation, the wall was not built one course higher. It is simply for want of a top-course on that wall that eternal spring does not reign in Borrowdale. Another anecdote shows, however, that a bright wit did occasionally show himself among them. A 'statesman' (an 'estatesman,' or small proprietor) went one day to a distant fair, or sale, and brought home what neither he nor his neighbours had ever seen before — a pair of stirrups. Home he came jogging with his feet in his stirrups ; but, by the time he had reached his own door, he had jammed his feet in so fast that they would not come out. There was great alarm and lamentation ; but as it could not be helped now, the good man sat on his horse in the pasture for a day or two, his family bringing him food, till the eldest son, vexed to see the horse suffering by exposure, proposed to bring them both into the stable. This was done ; and there sat the farmer for several days,— his food being brought to him as before. At length it struck the second son that it was a pity not to make his father useful, and release the horse ; so he proposed to carry him, on the saddle, into the house. By immense exertion it was done ; the horse being taken alongside the midden in the yard to ease the fall ; and the good man found himself under his own roof again,— spinning wool in a corner of the kitchen. There the mounted man sat spinning, through the cleverness of his second son, till the lucky hour arrived of the return of the youngest son, who was a scholar, — a learned student from St. Bees. After duly considering the case, he gave his counsel. He suggested that the good man should draw his feet out of his shoes. This was done, amid the blessings of the family ; and the good man was restored to his occupation and to

liberty. The wife was so delighted that she said if she had a score of children, she would make them all scholars,—if she had to begin life again.

It is by no means to be supposed, however, that there was no wit in the valley, but what came from St. Bees. On the contrary, a native genius, on one occasion, came to a conclusion so striking that it is doubtful whether any university could rival it. A stranger came riding into the dale on a mule, and being bound for the mountains, went up the pass on foot, leaving the animal in the care of his host. The host had never seen such a creature before, nor had his neighbours. Fearing mischief, they consulted the wise man of the dale; for they kept a Sagum, or medicine-man, to supply their deficiencies. He came, and after an examination of the mule, drew a circle round it, and consulted his books while his charms were burning, and, at length, announced that he had found it; the creature must be, he concluded, a peacock. So Borrowdale could then boast, without a rival, of a visit from a stranger who came riding on a peacock. There is a real and strong feeling in the district about these old stories. Only a few years ago, when a Borrowdale man entered a country inn, a guest who was there before said simply 'Cuckoo,' and was instantly knocked down; and a passionate fight ensued.

A party of these dalesmen were once escorting a waggon-load of their valuable lead ore to London; and, it being the days when thieves and highwaymen abounded, they were all armed with blunderbusses, to guard their treasure. Resting the first night at Keswick, they were sheltered in one of the houses there, the waggon being placed in the entrance gateway, which was closed by large doors, the men taking it in turn to watch. Now it so happened that the owner of the house possessed, what was then rather uncommon, a cuckoo

clock ; when the hour of ten came round, the clock began to strike, saying in slow and measured time 'Cuckoo !' The Borrowdale man, thinking some of the town-folk, hearing of their arrival, had come to mock, threatened, if the words were repeated, to fire, be the consequences what they might ; the clock, of course, was deaf to the threats of the enraged and mortified man, and went on repeating 'cuckoo ;' this was too much for him, — the man of Borrowdale, — so he fired upon his supposed jesters.

This cannot last much longer, — judging by the new houses, — abodes of gentry, — built or building in Borrowdale. The wrath must presently turn to a laugh in the humblest chimney-corner in the dale.

TO WATENDLATH.

(A circuit of 13 miles.)

If the tourist desires (as it is hoped that he does), to see one of the primitive valleys of the district, — one of those recesses lapped in the mountains, where the sounds of civilized life have hardly penetrated, let him go to Watendlath, locally called Wathenlath), and descend into Borrowdale at Rosthwaite. The circuit is one of thirteen miles ; and part of it must be accomplished on foot or horseback ; for there is no direct carriage-road between Watendlath and Borrowdale ; the best plan therefore is for the traveller to drive to Watendlath, and thence make his way on foot to Rosthwaite, (a walk of two miles), where he will have directed his carriage to await his arrival.

The road along the lake-side is followed till it gives out a branch before reaching Barrow House. Up this by-road the explorer goes, and passes behind and above Barrow

House, soon reaching the stream that feeds Barrow Fall. Presently **Ashness Bridge** is reached, from which there is a much admired scene in a northerly direction, the bold crest of **Falcon Crag** being on the right, Skiddaw beyond, and Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite stretching out below. The road is now over the bridge and through the wood. Between here and the tarn (about two miles) there are several fine points of view which will suggest themselves to the enquiring tourist. When we reach the little foot-bridge between **Watendlath Tarn** and the verge of the crag, the peep down the chasm shews the lake and the Skiddaw range in beautiful union. Helvellyn rises to the east, Scafell and Bowfell shew themselves in front, all the way down to Borrowdale. The descent into Rosthwaite is the concluding treat. The way is easy, — a gentle slope over grass and elastic heather, the whole surface starred over with bright heath flowers. The head of the dale, — imposing under all aspects, — opens out and seems to be spreading its green levels for the stranger's rest. The passes to Langdale by the Stake, to Wastwater by Sty Head, and to Buttermere by Honister Crag, disclose themselves round the projecting Glaramara. Further round to the right lies Grange and the lake; and beneath lies **Rosthwaite** with the prattling stream behind, which must be crossed by the stone bridge to reach the little inn where the traveller will find his carriage awaiting him. This inn has lately been enlarged, and now offers comfortable accommodation to tourists who may wish to remain in this beautiful dale.

Before turning his face towards the lake, the traveller must go forward a few yards from the inn, to a point where he will see a narrow entrance and steps in the right-hand fence. He must go in there, and mount that little hill, called **Castlehead**, from which the truest and best view of the whole of Borrowdale is obtained.

TO BUTTERMERE AND CRUMMOCK WATER, BY
BORROWDALE AND HONISTER PASS.

(If the return journey be by the Vale of Newlands, 22 miles ; if by Scale Hill and Lorton Fell, 27 miles. The visit to Scale Force 4 miles additional.)

The drive to Buttermere by Honister Crag is the favourite excursion from Keswick, and it is certainly one which the stranger should by no means omit, embracing, as it does, some of the finest scenery in the district. For the convenience of tourists, commodious waggonettes make this circuit during the season ; leaving Keswick at 10 a.m., returning at 6 p.m., and thus affording the traveller a sojourn of about three hours at Buttermere and Crummock.

6¼ The route as far as Rosthwaite has already been described
8 (p. 237) : from whence it is a mile and a-half to *Scatoller*. After passing through the farmyard there, the road makes a steep and rough ascent, by the side of a plunging and roaring stream, to Buttermere Hawse. Everybody walks up the last reaches of the ascent,—so steep and stony is the narrow road, and so formidable its unfenced state. The traveller, as he ascends, gradually loses sight of the farmstead, and the broader levels until by degrees the mountains close in around
9¼ him. Just at the turn before sighting Honister Crag, the last trace of Borrowdale,—in the form of a triangular bit of green sward far below among the hills,—disappears, and the Vale of Buttermere begins to open upon the eye. The scene now before the traveller is one of great grandeur, he is in a vast stony valley, where sheep and their folds, and a quarryman's hut here and there, are the only signs of civilization. There are no bridges over the stream—the infant Cocker—which must be crossed many times ; and where there are no stepping-stones, the pedestrian must wade. The

dark, stupendous, almost perpendicular **Honister Crag**, frowns above : and as the traveller, already at a considerable height, looks up at the quarrymen in the ~~slate-quarries~~ near the summit, it almost takes his breath away to see them hanging like summer-spiders quivering from the eaves of a house.

These **Quarrymen** are a hardy race, capable of feats of strength which are now rarely heard of elsewhere. No heavy-armed knight, who ever came here to meet the Scot—and there were such encounters on this spot in the ancient border wars—carried a greater weight, or did more wonders in a day than these fine fellows. The best slate of Honister Crag is found near the top : and there, many hundred feet aloft, may be seen by good eyes, the slate-built hovels of the quarrymen, some of whom ascend and descend many times between morning and night. Now the men come leaping down at a speed that appears appalling to strangers. Formerly, the slate was brought down on hurdles, on men's backs : and the practice is still continued in some remote quarries, where the expense of conveyance by carts would be too great, or the roads do not admit of it. About forty years ago there was a man named Joseph Clark at Honister who made seventeen journeys, (including seventeen miles of climbing up and scrambling down), in one day, bringing down 4 tons 17 cwt. of slate. In ascending, he carried the hurdle, weighing 80lbs. ; and in descending, he brought each time 640lbs. of slate. At another time he carried, in three successive journeys, 1,280lbs. each time. His greatest day's work was bringing 11,771lbs. ; in how many journeys it is not remembered, but in fewer than seventeen. He lived at Stonethwaite, three miles from his place of work. His toils did not appear to injure him : and he declared that he suffered only from thirst. It was believed in that day that

there was scarcely another man in the kingdom capable of sustaining such labour for a course of years.

In some places where the slate is closely compacted, and presents endways and perpendicular surface, the quarryman sets about his work as if he were going after eagles' eggs. His comrades let him down by a rope from the precipice ; and he tries for a footing on some ledge, where he may drive in wedges. The difficulty of this, where much of his strength must be employed in keeping his footing, may be conceived : and a great length of time must be occupied in loosening masses large enough to bear the fall without being dashed into useless pieces. But, generally speaking, the methods are improved, and the quarries made accessible by tracks admitting of the passage of strong carts. Still the detaching of the slate, and the loading and conducting the carts, is work laborious enough to require and train a very athletic order of men. In various parts of the district, the scene is marked by mountains of *débris*, above or within which yawn black recesses in the mountain side, where the summer thunders echo, and the winter storms send down formidable slides into the valley below.

From Honister Crag the road, at first extremely steep, but latterly less so, descends to the *Buttermere* vale. The first 11½ house we come to is Gatesgarth,—the farmstead whence the road to *Scarf Gap* is taken, by which, as we have mentioned elsewhere, London gentlemen and Kendal ladies have run into such extreme danger. The lake of *Buttermere* is only a-mile and a-quarter in length, and little more than half-a-mile in breadth. The mountains which enclose it, beginning on the left, are High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike ; on the right, *Buttermere Fell*, backed up by Robinson. The torrent that will be observed flowing down the steep into the lake is called — as others in the district

are — Sourmilk Ghyll : and it issues from Bleaberry Tarn, on the side of Red Pike.

The pretty domain on the margin of the lake is Hasness ; and, in another mile, we come to the tiny little chapel on the hill-side, and then the village itself. Here are two inns, both of which have been much improved of late.* At one of these our traveller puts up his horses and himself takes luncheon, enquiry being made for char which is more abundant here than elsewhere in the district. Both Buttermere and Crummock yield this most delicious of English fish ; and, we believe, Winandermere is the only other lake from which it is now taken. Luncheon over, the next object is visiting *Scale Force*, which is about two miles from the inn. There are two ways of accomplishing this, namely, walking the whole distance, and, taking a boat from the head of the lake to the mouth of the beck which issues from the fall, the latter entailing a cost of one shilling for each person, or 3s. 6d. for a party. The walk to the boat lies through

* Now that Buttermere has two good inns, lake visitors not unfrequently make a stay of several days there. For a centre it has many recommendations, especially for the pedestrian ; indeed, the village of Buttermere is undoubtedly more alpine in its surroundings than any other place with moderate population in the district. The principal heights are everywhere around, which can hardly be said of Wastwater even, where they come down to hills and plains at the foot of the lake. Ennerdale may be visited by Scarf Gap ; or the same place may be reached by the beck which falls at Scale Force, Floutern Tarn being passed on the way, and then by the beck which runs down to Roughton Farm, from whence it is only a mile on fair road to Anglers Inn. Again, in the Scarf Gap direction, the Pillar Rock, Great Gable, Sty Head, and Scafell itself are within an easy day's walk. Wastdale is only ten miles away. Langdale can be reached in about fifteen miles, the finest hill in the district, Great Gable, being visited on the way. Honister Pass and the Borrowdale Valley are close at hand ; and, at home on the plain are, besides Buttermere, Crummock Water, Lowes Water, and probably the best fishing in the District. Consequently we shall have our next head-quarters at Buttermere, from whence the western part of the District will be visited.

the meadow between the two lakes, by its small patches of pasture and wooded knolls ; and a pretty walk it is. A short row brings the stranger to the mouth of the stream from the force ; and he has then to walk a mile among stones, and over grass, and past an old fold. The chasm between two walls of rock, feathered with bright waving shrubs, affords a fall of one hundred and sixty feet, — high enough to convert the waters into spray before they reach the ground. It is one of the loftiest waterfalls in the country ; and some think it the most elegant. There is a point of view not far off which the traveller should visit. His boat will take him to a little promontory below Mellbreak, called Ling Crag. When two hundred yards or rather more above this, he will see the two lakes and their guardian-mountains to the greatest advantage.

If our traveller has taken a place on one of the public waggonettes, his way home will be by **Buttermere Hause** and the Vale of Newlands. The ascent commences at once
¹⁵ and continues for a mile and a-half, when an elevation of 1096 feet is reached. A turn to the left now discloses a new landscape,— the **Newlands Valley**, formed by the rapid slope of mountains that are bare of trees, boggy in parts, and elsewhere showing marks of wintry slides, wholly unlike anything else in the district. Its silence, excepting for the bleating of sheep, in ancient folds, down in the hollow ; the length and steepness of the descent, and the gloom of the mountain — Robinson — with its tumbling white cataract, render this truly ‘ a solemn pastoral scene.’ In a mile, or so,
¹⁶ **Beskdale** is passed, after which the views over the rich plain, and glimpses into fertile valleys are charming. At
^{18½} Stair there is evidence of the employment of the inhabitants in woollen manufacture,—an ancient staple of the district,

as is shown by the inscription which has come down from the olden time, engraved on a flagstone : —

‘ May God Almighty grant His aid
To Keswick and its woollen trade.’

The hamlet of Swinside is next reached ; then Portinscale, with its two hotels ; and finally **Crosthwaite Church**, which well deserves a visit for other reasons than containing the recumbent statue to Southey. It is very old, part of it dating back to the 13th century. In one of the windows is preserved some stained glass from Furness Abbey, representing St. Anthony with bell and book. There is also a tomb of the time of Edward III., with a very perfect monumental brass ; and an old font, curiously carved with emblematic designs. 21

But, if we are guiding a walker, or a party in a private carriage, we recommend another way home as better than that by the Vale of Newlands, — by Crummock Water, Scale Hill, and Lorton Fells, which is about five miles further than the former. The drive along **Crummock Water** is one of the most charming we know ; especially where the road forms a terrace, overhanging the clear waters, sweeping round Rannerdale Knot. Nowhere else are the mountains so scarred with weather-marks, or so diversified in colouring from new rents in the soil. Long sweeps of orange and grey stones descend to Crummock Water ; and above, there are large hollows, like craters, filled now with deep blue shadows, and now with tumbling white mists, above which 13½
14½

yellow or purple peaks change their hue with every hour of the day, or variation of the sky. The bare, hot-looking *débris* on the Mellbreak side, the chasms in the rocks, and the sudden swellings of the waters, tell of turbulence in all seasons. The most tremendous water-spout remembered in the region of the lakes, descended the ravine between Grassmoor and Whiteless, in 1760. It swept the whole side of Grassmoor at midnight, and carried everything that was lying loose all through the vale below, and over a piece of land at the entrance, where it actually peeled the whole surface, carrying away the soil and the trees, and leaving the rocky substratum completely bare. The soil was many feet deep, and the trees full-grown. Then it laid down what it brought, covering ten acres with the rubbish. By the channel left, it appears that the flood must have been five or six yards deep, and a hundred yards wide. Among other feats, it rooted up a solid causeway, which was supported by an embankment apparently as strong as the neighbouring hills. The flood not only swept away the whole work, but scooped out the entire line for its own channel. The village of Brackenthwaite, which stood directly in its course, was saved by being built on a stone platform,—a circumstance unknown to the inhabitants till they saw themselves left safe upon a promontory, while the soft soil was swept away from beside their very doors, leaving the chasm where the flood had been turned aside by the resistance of their rock. The end of the matter was, that the flood poured into the Cocker, which rose so as to lay the whole south-western plain under water for a considerable time.

Mellbreak fills up the opposite shore, with its isolated bulk ; and Red Pike discloses its crater ; both being streaked with red and lead-coloured screes, and tracks of bright verdure and brighter moss. On the side where the road is,

Whiteless, Grasmoor, and Whiteside rear their swelling masses; and the road winds pleasantly among fields and meadows, till it passes behind the Lanthwaite Woods, and turns down, in full view of the rich Vale of Lorton, to **Scale Hill Inn**. This inn should be the traveller's resting-place for days together, if he desires a central point whence he may visit a great extent of the Lake-country, while in command of a variety of pleasures near at hand. From Scale Hill he can descend into the Vale of Lorton, and enjoy a change from the ruggedness of the dales. Or, he may visit the most solemn and imposing of the lakes,—Wastwater: and also Ennerdale. He commands all the roads to Keswick, and the vales that lie between. Crummock Water yields char, as well as every other lake-fish, in abundance. The mountain tops are accessible, from Low Fell, which may be a lady's morning walk, to Red Pike, which is a pretty good day's scramble for a stout student. There is ~~Buttermere~~ **Wastwater** at one end of Crummock, and Buttermere at the other; and at home there is a spacious, clean, airy house, standing in a pleasant garden.

A few minutes will take the stranger up to the Station, by a path from the inn door. The **Station** is a hill in Lanthwaite Wood, whence a magnificent view is obtained of a stern mountain-group, (the central group of the whole district), on the one hand, and the rich level of Lorton Vale on the other, backed, in favourable lights, by the Scotch mountains. This spot is one on which to linger through a long summer day, pacing the sward, and choosing seats from rock to rock, along the whole crest.

The stranger must now, however, take this brief survey, and hope to come again. He has about ten miles to go to Keswick: and the early part of it is steep and slow. The turn is to the right, at about a mile from Scale Hill, leaving

MOUNTAINS SEEN FROM LANTHWAITE WOOD CRUMMOCK WATER.



1. Appleton Pike

2

3

1 Whiteless Pike

2 Honister Crag

3 Green Gable

4 Great End

5 Great Gable

6 Great Gable

7

8

9

5 Scawfell Pike

7 (to Kettle)

8

8 High Crag

9 High Sile

10 Bleaberry Crag

11 Red Pike

12 Melbreak

Banker, St. Edinburgh.

the Cockermouth road, which traverses the *Vale of Lorton*. The higher he ascends, the more lovely are the views over that vale which the traveller obtains, till at length the Solway gleams in the sun, and the Scotch mountains appear beyond. If he has good eyes, the driver will point out to him, at a vast distance, the famous old *Lorton grange*, appearing like a dark clump, beside a white farmhouse. When fairly on Lorton Fell, six or seven miles from Scale Hill, he cannot but admire,—in one sense of the word, or the other—the colouring of the hill itself, if the time be anywhere from June to September. The gaudy hues of the mingled gorse and heather are, at that season, unlike any exhibition of colour we have seen elsewhere,—exceeding even the far-famed American forests. As the north-western vision vanishes, the south-western opens; and the whole vale of Keswick with Skiddaw in its noblest aspect, and the lakes far below, looks finer than ever. After passing through Braithwaite, he soon recognises the road, and returns to Keswick by the well-known bridge over the Derwent.

27

If the traveller has time, we recommend him, on leaving Scale Hill, to go round by the village of *Lorton* and visit the famous *grange*. It adds about two miles to the journey to Keswick; but the road is much better than the shorter one, and the valley is very beautiful.

THE CIRCUIT OF BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.

(18 miles).

Bassenthwaite verges towards the flat country, which is not what the traveller came to visit. The residents in the district become more sensible every year to the beauty of

the merely undulating country through which the mountains sink into the plains ; while the strangers have hardly patience to look at it, in eagerness to find themselves under the shadow of the great central fells. **Bassenthwaite** is one of the outermost lakes : and it is therefore no more cared for by the tourist in general than the foot of Coniston or Winandermere. Still, considering that Skiddaw overshadows its eastern shore, it must be worthy of attention ; and the drive round it is, to our mind, a very delightful one.

This lake is larger than Derwentwater, being four miles in length and a little more than half-a-mile in breadth. The distance from lake to lake is between three and four miles, a large proportion of which is apt to be flooded in winter ; and occasionally the waters actually join, so as to present the appearance of a lake ten miles long,—the length of Winandermere. These floods are a serious drawback to the productiveness of the lake levels, and the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

The road passes through Portinscale and Braithwaite to ^{1½} Thornthwaite, and leaves Whinlatter on the left. It passes through woods and pretty glades, which make a charming foreground, while old Skiddaw fills the view on the opposite shore. Lord's Seat and Barf rise boldly to the left ; and the ⁵ road runs, for the most part, on the margin of the lake.*

The Pheasant Inn, near Bassenthwaite Railway station, ^{7½} on the western side of the lake, is clean and comfortable, and the best resting-place in this circuit. It is a resort

* About a hundred yards east of Ouse Bridge, there is a gate with a path leading through a wood to the foot of the lake. This point of the shore offers incomparably the finest view of Bassenthwaite. The whole length of the lake is seen, with the majestic slopes of Skiddaw on the east ; Lord's Seat and Barf on the west, and the head closed in by the Walla Crag and Helvellyn.

of anglers. The road now winds round eastward to Ouse Bridge, beneath which the lake discharges itself in the form of the much enlarged river Derwent, which flows away towards Cockermouth. Not far from the bridge, Armathwaite Hall is passed.

If it is thought worth while to go a mile or two out of the way for an exceedingly fine view, the traveller will follow Hesketh road for a mile beyond Castle Inn, and ascend the Hawes on the right. Thence he will see a charming landscape,—the open vales of Embleton and the whole expanse of the lake, with its rich terraced shores.

There is one view on his way back which the traveller must not miss. When he comes to Bassenthwaite Sandbeds, let him leave his conveyance and ascend the mountain for about 200 yards, when he will get another exceedingly fine view of the lake, and, indeed, all the way under Dod Fell, through ~~Applethwaite~~, and by Ormathwaite, the views are wide and grand. (See page 232).

If he is disposed to make a long day's work of this excursion, he may combine it with the ascent of *Skiddaw*. He will begin with the mountain first, descending, if on foot, by Longside. If he has a pony he must come down further to the north. It is customary for those who ride to descend on the Keswick side, but guides who know the mountain well, do not hesitate to conduct ladies on their ponies by this northern route. The tourist comes into a good path before he reaches Barkbath, and soon after descends into the main-road. He will then pursue his way round Bassenthwaite, reversing the order of the proceeding as given above.

ST. JOHN'S VALE AND THIRLMERE.

(18 miles.)

This excursion is commenced on the Penrith road. In about four miles ~~Threlkeld~~ **Threlkeld Hall** is reached, now a dilapidated farmhouse, but with a high romance associated with it. Here was brought up in humble but safe seclusion, the young Clifford, son of that worthless noble who slew the young Earl of Rutland, and, therefore, for whose innocent blood the swords of York were all athirst :

‘There, at Blencathara’s rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford, — from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy.’

He dwelt as a shepherd here for four-and-twenty years, without learning even so much as to read and write, but leading, as it seems, a very contented life, under the protection of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, who had married his mother, and behaved to him with a generosity very unusual with stepfathers of that period. On the succession of Henry VII., he was restored to his estates ; and conducted himself in such a manner as to exchange the title of ‘The Shepherd Lord’ for that of ‘The good Lord Clifford.’

‘In him the savage virtues of his race —
Revenge and all ferocious thought — were dead ;
Nor did he change ; but keep in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.’

In visiting Threlkeld, we have slightly overshot one of the fairest scenes within a day’s ramble of Keswick — the Valley of St. John. This should be always approached in

this direction (from the north) and on wheels rather than on foot, as the road lies between hedgerows. The valley runs directly southward from Threlkeld, with White Pike and Great Dodd, limbs of Helvellyn, bold on the left, and, in front is the famed *Castle Rock*, apparently barring the defile. The greatest of British descriptive poets has thus described it in his *Bridal of Triermain* :—

“Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still ;
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.”

For rich pastoral beauty, and grandeur that is nevertheless homelike, *St. John's Vale* excels even in this favoured region ; and we do not know anything more charming than the paths and lanes which lay off to the west of the high-road.

About four miles from Threlkeld, the valley joins the
8 high-road from Ambleside to Keswick, close to Thirlmere. This singular mere, lying as it does between the two more famous lakes of Derwentwater and Grasmere, has always been underrated ; and the tourist is generally content with the not very attractive view of it which he
9½ gains from the coach-road. The lake is reached by a lane on the right, just beyond the inn at Dale Head. The white house on the opposite shore is the one stated to be haunted ; but, in the broad daylight, you will probably not be agitated by that circumstance.

Crossing the picturesque bridge (reported to be Roman), raised high for fear of floods, take the path southwards as
9½ far as Lawnchy, or *Francy Gill*, and, if possible, pursue
10½ that stream to its source. (See Ambleside Section, p. 120). When you have visited it, it will be time to go home. Do not cross the bridge now, but keep the west shore under the

fine frowning rock of **Eagle Crag**. The mansion opposite is Dale Head Hall,—a very pleasant residence for those who object to be incommoded by morning callers. Then, under **Raven Crag** (a glorious walk) to Smaithwaite Bridge, once more on the high-road to Keswick, whose vale, after a few miles of moorland, you will presently behold from the far-famed stand-point of **Castlerigg**. 13½

This day's pleasure (which can, of course, be cut in pieces, although our advice is not to waste fine weather) can scarcely be enjoyed, at all events as far as Lancey Gill is concerned, except by persons who can endure some fatigue, and are not averse to scrambling; but to the young and active, even of the fair sex, we know of no expedition more delightful, and especially if they know how to use their sketch-books. 17

THE ASCENT OF SKIDDAW.

(12 miles. Time, from 3½ to 5 hours. A pony is charged 3s. and a guide 6s.)

The ascent of **Skiddaw** is easy, even for ladies, who have only to sit their ponies to find themselves at the top, after a ride of six miles. There must be a guide,—be the day ever so clear, and the path ever so plain. Once for all let us say, in all earnestness and with the most deliberate decision, that no kind of stranger should ever cross the higher passes, or ascend the mountains without a **guide**. Surely, lives enough have been lost, and there has been suffering and danger enough short of fatal issue, to teach this lesson. But the confident and joyous pedestrain is not the most teachable of human beings. In his heart he despises the caution of native residents, and in his sleeve he laughs at it.

The mountain is right before him ; the track is visible enough ; he has a map and a guide-book, and boasts of his pocket-compass. With the track on his map, and the track on the mountain, how could he get wrong ? So he throws on his knapsack, seizes his stick, and goes off whistling or singing,—the host and hostess looking after him as he strides away. For some time he thinks he can defy all the misleading powers of heaven and earth : but, once out of human help, he finds his case not so easy as he thought. Instead of one path, as marked on his map, he finds three ; and perhaps the one he relies on may lapse into swamp. He finds himself on the edge of a precipice, and does not know how far to go back. He finds the bog deepen, and thinks he can scarcely be in the right road. He finds a landslip, which compels him to make a wider circuit, and meantime it is growing dusk. Worst of all a fog may come on at any moment ; and there is an end of all security to one who does not know the little wayside-marks which guide the shepherd in such a case. Tales are current through the region of the death of natives, even in the summer-months, through fog, wet, fatigue, or fall, though the native has a better chance than the stranger ten times over. And why should the risk be run ? It cannot be to save the fee, in the case of a journey of pleasure. The guide is worth more than his pay for the information he has to give, to say nothing of the comfort of his carrying the knapsack,—as many knapsacks as there are walkers. If solitude be desired, the meditative gentleman will soon find that anxiety about the way, and an internal conflict with apprehensiveness, are sad spoilers of the pleasures of solitude. Better have a real substantial, comfortable, supporting shepherd by his side, giving his mind liberty for contemplation and enjoyment of the scene, than the spectres of the mountain perplexing him

on all sides, and marring his ease. But enough. Travellers who know what mountain-climbing is, among loose stones, shaking bog, and slippery rushes or grass, with the alternative of a hot sun, or a strong wind, and perpetual liability to mist, will not dispute the benefit of having a guide; and novices ought to defer to their judgment. If we have seemed to dwell long on this point, it is because warning is grievously wanted. It will probably not be taken by those who need it most; but it ought to be offered.— Even in the mild ascent of green Skiddaw, then, there is need of a guide.

The way is in the direction of the Railway Station.— After passing round the gardens of the hotel and under the railway, there is a sharp turn to the left. Continue on this road (which is nearly parallel with the railway in a northerly direction) for about a third of a mile, when Spooney Green Lane will be seen on the right, at the corner of which is a guide-post, directing to Skiddaw. When this lane has been traversed for about a third of a mile, pass through the gate in front. The path is distinct, but a slight divergence here into the field will give a wonderfully fine view of the plain of Keswick, with its two lakes, and of Borrowdale, and the surrounding mountains. His own way is now on the side of Lonscale Fell, and in the direction of what is called Skiddaw Forest, a large tract of moorland, but destitute of trees. The traveller soon passes the King of Saxony's Well, so called because the King of Saxony and his party dined here when they ascended Skiddaw. If the stranger is thirsty, he must stop to refresh himself here, for this is the only water he will get till he descends. The plain of Keswick, and the lake and its islands now grow smaller, and the surrounding mountains seem to swell and rise as the road gently climbs the side of Skiddaw. When about half-way up, the lower world disappears, while the more dis-

tant one comes into view. The Irish Sea and the Isle of Man
 rise, and the Scotch mountains show themselves marshalled
 4½ on the horizon. At the first summit, the city of Carlisle
 comes into view, with the coast and its little towns, round to
 St. Bees, with the rich plains that lie between. But there is
 a higher point to be reached after an ascent of six hundred
 6 feet more; and here Derwentwater comes into view again.
 And how much besides! Few lakes are seen; but the sea
 of mountain-tops is glorious,—and the surrounding plains,
 —and the ocean beyond,—and land again beyond that.
 In opposite directions, lie visible, Lancaster Castle and the
 hills of Kirkcudbright, Wigton, and Dumfries. Lancaster
 Castle and Carlisle Cathedral in the same landscape! and
 Snowdon and Criffel nodding to each other! Ingleborough
 in Yorkshire, looking at Skiddaw over the whole of West-
 morland that lies between: with the Isle of Man as a rest
 ing-place for the glance on its way to Ireland! St. Bees
 Head, with the noiseless waves dashing against the red rock,
 being almost within reach as it were! And as for Scafell,
 Helvellyn, and Saddleback, they stand up like comrades,
 close round about. Charles Lamb was no great lover of
 mountains, but he enjoyed what he saw. ‘O! its fine
 black head,’ he wrote of Skiddaw, ‘and the bleak air atop
 of it, with a prospect of mountains all about, making you
 giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border-counties,
 so famous in song and ballad! It is a day that will stand
 out like a mountain, I am sure, in my life!’ ‘Bleak’ the
 air is indeed ‘atop,’—exposed as the summit is to the sea-
 winds. If the stranger desires to take a leisurely view, he
 must trouble his guide or his pony with a railway wrapper,
 or something of the sort, to enable him to stand his ground.

The descent may be made, for the sake of variety, by a
 road through Millbeck and the pretty village of Appledwaite;

or by the west side of the mountain, and coming out upon the road, just north of the village of Bassenthwaite. It is often made, if the travellers are on foot, by Longside. This arm of the mountain is one of its leading characteristics, as seen from the top. The guides have given it the name of Gibraltar, since they were told of its singular resemblance to that place. If a more northerly descent is chosen, a small tarn comes into view. This is Overwater.

It is easy to pass from Skiddaw to the top of Saddleback, about six miles of hill work. The best direction is by the gamekeeper's cottage, and then by the high side of Lonscale Fell and Raughton Gill. The latter portion has a well-marked track.

THE ASCENT OF SADDLEBACK.

(11 miles of road and 5 of mountain work.)

There is no difficult work in the ascent of **Saddleback** (formerly Blencathra); the railway can be taken to Threlkeld, which reduces the pedestrian work to 6 miles, and that latter can be done on ponies. The villagers at **Threlkeld** will point out a path up Gate Gill, which goes almost direct up the mountain from there; but the better way is to go on the road another two miles to the toll-gate at **Scales**, where there is a piece of open ground on the left. This latter is to be crossed to a gate which opens upon the hill-path, leading on the breast of **Souther Fell**. For nearly a mile a wall is followed in an easterly direction; then turn to the left into the depression where the infant stream Glenderamachin runs. This leads up to **Scales Tarn**, from whence the top is visible and easily reached.

Souther Fell, over which we have just passed, is the

very home of superstition and romance. This Souther or Soutra Fell, is the mountain on which ~~ghosts~~ appeared in myriads, at intervals during ten years of the last century; presenting the same appearances to twenty-six chosen witnesses and to all the cottages within view of the mountain; and for a space of two hours and a-half at one time—the spectral show being closed by darkness! The mountain—be it remembered—is full of precipices, which defy all marching of bodies of men; and the north and west sides present a sheer perpendicular of 900 feet. On midsummer eve, 1735, a farm-servant of Mr. Lancaster's, half-a-mile from the mountain, saw the eastern side of its summit covered with troops, which pursued their onward march for an hour. They came, in distinct bodies, from an eminence, on the north end, and disappeared in a niche at the summit. When the poor fellow told his tale, he was insulted on all hands; as original observers usually are when they see anything wonderful. Two years after—also on a midsummer eve,—Mr. Lancaster saw some men there, apparently following their horses, as if they had returned from hunting. He thought nothing of this; but he happened to look up again ten minutes after, and saw the figures, now mounted, and followed by an interminable array of troops, five abreast, marching from the eminence and over the cleft as before. All the family saw this, and the manœuvres of the force, as each company was kept in order by a mounted officer, who galloped this way and that. As the shades of twilight came on, the discipline appeared to relax and the troops intermingled, and rode at unequal paces, till all was lost in darkness. Now, of course, all the Lancasters were insulted, as their servant had been: but their justification was not long delayed. On the midsummer eve of the fearful 1745, twenty-six persons, expressly summoned

by the family, saw all that had been seen, and more. Carriages were now interspersed with the troops ; and every body knew that no carriages ever had been, or could be, on the summit of Souther Fell. The multitude was beyond imagination ; for the troops filled a space of half-a-mile, and marched quickly till night hid them,—still marching. There was nothing vaporous or indistinct about the appearance of these spectres. So real did they seem, that some of the people went up the next morning to look for the hoof-marks of the horses ; and awful it was to them to find not one footprint on heather or grass. The witnesses attested the whole story on oath before a magistrate ; and fearful were the expectations held by the whole country side about the coming events of the Scotch rebellion. It now came out that two others had seen something of the sort in the interval, viz., in 1743, but had concealed it, to escape the insults to which their neighbours were subjected. Mr. Wren, of Wilton Hall, and his farm-servant, saw, one summer evening, a man and a dog on the mountain, pursuing some horses along a place so steep that a horse could hardly by any possibility keep a footing on it. Their speed was prodigious, and their disappearance at the south end of the fell so rapid, that Mr. Wren and the servant went up the next morning, to find the body of the man, who must have been killed. Of man, horse, or dog, they found not a trace : and they came down and held their tongues. When they did speak, they fared not much better for having twenty-six sworn comrades in their disgrace. As for the explanation, — the Editor of the 'Lonsdale Magazine' declared (Vol. ii. p. 313), that it was discovered that on that midsummer eve of 1745, the rebels were 'exercising on the western coast of Scotland, whose movements had been reflected by some transparent vapour, similar to the Fata Morgana.' This is

not much in the way of explanation : but it is, as far as we know, all that can be had at present. These facts, however, brought out a good many more ; as the spectral march of the same kind seen in Leicestershire, in 1107 : and the tradition of the tramp of armies over Helvellyn, on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor. And now the tourist may proceed,—looking for ghosts, if he pleases, on Souther Fell.

Here, too, lies another wonder, — that tarn (Scales Tarn) which is said to reflect the stars at noonday,—a marvel which we by no means undertake to avouch. The tarn is situated at the foot of a vast precipice, and so buried among crags, that the sun never reaches it, except through a crevice in early morning. This dark water is one of the attractions which bring strangers to this mountain ; though the easy ascent of Skiddaw better suits the greater number. Another attraction here is the deeper solitude of the recess of old Blencathra, — as Saddleback should still be called. Another is the view of Derwentwater from the summit. Southerly says, ‘Derwentwater, as seen from the top of Saddleback, is one of the finest mountain scenes in the country.’ The summit is called Linthwaite Fell ; and there the guide will point out the various objects, seas, islands, castles in their woods, and cities of the plain ; mountains, far and near ; shores, like the boundaries of an estate, and lakes like its fish-ponds. People, who made the ascent sixty years since, have left a terrifying account of its dangers, such as now excites a smile among energetic tourists. One gentleman was so ‘astonished with the different appearance of objects in the valley beneath,’ that he chose to stay behind. Another of the party presently ‘wished to lose no blood and return :’ but he was coaxed onward to the tarn, where, however, he could see no stars, though it was noonday. Mr. Green, with his companion, Mr. Otley, was among the early

adventurers who stood on the highest ridge. He was so accurate an observer that his descriptions of unfrequented and unalterable places will never be antiquated. 'From Linthwaite Pike,' he says, 'on soft green turf, we descend steeply, first southward, and then in an easterly direction to the tarn, — a beautiful circular piece of transparent water, with a well-defined shore. Here we found ourselves engulfed in a basin of steeps, having Tarn Crag on the north, and rocks falling from **Sharp Edge** on the east, and on the west, the soft turf on which we made our downward progress. These side-grounds, in pleasant grassy banks, verge to the stream issuing from the lake, whence there is a charming opening to the town of Penrith; and Cross Fell is seen in the extreme distance. Wishing to vary our line in returning to the place we had left, we cross the stream, and commence a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge. We had not gone far before we were aware that our journey would be attended with perils; the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect, we were reduced to the necessity either of bestriding the ridge or of moving on one of its sides, with our hands lying over the top, as a security against falling into the tarn on the left, or into a frightful gully on the right, — both of immense depth. Sometimes we thought it prudent to return, but that seemed unmanly, and we proceeded; thinking with Shakspeare that "dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted." Mr. Otley was their leader, who, on gaining steady footing, looked back on the writer, whom he perceived viewing at leisure from his saddle the remainder of his upward course.' On better ground they had a retrospect of Sharp Edge, — which is the narrowest ridge on Saddleback, or any other north-of-England mountain. In places, it is composed of loose stones and earth; and, the stepping on

the sides being as faithless as at the top, the Sharp Edge expedition has less of safety in it than singularity. And now,—those who, after this, like to go there, know what to expect.

The other mountain-lake, lying north-east of this, and called ~~Bowstale~~ **Bowstale Tarn** is also reputed to reflect the stars at noonday, but under so many conditions that it will be a wonder if anybody ever has the luck to see them. It is in this tarn that, in the belief of the country people, there are two fish which cannot die ; — the same fish that used to wait on the pleasure of the good Lord Clifford upon the mountain, when, in his shepherd days, he learned mathematics from the stars.

The traveller can either return by the way he came, or by Knowe Crag down upon Threlkeld ; but the most common course is almost due south-west on the green slope.* On nearing the Glenderaterra beck, which runs in the hollow between Saddleback and Skiddaw, paths will be discovered conducting down to the highway. Those, however, who intend returning by railway, will veer round southwards towards Threlkeld.

ASCENT OF HELVELLYN.

(15 miles of road and 5½ of mountain-work.)

The ascent of Helvellyn is best made from ~~Thirlap~~ **Thirlap**, sometimes called Legberthwaite, and by the post-office named Dale Head. The Ambleside road should be followed for six miles, as far as the King's Head Inn, which we have already noticed as being near the point where the

* The footpath, due westwards, in the direction of the summit of Skiddaw must be avoided, and left on the right.

road branches off for the Vale of St. John. At the back of the inn there is a pony track for a considerable way up the mountain, till a plateau is reached. Here the track is scarcely visible, but, aiming for the top, there is no difficulty in finding the way. On leaving the plateau there is a ridge to climb from which you see Kepple Cove Tarn on the left. The summit of this ridge is called Little Helvellyn. The pedestrian then follows on to the summit, keeping the highest ground, with Catchedecam on the left. The view from the summit is described in the Ambleside Section, p. 132

7½

8

9¼

By way of changing the views, the tourist can descend to Wythburn by aiming forward from the top to the first rivulet on the right, close by which will be seen the path which descends to the Nag's Head at ~~Wythburn~~ Wythburn, where there is a comfortable road-side inn at which good provisions and accommodation may be had. In the season, coaches pass this inn frequently; they may be useful for tourists returning to Keswick, distant about nine miles and a quarter.

11½

20¼

The descent to Patterdale should be made by the Swirrel Edge and across the boggy ground until the path from the Striding Edge is joined: the track from this point into Grisedale offers no difficulty. This is fully described in the Patterdale Section.

TO WASTWATER AND BUTTERMERE BY STY HEAD, BLACK SAIL, AND SCARF GAP.

(A circuit of 33 miles).

To visit Wastwater and Buttermere, in the same day, from Keswick is a long excursion, and should only be undertaken by those who are prepared to suffer a little fatigue. But the tourist will be amply repaid for his trouble by the glorious

scenery he will enjoy on his way. The expedition is one often made from Keswick, so that he will find guides ready to show him the way, and make the necessary preparations so as to ensure his return before night. As we have in the next section described the principal features of this route, we shall now only indicate the chief points of interest on the way, and the *easiest* way of doing the work; those who have legs good enough for the work can of course use them if they please.

The tourist, who does not rely solely on his legs, can drive through Borrowdale, as far as Seathwaite, (see p. 237) and then take ponies, which his guide will have sent on beforehand. It is a mile and a-half from ~~Rosethwaite~~ to ⁶ ~~Seatoller~~ farm; then the same distance forward up the ^{7½} valley to ~~Seathwaite~~, a hamlet in the gorge of the fells. ⁹ In pursuing the latter, he will find no 'nuts and acorns' in this 'Boredale,' nor any remarkable number of swine; but he may see the place, — if he looks up the hill-side to the right, — whence is drawn the product that has, in modern times, distinguished the dale, — the ~~blacklead~~ of which the Keswick pencils are made.

Under the mine, amidst the copsewood, are the dark tops of the Borrowdale ~~V~~ ~~ew~~ to be seen, of which Wordsworth says: —

‘Those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove,
Huge trunks, and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres, serpentine,
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved :
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane ; — a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially — beneath whose sable roof

Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
 With unrejoicing berries — ghostly shapes
 May meet at noon-tide ; Fear and trembling Hope,
 Silence and Foresight ; Death the skeleton
 And Time the shadow ; — there to celebrate,
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship ; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

The size attained by the yew in this district is astonishing. One, which for many years lay prostrate at the other end of Borrowdale, measured nine yards in circumference, and contained 1,460 feet of wood. The famous Lorton Yew (see p. 253) has about the same girth ; and one of these four measures seven yards round.

Having surveyed these objects, and arrived at Seathwaite, 9
 the carriage must be vacated and sent round by Honister
 Pass to Buttermere, to wait our arrival there eight hours
 afterwards. The ponies, which have been here some
 time, and had a feed and rest, are now mounted. There is
 still three-quarters of a mile of comparatively level ground,
 with the hills rising steeply on both sides, until **Stockley** 9½
Bridge is reached, where the ascent, after crossing the
 bridge and facing the west, commences in earnest. The
 zig-zags up Greenhow Knott are, however, clearly marked.
 After about a mile of it, comparatively easy ground is gained,
 still running near to the beck leading to **Styhead Tarn**. 11¼
 The tarn is passed on the western side, and the summit of
 Sty Head (1578 feet) reached in a few hundred yards be-
 yond. The descent of three miles to the little village of
 Wastdale Head is gradual, but stony, on the slope of **Lang-**
mell ; the pedestrian may, however, easily pick better ground
 than the pony-track.

The two fine waterfalls, called Peers Gill and Gerta Gill, in the side of Lingmell, had better be left for another day, if the whole of the proposed round is to be accomplished.

14¼ There is now a small inn at ~~Wastdale Head~~ where luncheon can be ordered, and, while prepared, it will be interesting to walk as far as the head of the lake, (a mile and a quarter) and see the grand Screes which rise up almost like a wall on its eastern side.

16¾ A stay of two hours may be afforded at Wastdale Head ; after which the journey must be resumed in the same direction as we arrived, but, at the fork of the beck, (only a quarter of a mile from the inn), the path to the left must be taken. For a mile it is along the meadows of ~~Dosedale~~
18 ~~Valley~~ at the foot of Kirkfell, after which the ~~Black Sail~~
~~Pass~~ commences rather steeply ; this does not, however, last
20 more than half-a-mile, the next mile to the summit (1750 ft.) being average climbing, with convenient zig-zags. The path is distinct all the way, therefore there is no need to confuse the traveller with details about the fences and tiny rivulets coming from the heights which have to be crossed ; and, again, our maps point out more distinctly than words the hills which are around. Now we descend, and shortly cross
20¾ the river Liza, on a plank if it does not happen to be washed away by that occasionally swollen stream. In half-a-mile more, the path forks, that on the left leading down to Ennerdale, and the other in our direction towards Buttermere.
22 From this point to the summit of ~~Scarf Gap~~ there is a rise of about 600 feet, when ~~Buttermere~~ and its surroundings come into full view. From here to the meadows below is the steepest part of the excursion, and ponies must be led.
23¾ Here (Gatesgarth Farm) we find our carriage, and, after some more refreshment at one of the inns, proceed on our
33 journey by the Vale of Newlands to Keswick. (page 249.)

THE ASCENT OF SCAPELL.

(Thirty miles :— 18 of road and 12 of mountain-work. Ponies can be taken as far as Esk Hause.)

The *easiest* way of ascending Scafell from Kewick is to proceed, precisely as in the last excursion, as far as **Sty-head Tarn**,* from whence to **Sprinkling Tarn** there is a distinct track, in a southerly direction, almost the whole way, which, however, is not more than three-quarters of a mile, and there is the streamlet, which connects the two tarns, running close by as an additional guide. This streamlet has to be crossed about midway between the two tarns, and again at Sprinkling Tarn. The track almost immediately leaves the tarn, in a south-easterly direction, and aims for rounding the rocky crest of Great End. This done, (half-a-mile) there must be a still further leaning to the right, and the grassy slope ascended for about half a-mile to **Esk Hause** (2490 feet) where there is a grand prospect. Now the course is almost due west for half-a-mile, in the direction of **Great End**, on reaching the rocky *débris* at the foot of which, guiding stones will be found and a fairly-

* There is a 'short cut,' by which the distance is shortened about a mile each way; but, over that ground, the path is not so distinct and practicable, and it is questionable whether the work would be done in any less time unless by the most experienced cragsman. The deviation from the above route is at *Stockley Bridge*. Instead of turning westward there, the way is direct up the valley on the skirts of the hill on the western side of the beck. This is continued for somewhat more than a mile, when the rocky crests of Sprinkling Crags seem to bar progress. Avoid this obstacle by crossing the beck before reaching Ruddy Gill, and take to the better but still rough ground on the other side. In a few hundred yards we come upon the Esk Hause track, almost at right angles, immediately under the rocky mass of Great End, and close to Sprinkling Tarn.

marked track to the summit of the Pike, in a south-westerly direction. There are plots of grass, but rough, rocky ground prevails during this mile of the ascent to the highest point in England. At the second grass plateau, the pike itself comes into sight, and there is no more difficulty excepting the physical exertion.

There is a description of the summit at page 138. Only three lakes are seen, — Windermere, Derwentwater, and Wastwater. The principal heights are Helvellyn Fairfield, High Street, Ingleborough, Langdale Pikes, Bow Fell, Conistoun Old Man, Black Combe, Great End, Skiddaw, and Saddleback. Nearer are Grassmoor, Green Gable, Steeple, Pillar, Kirk Fell, and Great Gable.

The descent may be made either to Langdale or Wastdale Head. For the former, let the pedestrian return to Esk Hause, and then, by noticing the guiding-stones which mark the way in the direction of Langdale, he will come to Angle Tarn, and shortly after passing this the top of Rosset Gill is reached, down which there is a rough descent to the head of Langdale. (see page 135).

The descent to Wastdale is generally made down the slopes of Lingmell. See Buttermere Section.

ASCENT OF GREAT GABLE AND GREEN GABLE.

(Twenty-five miles. — $19\frac{1}{2}$ of road, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ of mountain work. The former can, of course, be done on ponies, or by conveyance).

It would be easy to point out at least three ways of ascending Great Gable, from Keswick ; but, to the uninitiated, we unhesitatingly say go direct to **Strid Head Tarn**, as at page 269, from whence it is only a mile and a quarter, on a

green slope to the summit. Cross the little rivulets which run into the Tarn on its western side, and then leave the path and turn to the right, climbing steadily on the side of the hill in a north-westerly direction and avoiding the depression on the right. In this short distance 1483 feet have to be ascended, so we need hardly say it is steep, but it is at the same time gradual and there is no difficulty about the way. We would say, keep under the ridge on the left until near the summit.

12½

All authorities agree that the prospect from this is superior to that from any other English, or perhaps Welsh, mountain. On all sides, it is magnificent. To the north, the eye stretches over the valley of the Derwent to the Scotch hills; westward, the great hills close to us block out the lakes in that direction; but, on turning southward, we have another glorious opening over Wastwater right away to the Irish Sea and the Isle of Man. Further round, the grand block of Scafell is close upon us, and, of course, contracts the scene; but, looking to the north of his great head, we get a glimpse of Winandermere and the Yorkshire hills. There is a large cairn built at the summit, under which the traveller may shelter while he has his luncheon; and, among the rocks close by, will be found a well, from which we may venture to promise he will get pure water.

It is less than half-a-mile, along the ridge, in a north-easterly direction, to the summit of *Green Gable*; and we advise the descent in that direction. There are several piles of stones along the way, and it is a descent of 448 feet. Buttermere and Crummock have now come into view.

13

From this point it is possible to descend by the depression on the north-east, leading steeply down to Seathwaite and Seatoller; but it is better to go along the western side of the ridge for a mile and a half, passing over *Brandreth*

14½ and on as far as **Grey Knotts**, and then take advantage of the more gradual slope to **Seatoller**.

Grey Knotts is 213 feet lower than **Green Gable**. Having arrived at the former, we continue forward, a little to the east of north, still keeping under the western ridge and avoiding the streamlets on the left-hand. The ground is roughish, but in little more than two-thirds of a mile we reach the 15¼ **Monister Pass** road, and so easily down to **Seatoller** and **Borrowdale**.

ASCENT OF GLARAMARRA.

(Direct to the summit and back is 12 miles of road and 7 of hill work.—
If the return is by **Esk Hause**, 4 additional miles of mountain).

Glaramarra is nearly due east of the **Green Gable**, which we have just been describing, and 60 feet higher than the latter. The **Seathwaite Valley** is between the two hills. It is not one of the most interesting ascents, as it is a good deal blocked in by surrounding heights, the only opening being in the direction of **Borrowdale**, and that can be at least equally well seen from **Scafell** and the **Gables**.
6 It is ascended from **Resthwaite**, and, if our tourist has not a guide with him, and does not know the ground, we advise him to get clear of some of the intricate turnings at the outset by employing one of the villagers to direct him to **Comb Gill**. He will pass a mill, some pretty waterfalls, and then a sheepfold. From this point he must make a sharp turn to the west under **Raven Crag**s, and then a steady climb of a mile and a half will bring him to the 9¼ top. Here we find rough ground, extending southwards, with no great variation in the elevation, to **Allan Crag**s and **Esk Hause**.

The return journey may be either by Sprinkling and Sty Head Tarns (p. 269) or by Angle Tarn and the Longstrath Beck, by the side of which there is a path to Stonethwaite. (p. 269.)

LORD'S SEAT AND BARF.

(8 miles of road and $3\frac{1}{2}$ of hill work).

This is an excursion of moderate length, within the powers of most walkers, and, it is really a fine sight looking down from Barf, with Bassenthwaite stretched out at our feet, Skiddaw framing the picture on the opposite side, and seeming, in some lights, to be within a stone's throw. Further round to the right is Keswick, which looks well from here, and beyond, beautiful Derwentwater and its overshadowing mountains.

The easiest way of getting to the summit is to go to Portinscale, forward through Braithwaite, and two miles further on the Lorton road, which brings us to the end of the Comb Plantation.* Now take to the steep fell side on the right, and by the margin of the plantation. It is a stiff pull for a short distance and not good ground, but very shortly it becomes easier, and then a mile and a half due north on the fell brings us to the summit of *Lord's Seat*.

From this place to *Barf* is little more than half a mile due west. This hill is 275 feet lower than Lord's Seat.

The return journey may be varied by crossing Comb Gill. Aim for the northern point of the Comb Plantation, and then down by the eastern side of it. This will bring you into Comb Gill and then to the village of Thornthwaite and the Bassenthwaite road, three miles and a half from Keswick.

* It will be obvious that it is easy to drive or ride to this point and back.

GRANGE FELL.

(Ten miles of road, and 3 of hill-work.)

We have hinted, at page 244, that the Fell between the Watendlath road and Borrowdale is interesting and has many fine points of view. A short day may be well spent in exploring it. The ground is rough, and has many peaks to scramble up to ; but nothing could be finer than the views all round, which vary at every step. To the far north are Skiddaw and Bassenthwaite ; beneath, is Derwentwater. Westward, are the fine heights in the Buttermere direction ; and, to the south, charming Borrowdale with all its beautiful forms of water, wood, rock and hill, backed by our highest hills.

Perhaps the most interesting walk is along the edge of the hill where it begins to descend steeply into Borrowdale, at a height of about 1000 feet, from whence the whole panorama can be surveyed. Active walkers will, of course, mount the inviting rocks which lie all around.

- The Fell is most easily reached by the Ashness and Watendlath road, above the Barrow Fall, keeping to the road
 4 until about half-a-mile off the tarn, and then mounting the fell on the right, after Caffell Crags have been passed. Those who do not object to a bit of steep climbing can go up at Lodore by the Waterfall. As regards the return journey ; we have already directed attention to the path down to Rosthwaite : and there is the alternative, after going round the fell, of again getting into the Watendlath cart-road, and so gradually down to Barrow.

ASCENT OF HIGH SEAT, AND BACK TO KESWICK BY THIRLMERE.

(Nine and a-half miles of road, and three of hill-work. If Thirlmere be left out, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile less of road.)

High Seat will be found on the Map between Iodore and Thirlmere. It is the most conspicuous point (1996 feet) in that district, and consequently the summit affords most comprehensive and grand views in all directions. In reaching this, it is possible, perhaps, to save a few hundred yards by making 'short cuts' on the way; but we very much question whether the pedestrian would be at his goal one minute sooner; therefore, we say take the way which cannot be mistaken, and that is the one going direct on the Watendlath road to Ashness Farm (page 243). Here the fell on the southern side of the stream must be attacked. It is steep for a short distance, but the walker will soon find himself on easier ground, and must keep on in a south-easterly direction, with the stream on his left. From the farm to the summit of **High Seat** is less than two miles, and, the fell being reached, there need be little or no divergence from the almost straight line of the beck which will be seen in the hollow.

As we have said, there is a grand prospect from the top: Derwentwater, Bassenthwaite, Borrowdale, part of Thirlmere and all their majestic surroundings; Helvellyn being conspicuous eastward.

A descent may be made due east to Thirlmere, and so along its western margin to Stonethwaite Bridge, as shown at the top of page 258; but, supposing that way has been traversed before, the best course is to descend only as

far as Stonethwaite Gill, and then follow the eastern side of the stream down to Stonethwaite Farm, which is about two
 8 miles. Here a path will be found conducting into the turn-
 11 pike road at a point three miles from Keswick (page 75.)

ASCENT OF DALE HEAD.

(*By the Honister Road.*— $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles of road and path ; $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of hill-work. *By Grange.*—12 miles of road and path, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ of hill-work.

Dale Head is a mountain between the southern end of Borrowdale and the Buttermere Valley. It is of considerable height (2473 feet), and consequently commands good prospects east, west, and north, the great heights hemming it in southward. We recommend the walk very strongly as embracing every variety of scenery.

There are two or three ways of ascending it, the easiest being by the Honister Pass road (page 245). On attaining the very summit of that road, just before descending to
 9½ Honister Crag, the carriages or ponies must be dismissed, and the fell on the left ascended. It is little more than a mile from this point, steering due northwards, and the
 10¾ gradients are easy to the top of Dale Head.

The other way to get up is to take a cart-road at Grange village, by the western side of the Derwent. This must be followed for nearly two miles, when it terminates near Rigghead Slate Quarries. The course of the streamlet must still be followed, and the top of the hill aimed for, which is directly before us and due westward. When about a-third of a mile has been traversed in that direction we arrive at a ridge, running at right angles ; at this point it is desirable to veer a little to the south and round the crags in front, which

do not look tempting ; then by holding to the right, under the crags and over another streamlet, the summit is easily reached.

The beck which we crossed last runs down the Newlands Valley, and it is by this we will make our return journey. There is an old copper-mine northward, and very near the summit ; and beyond it, say a quarter of a mile altogether, will be found a track which has been used by the miners. This track, at first making zig-zags, leads by the beck and right down the glen, which is closely hemmed in by steep ground. In two miles the Goldscope Mine is reached, and then we are soon out into the fair valley of Newlands, on to Portinscale, and home.

It is, of course, easy to see that carriages or ponies can be used for a large portion of this excursion. If the ascent were by the Honister road, the descent might be down upon Grange, in which case the conveyance might be despatched from the former to the latter place.

ROUND DERWENTWATER BY LAND.

(Ten miles.)

In one or other of the foregoing excursions, almost every part of the road round Derwentwater has been described. At page 237 we have spoken of the part by Barrow and Lodore to Grange. At that village we turn northward for the homeward journey, and at page 236, in the Catbells excursion, the western side of the lake is noticed. This latter portion of the drive is not so interesting as might be expected, the ordinary road being a good deal shut in by the woods through which it passes ; but if the tourist can

mount to the roads which run almost parallel higher up the hill, he will be amply rewarded by the grand views obtained. It only remains to be said here that the drive round the lake is most popular; and that a visit to the Bowder Stone is frequently made at the same time, which adds about a mile to the distance travelled.

KESWICK TO WINDERMERE.

(By Castlerigg, 21 miles. By the Vale of St. John, 23 miles).

This main thoroughfare of the district has been fully described, reverse way, at page 71. There are two roads from Keswick: the one, generally taken by the coaches, by **Castlerigg**; the other by the Vale of St. John.* In the first, the road passes St. John's Church and then ascends a steep hill, from the top of which there is a grand view looking back over Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, Skiddaw, the monarch of the scene, rising above the latter. From this point to the King's Head Inn, at Thirlspot, where the road by the Vale of St. John is joined, there is nothing calling for special notice.

The road now passes under the Helvellyn range on the left, with **Thirlmere** on the right, until **Wythburn** is reached. From this place there is a gradual ascent to **Dunmail Raise**, at the top of which pass, the traveller enters Westmorland, and, soon afterwards, the vale of **Grasmere**. In the descent, Helm Crag is seen to the right, with the conspicuous rocks on its summit which go by the names of the **Lion** and the **Lamb**. Grasmere lake is next passed on the right, then **Rydal Water**, while, on the left is Nab

* For the latter, see page 256.

Scar. Just above the little church of Rydal, may be seen the roof of Wordsworth's house. Then a glimpse of Rydal Hall is caught through the trees, the traveller having on his right the river Rothay, with Loughrigg above. After another mile, ~~Ambleside~~, appears, and, afterwards ~~Windermere~~ ^{16½} begins to open out; by the side of which lake the road continues for some distance. From the Lowwood Hotel, the view across the lake into the Langdale Valley should be noticed; then, when three miles more (out of the twenty-one of the most picturesque coach-road in England), have been accomplished, Windermere is reached. 21

The Pedestrian can make his way to Windermere by several other routes. He may cross the fells from Watendlath to Armboth on Thirlmere, and join the coach-road at the foot of Dunmail Raise, or, he can, by commencing at the same point, make his way over to Grasmere by Blea Tarn. Or, he can start with the fells at Rosthwaite, and follow the Stake Pass to the head of Langdale. The last route we shall notice in detail; but, for the other two, the particulars given in the preceding pages will suffice.

KESWICK TO LANGDALE BY THE STAKE PASS.

(12 miles of road and path, and 2½ of hill-work.)

In this route the road to ~~Borrowdale~~ as far as ~~Rosthwaite~~ is followed, described at page 257. After passing through Rosthwaite, and proceeding three-quarters of a mile on ⁶ the main road, the turn on the left must be taken, which ^{6½}

MILES.

7
8

10

11

12½

14½

leads by the east side of the church to the hamlet of **Stonethwaite**. In another mile, the stream, which is the infant Derwent, finding its way down from Angle Tarn, must be crossed by a bridge to the eastern side ; there is no climbing however, for two more miles, and then the work begins at a point where the beck divides right and left. We cross the left branch by ford or bridge, and then wind up the hill for about a mile, when the summit (1575 feet) is reached. We now have the great mass of **Bowfell** right in front ; but our path leads us round to the west, and, after a few hundred yards of moorland, we come upon the descent on the **Langdale** side, with Pike o' Stickle at the other side of the valley. The steep part of the descent is not more than a mile, and then in two miles **Dungron Gill** Hotel is reached. See page 86.

KESWICK TO ENNERDALE, CALDER ABBEY, AND WASTWATER, BY ROAD OR RAILWAY.

We will first shortly point out the way by carriage road, which is a day's journey of about 40 miles.* If both Ennerdale and the Abbey are visited on the way, we advise all but the most robust to lodge at Calder Bridge Inn the first night, and, next morning, go on to Wastwater. In any case, beds must be secured beforehand, either at Calder Bridge, Strands, or Wastdale Head. The first is by far the best house.

The way, as far as Scale Hill, is exactly the same as described in reverse at page 252-3 ; that is, through Portinscale, Braithwaite, over Lorton Fell, then by Swinside and

* The different objects on the way will be fully described in the next District, viz., Buttermere.

Hopebeck farms to the **Scale Hill** inn. If the traveller has not been here before, he will walk as far as the **Station** in Lanthwaite Wood, and see the grand view of Crummock Water and Buttermere, mentioned at page 252. This being done, and the horses a little rested, we turn round upon **Leowestwater**, which is reached in a mile. Mellbreak, Little Dodd, and Carling Knott, especially the last, (the form of which is peculiarly conical for a lake-hill), stand out boldly at the eastern end of the lake. The drive of a mile along the margin of the lake is pleasant; but, at the end of that there is a dearth of good scenery until the village named Ennerdale Bridge is reached, where the opening in which the lake lies, reveals the mountains on each side. From this village it is a mile and a-half to the Angler's Inn, at the north-western point of **Ennerdale Water**. This lake will be described in the Buttermere District; the tourist, who is now only taking a rapid survey, not being able to do much more than walk along the north-western end, and then it will be time to move in the direction of Calder Bridge. He will have to return to Ennerdale Bridge, and then, having again left the hills, proceed in a south-westerly direction, through the small town of Egremont, where everything is red with iron ore, and so on to our destination. There will be time to walk along the pretty stream and survey the **Abbey** by evening light after dinner. In the morning we shall be fresh for **Wastwater**, which will be reached in good time, so as to drive up to the head of the lake, and see the grand heights by which it is enclosed.

If fresh horses be taken at Calder Bridge to go to Wastwater and back, it would be possible to get home again to Keswick on the evening of the second day.

It is not necessary to say much about the railway journey. The map shows that it is a wide circuit by Bassenthwaite, Cockermouth, Marron Junction (or Workington, according to the time tables) and, southward, to Seascale, where a car will be taken for the remaining 10 miles to the head of Wastdale. The return drive would be by *Calder Abbey*, and, if *Ennerdale Lake* be visited, it would be well to stay at the Seascale Inn all night, and take rail to Frizington station, which is five miles from Ennerdale, in the morning.

KESWICK TO ULLSWATER.

There are three recognised ways of reaching Ullswater from Keswick. We will give them separately :—

- I. — ~~Driving~~ by carriage-road, via Threlkeld ; crossing the railway at ~~Troutbeck~~* Station ; under the western side of Mill Fell ; Matterdale and Docwray villages ; and then down upon the lake at the western end of Gowbarrow Park. The first part of the road, as far as Threlkeld, has been abundantly described (p. 256). After this it becomes wild and bleak, though commanding noble distant views of the Keswick mountains and of the saddle-shaped Old Blencathra. Mell Fell,—the ugliest of hills, like a tumulus planted all over with larch,—grows larger as the traveller proceeds, till he finds he is to make a sharp turn to the right, and pass directly under it. Judging from our own experience, we should say that this part of the journey is always broiling hot or bitter cold. A bleak high-lying track it certainly is, where the old monks no doubt suffered much and often in their expeditions. The paternoster said among the perils of Ullswater, and the Ave Maria here, are supposed by some to have given

* Not to be mistaken for the Troutbeck, near Windermere.

the names of Patterdale and Matterdale, which become more interesting as soon as their origin is known. From Matterdale the road drops down upon Gowbarrow Park, described in the Patterdale Section. It is a usual practice to send on the carriage to one of the inns, (weather permitting), when the driver will order dinner to be ready in two hours or so: and then the traveller will explore the park, and see *Ara Fortis*, and walk the remaining three or four miles,—enjoying on his way, the very finest views of Ullswater.

II.—*Railway and Coach*. The only difference from the foregoing account is that the railway is taken for the first nine miles to Troutbeck Station, where coaches for Patterdale meet the trains. As these arrangements are sometimes altered, it will be well to consult the time-tables for the current month.

(8½ miles of road and 3 of hill-work.)

III.—By *Sty Pass*, which is the northern shoulder of Helvellyn. Any of the coachmen on the Windermere and Keswick road will put passengers down at the exact spot from whence the ascent of the Pass should be commenced. It is a few hundred yards beyond the southern end of St. John's Vale at a farm called Stanah. The path goes through the farm-yard and then passes to high-ground on the southern side of the beck, when steep zig-zags at once commence. It is well defined, being used by the miners who live at Keswick, or in the cottages at the western side of the mountain, and the direction is almost due east. In two miles and a-half the ridge is reached, at an elevation of about 2,300 feet. The descent is by the northern side of Free Mossdale Burn, which feeds the Reservoir, about a mile

below, after which the miner's road must be followed down the Glenridding Valley direct to the new hotel.

This last is the shortest way to Ullswater. We cannot say that any one of them, taken altogether, is particularly interesting. The prospect is fine coming down Gowbarrow Park to the lake, and the same may be said of the descent from Greenside lead mines, but the former portions of both roads are singularly uninteresting as compared with others in the district.

This is a detailed topographical map of the Lake Umbagog region in Maine. The map is oriented with North at the top. The central feature is Lake Umbagog, which is labeled 'LAKE UMBAGOG' and 'WASTWATER'. The lake is surrounded by numerous hills and mountains, many of which are labeled with their names and elevations. For example, 'SCA FALL MOUNTAIN' is labeled with an elevation of 3208. Other prominent peaks include 'Bow Fall' (2980), 'Great Hill' (2785), and 'Hill Head' (2024). The map shows a network of roads, rivers, and creeks, including the 'Umbagog River' and 'Canaan River'. Several towns and villages are marked, such as 'Umbagog', 'Canaan', 'Hallowell', and 'Calais'. The map also depicts various geographical features like 'The Band' (1860), 'Shallow Crags' (2687), and 'Long Island' (2306). The overall terrain is rugged, with many small hills and valleys. The map is a historical representation, likely from a 19th-century travel guide or atlas.



DISTRICT VI.

Buttermere.

INNS.

FISH. — Rebuilt : accommodation good.

VICTORIA. — Much improved by a recent addition.

SCALE HILL. — A capital house in its own grounds.

CHURCH STILE, Loweswater. — Small and very clean.

Smith's STRANDS INN.

The SUN, Strands.

ANGLER'S INN, Ennerdale.

The BOOT, Eskdale.

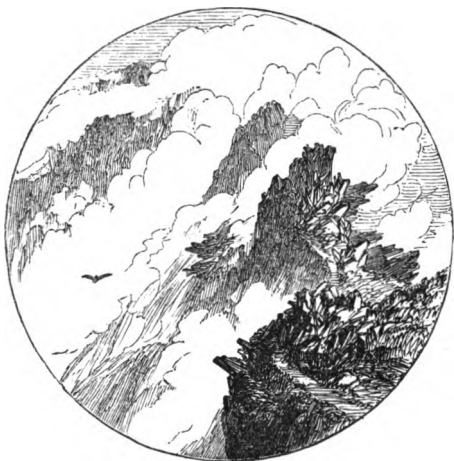
KING OF PRUSSIA, Eskdale.

ABSTRACT OF DIRECT ROUTES.

*** *Special Conveyances to be had at the Inns.*

- TO AMBLESIDE. — 1. To top of Honister Pass, Green Gable, Sty Head and Stake Passes, and by Langdale, 20 miles.
2. By Newlands, Keswick, and the turnpike road, 31 miles.
- TO BORROWDALE, (Seatoller). — By Honister Pass, 5½ miles.
- TO CALDER ABBEY. — By Crummock Water, Lowes Water, Lamplugh, Egremont, and Gosforth, 20 miles. By Scarth Gap, Black Sail, Wastwater, and Strands, 23 miles.

- TO ENNERDALE LAKE.—By Scale Force and Beck, and Floutern Tarn, 6 miles. 2. By Crummock, Lowes Water, and Lamplugh, $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- TO ESKDALE.—By Scarth Gap, Green Gable, Sty Head Pass, under Great End, and down to the vale by river Esk; 15 miles to the village of Boot. 2. By Scarf Pass and Black Sail, Wastdale Head, and Burnmoor Tarn, 13 miles.
- TO GRASMER.—By Scarth Gap, Green Gable, Sty Head, Angle Tarn, Rossett Gill, Great Langdale, and Red Bank, 18 miles. 2. By road, same as to Ambleside, 27 miles.
- TO KESWICK.—By Honister Pass and Borrowdale, $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 2. By Buttermere Hause and Newlands, 9 miles. 3. By Crummock and Lorton Fells, $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- TO LANGDALE (Dungeon Gill Hotel).—By Scarth Gap, Green Gable, Sty Head, Angle Tarn and Rossett Gill, 12 miles.
- TO SCAFELL PIKE.—By Scarth Gap, River Liza, to Green Gable, down to Sty Head, and round Great End, 10 miles. 2. Scarth Gap, between Kirkfell and Great Gable, and Lingmell, 8 miles.
- TO WASTDALE.—By Scarth Gap and Black Sail, 9 miles.



Since the re-building of one of the Inns at Buttermere, and the renovation and enlargement of the other, the village has become a more desirable place of sojourn for a few days than either Strands or Wastdale Head, the inn accommodation at the latter being of a third-rate character. Besides, Buttermere is surrounded by many of the highest hills in the district, and consequently those whose object is mountaineering, will economise time by making this their head-quarters. Carriage-folk will find a good many drives, and pedestrians a variety of walks, which have hitherto received little or no attention in guide-books. For the artist we hold this station to be better than any other in the

district, — more 'material' in a small area. The hills are close, rocky, and at every turn give fresh combinations which shape well for pictures.

We have elsewhere (page 250) described some of the characteristics of the scenery; but, besides the rugged hills and storm there alluded to, Buttermere and Crummock have charming patches of green meadow, running close up to the bare and precipitous rocks, which by contrast make the hills more beautiful and imposing than elsewhere. De Quincey says, 'the margin of the lake, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild pastoral character, or almost savage. The waters of the lake are deep and sullen, and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook, connecting it with the larger lake of Crummock, and, at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that in the richer tracts of the island they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet.' But, since De Quincey's time there have been a good many changes: a neat little church and school have been built;* and, besides the hotels, several new dwellings have sprung up,

* The old church was supposed by many to be the smallest in England. It was rebuilt in 1840, and is still very diminutive. The old church or chapel stood upon the same site, and was of great antiquity. It may be interesting to some to pay a visit to the little school, which is carried on by subscription and maintained with difficulty. Boxes are placed in the hotel to receive contributions from the visitors who desire to help the little people of the dale in acquiring the rudiments of learning, — a task apparently much more difficult to them than climbing the giddy heights of their native mountains.

notably a parsonage, which altogether form a community fully entitled to the name of village. To this may be added, that agriculture has improved the meadows and slopes, and, what is very important, the principal roads are good and well kept, except in places where the excessive steepness suggests looseness of surface to check the wheels.

Butter Mere is rather more than a mile and a quarter long ; its broadest part is half-a-mile across ; and, its greatest depth, 90 feet. The water contains trout and char, the latter, however, are not so abundant as they are in Crummock. Boats may be had at the inns, and good ~~F~~ishing in the lakes is promised to those who enjoy the sport. The streams are also well-stocked with fish, which cannot be said of those in the district generally. For, notwithstanding the large quantity of water, it is a notorious fact that fish is often imported for residents and tourists. This, however, does not apply to our present head-quarters : the veritable char will be placed before the guest, for which, in London, as much as 10s. a pound is sometimes paid. While our travelling companion is being regaled with this delicacy at a very moderate cost, we may tell the story of the 'Beauty of Buttermere,' which every one who comes here ought to know, in the words of Mr. Payn.

'The course of true love, even after marriage, has not always run smoothly, even at pastoral Buttermere. Everybody has heard of poor Mary of that Ilk : a little tract about her was once published, and '*Mary of Buttermere*' had, in its day, though among a different class, almost as great a circulation as "*The Dairyman's Daughter* ; and, the story, now long forgotten, may have some interest for the present generation. An individual calling himself the Hon. Colonel Hope, visited the Cumberland Lakes in August, 1802, and

took up his abode at the house of one Robinson, the father of Mary, who kept a small ale-house at the foot of the lake. This gentleman arrived in his own carriage, though without servants, and seemed to have been possessed of a distinguished appearance albeit he was forty-five years of age. Titles are as attractive to the Fair in the recesses of Cumberland as in that fashionable district which the vulgar will persist in calling Pimlico ; and the courtship of poor Mary — the reports of whose beauty, and not the charms of natural scenery, had attracted the gallant Colonel — ended in marriage on the second day of October. A pair of gloves — it is not stated whether they were new or cleaned — was the only wedding present he made her. Some doubts of his identity — and what was more, of the genuineness of his cheques — having arisen in Keswick, he drove over there with four horses, confronted his accusers, and while they were procuring a warrant for his apprehension, went a fishing in Derwentwater. The Keswick folks, among whom visitors of quality were much rarer at that time than now-a-days, stuck to their Honourable Colonel and were persuaded, says the chronicler “that, if he was not this great man, would prove to be some other great man ;” but he was not this great man, and, instead of fishing, landed at Lodore, whence, late as it was, he made his way in the dark “across that fearful Alpine pass, the Stake,” into Langdale. He was apprehended in December, at Brecknock, in Wales, on the charge of bigamy, and put upon his trial the ensuing August at Carlisle for forging certain bills of exchange, and franking letters in the name of Colonel Hope, M.P., for which he was condemned to death. But the public interest was centred in the fact of his bigamy, which was incontestably established. On the 31st of August, he was hung ; the “noose slipping twice, on account of his great weight, so

that he fell down above 100 inches." A still-born child was the fruit of this illegal marriage with poor Mary, who should have been styled rather the Grace of Buttermere than the the Beauty, since, although exquisitely proportioned, "she was gap-toothed and a little pock-marked." However, if not so deserving of admiration as she has been described, she was entitled to much pity; for the scoundrel who betrayed her, had also swindled her father out of a hundred and eighty pounds,—almost all that he possessed.

Think of the poor, deserted, distracted girl thus rudely widowed, and deprived even of the solace of considering herself a member of the British Aristocracy! I don't know whether I ought to add that she married again, and turned out (it is whispered) to be a bit of a termagant. Maids and even wives are fit and proper subjects for romance: but somehow, when one thinks of second wives, the mind reverts with a flash to Mr. Samuel Weller, senior, and his domestic circumstances.'

For those who cannot climb the various mountains, or who desire to have a variety of scenery without undergoing fatigue, there are several short walks which afford exquisite views of Buttermere and Crummock Lakes and the surrounding mountains.

RANNERDALE KNOTT.

(4 miles).

The moderate elevation locally called The ~~Knotts~~ Knott is reached by passing the Parsonage and turning to the right

at the back of the cottages a few yards beyond. After a short climb, Buttermere and half of Crummock Lake come in sight, with the village nestling in the remarkably picturesque foreground as if for mutual companionship. Those who wish to prolong the walk should mount in a northerly direction (avoiding the beck on the right) until a sheepfold comes in sight, which is about 700 feet above the lake; now turn to the left along or by the side of the ridge, and, in a little more than half-a-mile of roughish walking, the summit of **Rannerdale Knott** will be reached, where there is a really grand and complete view of the three lakes and their gigantic surroundings. Indeed, we know few points in the district, so easily reached, and which so well rewards the climber, not excluding the Station at Scale Hill, or the visit to Scale Force. The whole distance from the inn and back is under four miles.

HONISTER SLATE QUARRIES.

(9 miles.)

At page 246, we have given an account of these interesting excavations. While staying at Buttermere, it is but a moderate walk to visit them, and witness the way in which the quarrymen split up the blocks of stone into the thin slate which covers our houses. Besides this, however, the ascent of the Crag is most interesting.

About 200 yards beyond **Gatesgarth** Farm, a rough cart-road turns off on the right, which leads along the base of the mountain and then by Warnscale Beck. After a mile of this the ascent begins, and for a short distance, there is a sharp pull; but by ingenious windings and zig-zags the summit is

easily gained, from whence there is still a rough cart or sledge track to the quarries. It is best to go on this track right across the common (avoiding the first turn to the left) and get to the excavations at the verge of the precipice and the wonderful sledge-path down it. Very good walkers can go on a little further and get down Bull Gill into the Honister road ; but those not so sure-footed will proceed further until descent is easy between the streamlets which run towards the top of the Hause. The journey home will thus be as described at page 247.

SCARTH GAP.

(8 miles.)

This forms part of the Wastdale Head excursion ; but it may be as well to point out to those who do not undertake the whole of the tour that to the top of the Gap and back forms a most interesting and very beautiful walk of eight miles.

The way is by the main road towards Honister Pass, and, on arriving at ~~Gatesgarth~~ ^{Gatesgarth} Farm, turn in at the gate leading to the house ; cross the little bridge into the farm-yard , then through a field to the right ; and, after crossing the stream, the steep zig-zags commence. A short distance from where the climb begins, the track turns to the left, a gate is passed through, and it becomes very rugged and stony. The views from the top on a fine day are magnificent, Buttermere, surrounded by some of the loftiest mountains in the district, lying beneath. By dropping a little way down on the other side of the Gap, the entire stretch of the Ennerdale valley, its lake, and the far-off Irish Sea come into view, while close

about us are the Pillar, High Crag, Brandreth, and Kirk Fell. From here the traveller will return to his inn, highly pleased with his eight-mile walk ; in doing which, for variety's sake, the path on the west side of the lake may be taken, turning to the left at the foot of the hill instead of crossing the stream.

HARTLEY HILL

Is a grassy knoll, much frequented by artists, from whence they look up Buttermere towards Honister Crag and Scarth Gap passes, and, indeed, have the whole of the lake and its bold frame-work within the compass of one picture. To the right is *Sourmilk Gill*, coming very steeply down from Bleaberry Tarn, under Red Pike, which in itself, in moist weather (not unfrequently happening here) is very imposing. The stream is broken into white foam from which the waterfall takes its name, and makes a tremendous noise, when the beck is full, as it leaps 900 feet from rock to rock. Further round we get a glimpse of Crummock Water and the picturesque village.

This knoll is reached by passing through the farm-yard below the church ; and we advise the visitor to stray there during some spare half-hour.

MILL BECK.

(2 miles).

A short and pleasant walk may be taken as follows. Pass the church and turn to the left up Buttermere Hause. After going a short distance, a little gate will be seen on the left leading into a field, at the bottom of which is the stream

called Mill Beck. The woods skirting the banks will be found shady and pleasant, and the wanderer may find that ferns are abundant. He may then cross a little wooden bridge a little higher up the stream, and climb the steep bank opposite, slanting to the left. At the top there is a gate in the wall leading on to the fell: the path to the left will lead to the Knotts as before described, from whence he may easily find the hotel.

UNDER RANNERDALE KNOTT.

(Three miles.)

About three-quarters of a mile from the village, in the direction of Crummock Water, the main road begins to run along the shore of the lake. At this point an old grassy cart-road will be found diverging to higher ground on the right. This grassy track was formerly the main road, and must have sorely taxed the strength of the horses; it has, however, the advantage of commanding finer views of the lake than the present one, and that is what the visitor now comes for. In about three-quarters of a mile it again joins the carriage road at Hause Point.

SCALE FORCE.

(4 miles, there and back.)

This fall is almost invariably visited by the numerous tourists who make a day's excursion to Buttermere from Keswick. We have therefore described it at page 248, to which we refer the sojourner at our present head-

be crossed, and then the turn to the left taken. We are now immediately under Red Pike, which rises very steeply on the right. The foot of Sourmilk Gill and Burt-
ness Wood will be reached in about a third of a mile. Shortly after entering the latter, where the path forks, the right-hand one must be taken. The mountain called Robinson is the conspicuous object on the other side of the lake ; while, on looking back from the higher ground in the wood, pretty peeps of Crummock Water may be had. In about two miles from the inn, we reach the head of the lake and the foot of Scarth Gap Pass ; at this point, the beck must be crossed towards Gatesgarth Farm, where we reach the main road and turn to the left towards home by pretty Hassness.

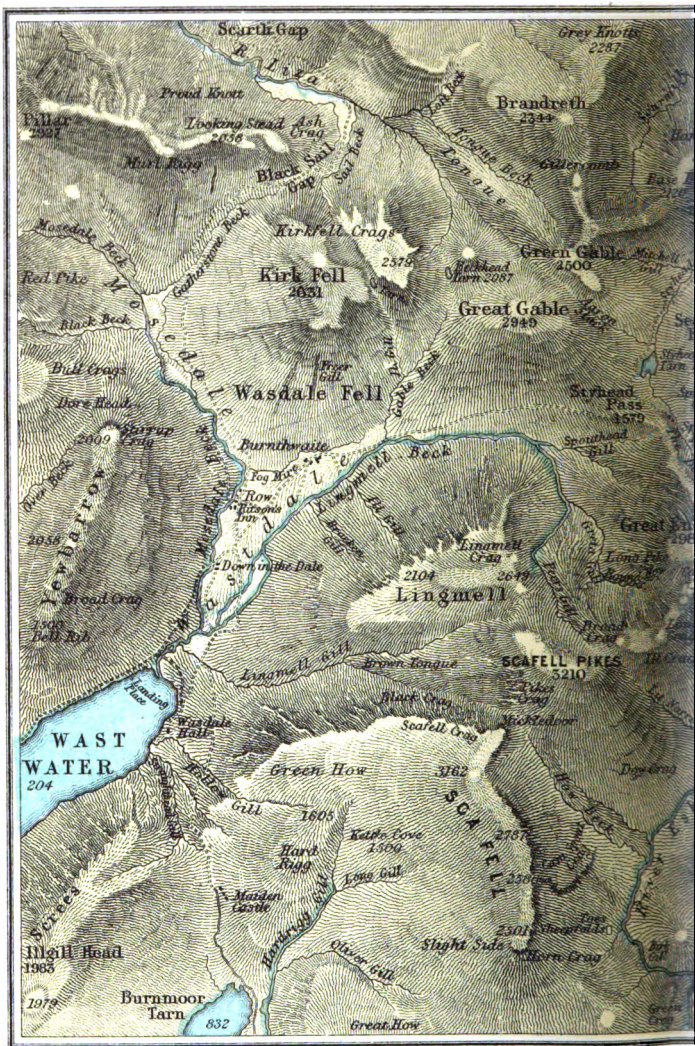
WALK ROUND CRUMMOCK AND LOWES WATERS.

(13 miles).

As we have said, there is a good carriage-road on the eastern side of Crummock Water. On the opposite shore, there is a distinct path two-thirds of the way, and then the walker must be content with picking his way by the shore until a small farm called Peel is reached at the point where the lake begins to narrow.

From this farm there are two roads, — one in the direction of Scale Hill, (a mile distant), which will be taken by those for whom a nine-mile walk is enough : they will refresh themselves at the hotel, and then return home by the western side of the lake. But we propose to take our more hardy pedestrian round ~~Lowes~~ Crummock Water, which will add rather more than four miles to the excursion. To do this, we turn westward at Peel Farm and in little short of a mile reach the

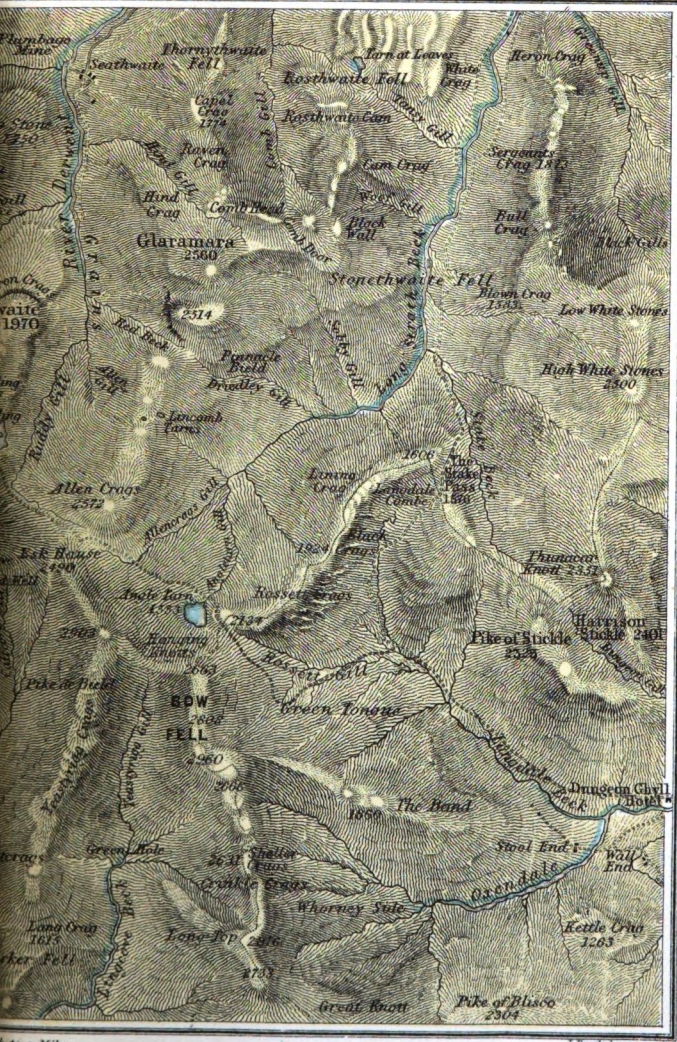
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village church, close by which there is the inevitable country ale-house, which will afford plain refreshment. This hamlet is perched in a charming spot, commanding the best views up Crummock Water and away to Great Gable. The road on the western side of the church must be taken, and then, in about a quarter of a mile, a sharp turn to the left, which leads to the margin of Lowes Water and immediately under the precipitous **Carling Knotts** (1781) which is beautifully wooded down to the margin of the lake. This wood extends nearly the length of the lake (only a mile) and the cart-road we have to traverse, which is mainly used for the conveyance of the timber, is not in the best repair; nor is the view in front of the finest order; but soon we get turned the corner at Waterend* and reach a good carriage-drive with the remarkable mountain-group of Carling Knott, Little Dodd, and Mellbreak, close upon the opposite shore, and gigantic Grasmoor in the distance. It is two miles and a half hence to **Stalt Hill Hotel**.

This will be the best opportunity for visiting the **Station**, an elevated spot in Lanthwaite Wood, whence a magnificent view is obtained (page 252.)

After a rest on the rocks and in the shady paths of this wood, we cheerfully wend our way home under Grasmoor, commanding grand views of the lake nearly the whole way.

EXCURSION TO WASTWATER, SCAFELL, CALDER ABBEY, EGBEMONT, AND ENNERDALE.

(45 miles. If Great Gable be included, 2 miles more).

The pedestrian who has secured comfortable quarters at

* There is a foot-track from here over the shoulder of Blake Fell, and by Floutern Tarn to Ennerdale, presently to be mentioned.

Buttermere soon thinks of visiting Wastwater, which is a short day's work, with homely and clean entertainment at the half-way house ; it is, indeed, the most popular walk from here, and those who can scale the two passes will certainly take it. The more hardy walker will most likely (and we strongly advise it) incorporate with it the ascent of Scafell ; others will extend it to the grand excursion round by Strands, Calder Abbey, and Ennerdale, which can be 'done' in two days by some, while others may accomplish it in that time with the assistance of a carriage from Wastdale Head to the inn at Ennerdale. It is this last tour which we now propose to describe. Those who take the shorter will have no difficulty in finding their way home by a reference to preceding pages.

As nearly as we can make out, the walk from Buttermere to Wastdale Head is nine miles ; most of it must be traversed on foot, though a pony may be led and occasionally mounted. The first piece of work is to ascend **Scarth Gap**, as at page 297, and then there is a descent of half a mile, to where the path joins that coming up from Ennerdale. From this junction our direction is on the slope of the hill, almost parallel with and towards the source of the infant (sometimes brawling) Liza, which falls from here into the lake. A sheep-fold marks the spot where the stream is to be crossed. Here the **Pillar** is the monarch of the scene — 2,893 feet high, and nearly inaccessible from its craggy and precipitous character.

‘It wears the shape
Of a vast building made of many crags ;
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale, —
Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar.’

It is not, however, the mountain itself which is difficult of

ascent, but the 'particular rock' on its western side, which some few, it is said, have accomplished.* Great Gable and Kirkfell close in the dale at its head: behind are High Stile and Red Pike, and Gillerthwaite is below, with its circular green level, dropped over with trees, its farm-house and stream, and the lake at the other end.

Having crossed the beck, the track continues for a third of a mile by the western side of Sail Beck, a small tributary of the Liza which points southward. There is a mountain ash on the way at some height above, which must be reached. It is here that care is required as regards the path; however, if the beck and its waterfalls, be kept on the left until you have zig-zagged among the crags for another half
 '6 mile, at the end of which is a bolder mass of rock than the rest, a successful ascent can hardly fail to be accomplished. Above the said rock, the path turns sharply to the right and

* Those who wish to ascend SCAPELL and take GREEN GABLE and GREAT GABLE on the way, must *not* cross the beck, but continue in an almost due south-easterly course by its side. In a very short distance (quarter of a mile) a tributary called Lot's Beck will have to be forded; the principal stream must still, however, be kept as a guide and companion on the right-hand, all the way to its source, and then there will be no difficulty, weather permitting, in reaching the summit of WINDY GAP, (which is the depression between the Great and the Green Gables) in something under two miles from the sheep-fold. On arriving there, we have the former on our right and the latter on our left. At page 274, we have alluded to these two important hills and described the views they command. The pedestrian will most probably ascend the former, — the lion-hill of the district, and wonder, if the elements have been favourable, how easily he has got up. Our next work is to reach STYHEAD TARN, which is visible on the eastern side, the general direction being as before, — almost due south-east on the slope of Great Gable. The distance between these two points is a mile and a quarter. Having reached the tarn, full instructions for completing

away from the beck, the zig-zagging still continuing for a third of a mile, when the summit of **Black Sail Pass** is reached at an elevation of 1800 feet.

6¼

Gatherstone Beck takes its rise just at the other side of the ridge, and the track zig-zags near to it in the direction of **Mosedale Valley**, which latter we hope the traveller sees below. In something less than a mile, the beck is to be crossed to its eastern side, where, for a short distance, the ground is steep. After this, a mile or so of comparatively level valley brings us to the clump of houses forming the hamlet of **Wastdale Head**.

7

8¾

Several gentlemen have spent weeks together at Ritson's, at the dale head, where there are clean beds, and farmhouse fare in plenty and perfection. There is now a little inn

the ascent of Scafell will be found at page 272, while further particulars about the descent are given further on.

Those who do not wish to ascend the Gables can somewhat shorten the way to **SCAFELL** by aiming for Beckhead Tarn, which is in the depression between Great Gable and Kirkfell. To make this intelligible, we will suppose ourselves again at the Scarth Gap crossing-place of the Liza, with the sheep-fold on the opposite bank. The stream is *not* to be crossed, — we continue along the north-eastern side of it, shortly cross the branch called Loft Beck, and, in about three-quarters of a mile from the sheep-fold, reach a point where there is another junction of streams. *Now* the main stream must be forded, and our pedestrian must-follow the further branch which leads him almost due south. He will avoid **KIRKPELL CRAGS** on the right and aim for the depression below them, when (in half a-mile) he will find **BECKHEAD TARN**. From hence the course is under the rocks of **GREAT GABLE** at an elevation of about 2000 feet. It is desirable to keep as near the rocks as is found convenient, so as to reach the **STYHEAD PASS** path as high up as possible. Now we are on the slope of **LINGMELL** and also on the general route from Wastdale, by Peers Gill, to the summit of Scafell Pike, which is fully described further on in this excursion.

kept by one of the Ritsons, the other family having still accommodation for private lodgers. The opening out of the dale head, when the valley has appeared to close in round the lake, is as wonderful a spectacle to strangers as anything they see. The dale is one of those perfect levels, shut in by lake and mountains, which give a different impression from any other kind of scenery in the world. The passes themselves are so high as to leave no appearance of outlet, except by the lake; and of these passes there are but two,—the Styhead and the Mosedale paths. The green and perfect level, to which the mountains come down with a sheer sweep, is partly divided off into fields; and a few farmhouses are set down among the fields, on the bends of the gushing and gurgling stream. There is a chapel,—the humblest of chapels,—with eight pews, and three windows in three sides, and a skylight over the pulpit. There is also a school. The schoolmaster is entertained on ‘whittle-gate’ terms; that is, boards at the farmhouses in turn. An old man told us that the plan answers. ‘He gets on very well,’ said he, ‘and particularly in the spelling. He thinks if they can spell, they can do the rest.’ Such are the original conclusions arrived at in Wastdale Head. It struck us that the children were dirtier than even in other vales, though the houses are so clean that you might eat your dinner off the board or the floor. But the state of the children’s skin and hair is owing to superstition in all these dales; and the schoolmaster is the one who should cure the evil. A young lady who kindly undertook to wash and dress the infant of a sick woman, but who was not experienced in the process, exclaimed at the end, ‘O dear! I forget its hands and arms. I must wash them.’ The mother expressed great horror, and said that ‘if the child’s arms were washed before it was six months old, it would be a

thief;' and, she added, pathetically, 'I would not like that.' The hair and nails must not be cut for a much longer time, for fear of a like result. The Yorkshire people put the alternative of dirty and clean rather strongly in their proverb, 'Better hev a barn wi' a mucky feace than wash its noase off:' but the Cumberland folk view the matter more in a moral way, and refuse to have their children baptized into thievery.

Besides ascending Scafell from Wastdale, the tourist will be glad to know of the shorter walks which may be taken. That to the waterfalls on the north side of Lingmell is perhaps the most important. *Peers Gill* is a very long and deep ravine under Great End; and the other, *Girlla Force*, a lofty waterfall. This latter is formed of two sister falls, each considerably higher, and having a much larger body of water in it, than Scale Force: but not perhaps falling quite so sheer. A narrow tongue of land divides their leaps; but the two streams meet together in a chasm below which would itself be considered fine were not Peers Gill so near a neighbour. There is here no female guide who is to be satisfied with a shilling—no steps cut in the rock,—no little gateway closed to the solitary adventurer. On the other hand it is proper to state that two streams have to be crossed before a good view of Girlla Force can be obtained; ladies therefore should choose dry weather, when the passage is easy enough, for this expedition. Starting from Ritson's, we take the *old* road towards Styhead down in the valley; cross the stream where it is most convenient, and steer for the junction of Peers Gill and Girlla Force. We cross here to the left bank of the latter, and ascending it to the point opposite the foot of the tongue, get to the summit, not without a little difficulty, and are

rewarded not only with a good view of the falls (which indeed can be seen even better from below) but with a fine sight of all the Wastdale amphitheatre. Descending to the junction of the streams where we crossed before, if it be tolerably dry weather, we clamber up the bed of Peers Gill, hemmed in by the grandest natural wall on either side, and by the terrible precipices of Scafell immediately in front: behind, Great Gable closes the scene with its stupendous pyramid. This is by far the finest ravine in the Lake Country for real grandeur: the few mountain ashes and hardy trees which fringe the rocks, only serving by contrast to heighten the prevailing ruggedness. An enormous rock forming a natural archway through which the stream runs so as to make farther research impossible, concludes our navigation. A more extended view still may be obtained by ascending the right bank of Peers Gill and going as far as eyes unaccustomed to precipices will permit us.

There is also a grand walk along the summit of the ~~Scree~~ on the south-eastern side of the lake. The ridge is reached by the Burnmoor Tarn path, (page 145) until getting behind the hill and then climbing the green slope on the right. The descent might be at the other end, and so fall into our route to Calder.

Kirkfell, which stands backward, between Yewbarrow and Great Gable, was very tempting to a tourist who explored this neighbourhood some years ago; and he set out to get to Buttermere by Black Sail and Scarth Gap. After hours of walking, he struck into the hollow between Kirkfell and Great Gable; and when he arrived within sight of a lake at night, he was confounded to find it still Wastwater. He had walked completely round the mountain, instead of

getting over it! We observed to a comrade that this could not have happened if the tourist had carried a pocket-compass. 'And not having a compass,' said our friend, 'he fetched one.'

The vigorous pedestrian will certainly ascend **Scatell Pike** before he leaves Wastdale; and it may be done by those who have come from Buttermere and still leave time to go on to Calder or return to his head-quarters the same evening. For those who are racing against time, and are anxious to make each course in some seconds less than it has ever been done before, the most direct way is advisable, and that is, starting from any house at Wastdale Head, to make straight for the wall which runs down the face of Lingmell, (not the one by which the ordinary route goes, but higher up the valley). This leads over the top of **Lingmell** to **Peter's Gill Head**, but, as soon as the brow becomes not so exceedingly steep, the wall should be abandoned, and a straight course made over smooth slopes of grass, which are exceedingly good going, for the base of the huge mound of loose stone lying right in front, at about three-quarters of a mile distance, up which is the last ascent and the summit is reached. For the benefit of the foolish folk who choose this route, it may be mentioned that good time from Ritson's to the top is 1h. 20m.

'But he who wishes to rescue a day completely from the oblivion which conceals nearly all our past "good times," and to bear a faithful image in his memory of the more striking features of this majestic mountain, should not hurry himself to make the ascent at all hazards, but wait till some happy morning gives him "promise of a glorious day."

Then let him explore the hidden grandeurs of Peers Gill, and, after clambering up the bed of the ravine to the waterfall, or farther should he be athletic enough to find it practicable, let him take to the mountain-side, careful to do so on the right bank of the ravine, and, keeping sufficiently close to the edge of the chasm, use it as a guide, till it fades away to nothing, leaving him with one smart climb to the Col directly above, where he joins what may be called the carriage-drive up Scafell Pikes, whence the road is unmis-takeable.

Three or four hours may be well spent in making the ascent; the intelligent traveller will be so often tempted to linger, contemplating the works of the mighty forces of nature, *roches moutonnees*, indicating pre-historic glaciers, and the huge scar in the face of some tall cliff, which reveals the ravages of yesterday's storm. No other route takes one so immediately into the heart of the mountains. Here will be found no sandwich papers, empty bottles, or egg shells, to obtrude the incongruous image of the outer world; the only visible "appanage to human kind" is the numerous sheep, who express their displeasure at having their solitude disturbed by a sound between a hiss and a whistle peculiar to mountain breeds, and quite in harmony with the cruel croak of the raven and the harsh scream of the buzzard, which will, probably, be the only accompanying voices. At an altitude of about 2,000ft., the ravine divides into two; the smaller, *Straît Gill* running immediately to the highest point of *Tringmell*, which is worth ascending if only for the sake of enjoying the noble sport of rolling stones down a precipice, under the most favourable circumstances. The main-stream which flows down Peers Gill, henceforth runs almost at right angles to its course lower down. Immediately before reaching the angle formed at this junction,

there occurs the only piece of climbing to be achieved in the ascent : it is only about ten yards, and is not of a character to try even very weak nerves. The ascent by the left bank of Piers Gill is just possible ; but the feat of crossing Strait Gill is one which demands a practised cragsman — which, of course, means that I never attempted it myself and never mean to do so. Up to that point there is no difficulty, but the fact of being close to a sheer precipice of a height varying from 400 to 600 feet, is enough to scare away some of the timid ones. The grander crags are on that side all the way, and are, therefore, not so well seen as from the opposite bank.

The whole of the N.W. region of the Pikes is well worth careful exploration. I think it mere vanity to insist on reaching the cairn, leaving unnoticed so much that surpasses that shapeless heap of *debris* which crowns the mountain. Just before reaching the well-marked sheep-track which leads to Peers Gill Head, turn to your left and make your way on nearly level ground, by Cauld Kell Bield and Round How, to a nameless stream descending from the Col, on the opposite side of which is Calf Cove and the high road up the Pikes from Langdale to Borrowdale. Climb by this very small rivulet till it vanishes and then on, nearly due north, till you stand on Far Crag, the extreme point of the Scafell range in this direction, and you have a view of Borrowdale and Derwentwater, which is worth fifty of that from the Pikes. Or, follow the stream downwards till it shows signs of approaching a fall, when you will see a large stream coming from close to Peers Gill Head and tending to coincidence with the one you have accompanied. The two ravines down which these two twin streams immediately precipitate themselves form, conjointly, Girla Gill ; and the best way to investigate, perhaps, the noblest waterfall in the

Lake District, is to scramble down the tongue of land which here divides them. Should this look awkward (and it looks much worse than it is), cross the larger stream to the left bank and everything will be straightforward, and ten minutes more will bring you to the meeting of the waters from Peers Gill and Girla Gill. Now ascend towards Sty Head, but keeping on Scafell ground, and before coming in sight of Styhead Tarn, two more of these narrow clefts, which are almost peculiar to this mountain, will be passed. The first is, as far as I can make out, anonymous, but, though on a small scale, contains a waterfall which would be very beautiful if its supply of water were properly arranged. The second is called *Skew Gill* and would be a show place anywhere else. It is, happily, distinguishable from the others by affording a passable road along its bed, which leads nearly to the summit of Great End; and I would here recommend the descent from Far Crag down this ravine, but it is difficult to indicate marks sufficiently distinctive to make sure of finding the right way, and even a moderate divergence from it on this side might easily bring the unwary to considerable grief. Between two ravines there is another route to the Pikes, which I consider the best for anyone who has, for any reason, to make *Sty Head* the point of his departure. This slants along the mountain-side a little after passing the foot of Skew Gill, to the head of the nameless Gill, which head is a small plain called Strand. Here a small mountain-ash comes in sight a few yards below, and a pile of stones erected in sport by some dalesman and called Sam' Torn Grandfather, is in front. A sharp turn to the left, up the watercourse for ten minutes, and a pool of water, too diminutive even to be called a tarn, is visible, and a very few yards beyond this is revealed the small stream mentioned before, descending from Calf Cove Col. A few

minutes up this stream and the principal road to the Pikes is reached ; but the preferable course is to strike for Peers Gill Head, reversing the former route.

‘An exceedingly pleasant day’s work is to surround the Pikes (speaking somewhat Hibernicè) by Sty Head and Sprinkling Tarn to Esk Hause, then down by the side of the infant Esk, under the fearful cliffs of Broad Crag and Long Crag, which are not seen at present by three tourists in a season, (about that number come down this valley yearly by reason of loosing their way,) till the battlemented front of Scafell appears to bar the way, and the stream, on which there is a first-class waterfall, (that is among the lake waterfalls), descends from ~~Q~~Mickledore. In the direction indicated by this stream it is very pleasant and easy climbing to the ridge of Mickledore. I was for many years at a loss to account for the terrific account given of the Eskdale side of Mickledore, in Black’s Guide, till last year I happened to find a tour in the Lakes in an early vol. of the Penny Magazine, which is clearly the rough draft from which the Guide was afterwards developed. I found the well-remembered words, but applied to a very different matter, “the bastion cliffs of Scafell above Mickledore.” (This account of the Lakes is well worth reading. I think the vol. is for 1837). To the descent of these the account fairly applies ; but in ascending there is no risk : if the right spot is hit upon and the initial difficulty surmounted, the rest is plain sailing ; if either of these conditions be unfulfilled, it is better to remain in safety on the ridge. From Mickledore, Wastwater is just visible, and, skating down one of the heaps of Scree which flow on either hand, threading a path through the scattered boulders called Hollow Stanes, which at one time must have marked the end of a glacier, and taking a moderate run down Brown Tongue, and a pleasant

saunter by the side of Lingmell Beck, you arrive once more at Wastdale Head.'

8¾ The tourist having visited one or other of these places of interest at Wastdale, and refreshed himself at Ritson's little inn, it will be time to make way towards Calder Bridge, where a bed has been ordered. Our route is by the margin of the far-famed ~~W~~astwater, — the most solemn and imposing of all the lakes. The road winds pleasantly round bays and over promontories. Several brooks and rills are passed flowing down from the hills; and the stranger exclaims that he should like to spend a whole summer here, to explore all the ways among the mountains. There are the ~~S~~crees, with the grey and still lake, — almost too deep to be ever frozen, — lying at the base of their prodigious sweep! The lake is three and a-half miles long, and The Screes occupies the whole of its south-eastern shore. The line of this singular range is almost unbroken. The crags are hidden, about a third of the way down, by the slope of the many-coloured *debris* which slants right into the lake.

The summer thunderstorm and the winter tempest sometimes shiver the loosely-compacted crags above; and then, when a large mass comes thundering down and splashes into the lake, the whole range feels the shock, and slides of stones rush into the water; and clouds of dust rise into the air.

Perhaps the very best spot for getting a general view of the lake and its surroundings is in the grounds of Wastdale Hall, at the south-eastern end, to do which we believe permission will be kindly given at the lodge. After entering the grounds, the visitor should turn to the right and by the path reach the point where he commands the whole stretch of the water.

Between here and **Strands** (a mile and a-half) the road is a pretty lane, with frequent gates. The little village is composed of two inns, a pretty little church, schools, parsonage, a few cottages, and one or two flourishing-looking farms. It has no appearance of being 'out of the way;' but within a mile of it as we have seen, there is the most rugged and least-frequented of all the scenery in the district. It is a most convenient starting-point for visiting Wastwater and the surrounding scenery, but, at present, owing to the limited accommodation, it is hardly a suitable place for Paterfamilias making any lengthened stay. Those, however, bent on mountaineering or extreme solitude, undoubtedly find this and Wastdale Head among the best of all places in the district; and many is the number of university men and others who retreat to the latter place after their labours to enjoy complete repose.

The carriage roads from the Strands are limited to two only; that through Eskdale, and that to Calder Abbey and its environs. It is the latter we are now about to describe. After climbing the long hill from Strands, an eager look-out will be kept for the Isle of Man: but the most probable point for seeing it is at the top of the hill between Gosforth (the reddest of villages) and Calder Bridge. Far off at sea rises the outline of its mountains; and when the wind is east, we have repeatedly seen the shadows filling the hollows of its hills. From this eminence, the road descends through an avenue of beech, ash, and other trees, to **Calder Bridge**.

Here the travellers will rest for the night at the comfortable inn. In the morning, the first object will be visiting the **Abbey**, and it will save time if the carriage be ordered to be at Captain Irwin's gate within an hour from the

time of starting. They must now step into the inn garden at the bridge, and see how beautifully the brown waters swirl away under the red bridge and its ivied banks, while the waving ferns incessantly checker the sunshine. It is a mile to the Abbey, through the churchyard, and along the bank of the Calder, where again the most beautiful tricks of light are seen, with its brown water and white foam, red precipitous banks, and the greenest vegetation, with a wood crowning all. The scene is thoroughly monastic. There is no sound at noon-day except the gushing water, the woodman's axe and the shock of a falling tree, or the whirl of a magpie, or the pipe of the thrush: but at night the rooks, on their return to roost, fill the air with their din. The ruins are presently seen, springing sheer from the greenest turf. Relics from the abbey are now placed beside the way: and a modern house appears at hand. The ruins should be approached from that front, so that the lofty pointed arches may best disclose the long perspective behind of grassy lawn and sombre woods. The Abbey is built of red sandstone of the neighbourhood, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A.D., 1134), into the richest and softest tint that the eye could desire. But little is known of it beyond its date, and the name of its founder, Ranulph, son of the first Ranulph de Meschines, a Norman noble. The church was small, as the scanty remains show: and the monastery, which now looks like a continuation of the same building could not have contained a numerous company. From the fragments of effigies preserved, it appears that some eminent persons were buried here; but who these knights and nobles were their is no record to tell,—carefully as these memorials were wrought to secure the immortality of this world. The eye is first fixed by the remains of the tower, from whose roofless summit dangles the tufted ivy, and whose base is

embossed by the small lilac blossoms of the antirrhinum ; but at last the great charm is found in an aisle of clustered pillars. Almost the whole aisle is standing, still connected by the cornice wall which supported the roof. The honeysuckle and ivy climb till they fall over on the other side. There is a sombre corner where the great ash grows over towards the tower, making a sort of tent in the recess. There are niches and dark cells in the conventual range. It is a small ruin, but thoroughly beautiful : and when the stranger looks and listens, as he stands in the green level between woods, he will feel how well the monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among those Cistercians to pace the river bank, and attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by. In the broad noon it is a fine thing to see the shadows flung, short and sharp, on the sward, and to catch the burnish of the ivy, and woo the shade of the avenue : and, in the evening, it is charming to see how the last glow of the west brings out the projections and recesses of the ruins, and how the golden moon hangs over the eastern mass of tree tops, ready to take her turn in disclosing the beauties of the monastic retreat.

The Abbey is carefully preserved, and liberally laid open to strangers by the owner. It is no fault of his that this house, a plain substantial modern dwelling, stands too near the ruins. He did not build it : so there is nothing personal in the natural wish of strangers that it stood somewhere else.

At the gate the carriage is waiting, and it takes the cross road, almost opposite the gate, up to Cold Fell. The drive over that fell is commonly called dreary ; and it is so in bad weather : but it has its charms. The sea-view is fine, — all flecked with cloud-shadows as with islands : and so too is the wide down sprinkled with sheep, that look as ragged as

26½

terriers, after tearing their fleeces with the furze and brambles with which the swelling slopes are embossed. In a hollow, at rare intervals, stands here and there a farmhouse under its sycamore canopy; and far away, between the slopes of the down below, the soil is cut up into fields, with woods hanging above. At the mouth of the vale, between it and the coast, stands **Egremont**, a little town which looks very pretty from the uplands;—and cheerful too, in spite of its Roman name, ('the mount of Sorrow.') It is distinguished by romantic traditions. It was at the gateway of Egremont Castle that the horn was hung, in crusading days, which was twice blown by the gallant Eustace de Lacy. As the Cumbrians tell, Sir Eustace and his brother Hubert rode forth together to the Holy Wars; and Sir Eustace blew the horn, saying to his brother, 'If I fall in Palestine, do thou return and blow this horn, and take possession; that Egremont may not be without a Lacy for its Lord.' In Palestine ambition of this Lordship so took possession of Hubert, that he hired ruffians to drown his brother in the Jordan: and the ruffians assured him that the deed was done. He returned home, and stole into the castle by night,—not daring to sound the horn. But he soon plucked up spirit, and drowned his remorse in revels. In the midst of a banquet one day, the horn was heard sounding such a blast that the echoes came back from the fells, after starting the red deer from his covert, and the wild boar from his drinking at the tarn. Hubert knew that none but Eustace could or would sound the horn; and he fled by a postern while his brother Eustace entered by the gate. Long after, the wretched Hubert came to ask forgiveness from his brother; and having obtained it, retired to a convent, where he practised penance till he died. The ruins of the castle stand on an eminence to the west of the town.

Before descending to Ennerdale Bridge, the outline of the Scotch mountains may sometimes be seen. Few travellers see more of this lake than in passing; but it deserves more attention than is generally bestowed upon it, being exceedingly wild, though it is not possessed of the solemnity of Wastwater. It has a curious little island, composed entirely of stones, so much alike in size and shape as to lead to the enquiry whether they can have been brought there for building purposes. One glance down into the clear water, where they may be seen to a great depth, will show that such is not the case, there being too vast a quantity to admit of the supposition. The southern side of the lake is closed in by Crag Fell, Revelin, and Iron Crag. As seen from the water, Crag Fell has the appearance of being crowned with a fort. Herdhouse and Red Pike form the northern boundary. The lake has its traditions, as well as several wild tales of the adventures and escapes of pedestrians who have explored the mountains in its neighbourhood. It is said that a gentleman once lived at How Hall, a house not far from the inn, who dealt in the black art; and some of his doings are still related. On one occasion he was with a party of friends in a boat on the lake, when remarking that it was time for him to leave them, he plunged headlong into the water. The friends waited and searched for him in vain, and at length returned home believing him to be drowned, when, to their amazement, they found him sitting dry and snug by his own fireside.

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The Angler's Inn, at Ennerdale, is as clean and comfortable as it is homely, and in it we have fared well. After some luncheon, our travellers will be ready for a survey of the lake and its surroundings. The storm-stricken boat-landing, which is close to the inn, will give an idea of what must sometimes be the state of the elements at this spot.

When we last visited it, nothing less than a waterspout, one thought, could have produced such a state of disorder among the heavy boulders on the shore. Fishing is the object of most persons who embark; and, we are informed that there is better sport here than in most of the waters of the district. The angler may also have complete solitude under the grey rocks and hills which rise on either hand upwards of two thousand feet.

There are mountain-roads from Ennerdale to Lowes Water, over Blake Fell, and by Floutern Tarn to Scale Force and Buttermere. The distance to each is six miles. The Blake Fell road, presently to be mentioned, parts off from the other in a northerly direction just before Floutern Tarn is reached. The road to Buttermere is not well-marked between the tarn and Scale Force, as the ground is boggy. The tarn must be passed on the right, and then the general direction is easterly. There are three sheep-folds which must be passed; and if the day is clear the traveller may guide himself in his descent by keeping in a line with the Vale of Newlands, the top of which is distinctly visible.

We have mentioned the young man who spent the whole of a precious day in walking round Kirkfell. Worse happened to two gentlemen who went with a pony, but without a guide, from Buttermere to Wastdale Head, by Scarf Gap and Black Sail. When crossing the top of Ennerdale valley, wind and rain met them. They struggled part of the way along Blacksail, when they became bewildered, and soon so exhausted that they had a narrow escape with their lives. But for a brandy-flask, which one of them carried, they could not have survived. The pony seems to have sunk as rapidly as the men. These gentlemen have publicly suggested the erection of some conspicuous landmarks, to show the track;

and they have uttered their warning in corroboration of so many others, against crossing mountains without a guide. One of their chief difficulties, was the paths being turned into water-courses, and thereby disguised. It was on the same track that the three ladies mentioned by Mr. Green in his 'Guide' lost their way, from dismissing their guide too soon, and actually stayed all night on the mountain, where, if it had not been fine summer weather, they would have perished. They took a guide over Scarth Gap, and as far as the junction of the three roads from Buttermere, Ennerdale, and Wastdale. The guide left them on the right road, and with full information as to the rest of the way: they took the wrong side of the way, however, and so got bewildered. It was only 4 p.m. when the guide left them: but darkness overtook them still wandering. When they came down again upon Tyson's house, early in the morning, the family could not believe the story of their descent, so perilous was the way they had come. One of the ladies had, however, lost a pocket-book, and they had seen a dead sheep: and, somebody immediately going up, these incidents were verified: and the adventure of the ladies remains one of the wonders of the dales.

We once had an adventure in this neighbourhood, the moral of which is, the comfort of having a guide. We wanted to cross *Blake Fell* to Lowes Water. The distance to Scale Hill was only six miles; the time summer; and the track well-marked on map and mountain. If there ever was a case in which a guide might be thought unnecessary, it was this: but two of the party were young strangers, and the third would not assume the charge of them. The heat was excessive that day; so we lagged behind the guide, on the ascent, though he carried knapsack and baskets. He was a quiet-looking elderly mountaineer, who appeared to walk

slowly ; but his progress was great compared with ours, from the uniformity and continuity of his pace. In the worst part of the walk, we tried the effect of following close behind him, and putting our feet in his tracks ; and we were surprised to find with what ease we got on. At first we stopped repeatedly, to sit down and drink from the streams that crossed the track or flowed beside it ; and during those halts we observed that the blackness which had for some time been appearing in the west, now completely shrouded the sea. Next, we remarked that while the wind still blew in our faces,—that is from the north-east,—the mass of western clouds was evidently climbing the sky. The guide quietly observed that there would be rain by and bye. Next, when in the middle of the wild fell, and we saw how puzzling the network of swampy paths must be at all times, we pointed out to one another how the white fleeces of cloud below the black mass swept round in a circle, following each other like straws in an eddy. Soon the dark mass came driving up at such a rate that it was clear we should not finish our walk in good weather. The dense mist was presently upon us. On looking behind, to watch its rate of advance, we saw a few flashes of lightning burst from it. The thunder had by this time been growling afar, almost incessantly. The moment before the explosion of the storm was as like a dream as a waking state can be. We were walking on wild ground, now ascending, now descending ; a deep tarn (Floutern Tarn) on our right hand, our feet treading on slippery rushes or still more slippery grass ; the air was dark as during an eclipse ; and heavy mists drove past from behind just at the level of our heads, and sinking every moment ; while before us ; and far below us — down as in a different world — lay Buttermere and the neighbouring vales, sleeping in the calmest sunshine. The contrast was singular — of

that warm picture, with its yellow lights and soft shadows, with the turbulence and chill and gloom of the station from which we viewed it. We had but a moment to look at it; for not only did the clouds sink before our eyes, but the wind veered round to the opposite point of the compass, throwing one after another of us flat as it passed. Within a few minutes one of us had six falls, from the force of the wind and the treachery of the ground, — now in a trice a medley of small streams. It was impossible to stop the guide for a moment's breath. In the roar of the blast, and crash of the thunder, and pelt of the hail, one might as well have spoken to the elements: so it was necessary for us to keep our pace, that he might not stride away from us entirely. Through stumblings and slidings innumerable, we did this, — the lightning playing about our faces the while, like a will-o'-the-wisp on the face of a bog. The hail and rain had drenched us to the skin; they were driven in at every opening of our clothes; they cut our necks behind, and filled our shoes; our hats and bonnets were immediately soaked through, and everybody's hair wringing wet. The thunder seemed to roll on our very heads. In this weather we went plunging on for four miles, through spongy bogs, and turbid streams whose bridges of stones were hidden in the rushing waters, or by narrow pathways each one of which was converted by the storm into an impetuous brook. When we had descended into a region where we could hear ourselves speak, we congratulated one another on our prudence in having engaged a guide. Without him, how should we have known the path from the brook, or have guessed where we might ford the stream, when the bridges were out of sight? Two horses, we afterwards heard, were killed on the same fell in that storm: and it is my belief we should never have come down, if we had been left to wander by ourselves.

A very few tourists make their way from Ennerdale over the fells to Wastwater. That is certainly not the easiest way of getting there, and, excepting the Pillar and its surrounding prospect be taken on the way, we would say also that it is not the most interesting. However, variety of scene is sometimes in request, and for the information of those who go that way we will give a few hints. The road by the northern side of the lake is to be taken leading on to the last farm called Gillerthwaite. A few hundred yards before it is reached, the stream must be crossed by a foot-bridge, after which the track runs a little way up the hill-side, crosses Low Beck, and, on coming to High Beck, it must be taken as a guide, keeping it on the right, until Windgap Cove, and finally Wind Gap, on the left, is reached. This is the summit, — 2569 feet. Some travellers will mount the Pillar; others will make their way to the Steeple on the right. They both command magnificent prospects. Those who are on their way to Wastdale will observe the *Mossdale Valley* and beck in the same direction they have been coming, namely south-east. They will keep on the high ground, under the Craggs, on the northern side of the stream, and presently come into the path from Black Sail Pass, and forward on easy ground to the hamlet, as at page 306.

We perhaps ought to say that it is practicable to walk round Ennerdale Lake. There are bridges at both ends; but we cannot promise a path along the southern shore.

The extensive hilly-region between Ennerdale and Gosforth is not visited by tourists, chiefly, we presume, because higher summits intervene between it and the lakes and consequently shut out the view of the water, which, after all, is the greatest attraction. *Caw Fell* (2188 feet) is the highest

land in that direction. It commands a very good sea-view.

We will now resume our excursion towards Buttermere. A carriage may be used up Ennerdale as far as the Gillerthwaite Farm (4 miles); after that, the traveller must 'foot it' for the remainder of the way. The valley is full of wild beauty, and deserves to be better known. The traveller has, on his left, Red Pike, High Stile and High Crag, and, on his right, Pillar and Kirk Fell, while in front, is Great Gable. The river that dashes down the centre is the *Liza*, and the most interesting feature in the landscape is the *Pillar Rock*, so like a gigantic column as to give its name to the mountain of which it forms part. It was once believed that the rock was inaccessible, but there have been adventurous tourists on the top of it, whose names, it is said, are preserved in a bottle which is left in a crevice on the summit. The ascent is looked upon as foolhardy by some of the most experienced guides of the district. The defile between High Crag and the Pillar is close and bold, those mountains rising very steeply on each side of the stream. In two miles and a half from Gillerthwaite there is a sheep-fold and a quarry on the left, just beyond which the *Scarth Beck*, coming down from High Crag, is crossed; and, almost immediately afterwards, the sources of two lesser tributaries of the *Liza* are stepped over. After these, the path crossing the head of the valley will soon be reached. Here we turn at a sharp angle to the left. If the weather be favourable, a few hundred yards may be saved by taking to the hill-side immediately after crossing *Scarth Beck*. Follow the stream towards its source, and, in a quarter of a mile the *Scarth Gap* path will be found. The remainder of the journey towards the hotel at Buttermere is detailed at page 297.

BY GREAT GABLE AND STY HEAD PASS TO LANG-
DALE.

(14 miles.)

This is an important and most interesting walk from Buttermere; indeed no finer work can be found in the district. It is commenced precisely the same as the last excursion, as explained at pages 303—5, that is, by Scarth Gap, the river Liza, Windy Gap between the two Gables, top
9 of Great Gable, and down to **Sty Head Tarn**.

This **Sty Head** is the den or home of the wild boars of former times, where the swine were wont to feed in summer, and to haunt the woody part of Wastdale Forest, and the long valley of Borrowdale, (more properly Boredale) in the autumn, where they fed upon the nuts and acorns. But the traveller will find no swine near Sty Head now, summer or winter. No creature comes to drink at the tarn, — the little clear rippling lake, where the mountaineer throws himself down to rest on the bank, when heated by the ascent from the vales. He has found everything sunny and dry, perhaps; but here he sees, by the minute diamond drops resting thick on the grass, that a cloud has lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat. It looks very tempting,—this bright sheet of water; but no creature now comes to drink, unless a sheep may have strayed from the flock, and in its terror may yet venture to stoop to water, with many a start and interval of listening, till, at the faint sound of the distant sheep-dog, it bounds away. The solitude is equally impressive, whether the traveller comes up from one dale or the other; but perhaps the most striking to him who comes from Wastdale, because he has rather more

lately left the dwellings of men. He ascends from Westdale Head, by the steep path clearly visible from below, up the side of Great Gable. At the top of the pass, the view behind is extremely fine,—the dale lying 1,000 feet below, while the precipices of Scafell rise 2,000 feet over head. The rill from Sprinkling Tarn is close by, and it leads to this Sty Head Tarn, where the boars used to come to drink. Long after the boars were gone, the eagles came hither: and this was one of their last haunts. The ~~Eagles~~ which gave their name to the crag in Borrowdale, being disturbed, settled themselves on a rock at Seathwaite, and at length crossed the ridge into Eskdale. The disturbance was of course from the shepherds, who lost so many lambs as to be driven desperate against the birds. There was no footing on the crag by which the nest could be reached; so a man was lowered by a rope sixty yards down a precipice. He carried his mountain-staff with him; its spiked end being the best weapon against the birds. He did not expect to kill the old ones; but year after year the eggs or the young were taken. If he brought the young away alive he hid the birds for his pains, if the eggs, every shepherd gave him 9 five shillings for every egg. It is said that not more than two eggs were found at one time. The nest was made of twigs and lined with a sort of grass from the clefts of the rock. When the fowler failed, and the eaglets were reared, they were led away as soon as strong enough by the parent birds,—no doubt to settle in some other spot; and the parents returned without them. One of this pair was shot at by the master of a sheep-dog which had been actually carried some distance into the air by it, escaping only by the flesh giving way. The shot took effect, but the eagle vanished. About a week after, it was found lying on the grass on the uplands at Seatoller, nearly starved. Its bill had been split by the

shot, and its tongue was set fast in the cleft: it could not make much resistance, and was carried home captive. But when relieved and restored, it became so violent that it was necessarily killed. Its mate brought a successor from a distance, a much smaller bird, and of a different species. They built, however, for fourteen more years in Borrowdale, before they flew over to Eskdale. They were not long left in peace there; and when the larger bird was at length shot, his mate disappeared entirely. Such devastation as was caused by these birds is not heard of now; but while there are crags aloft, and lambs in the vales, there will be more or fewer, nobler or meaner birds of prey. We are unable to ascertain positively, amidst conflicting testimony, whether any eagles at all remain in the region. Three gentlemen—two of whom are travelled men, and not likely to be mistaken in such a matter—declare that, in 1850, they saw one sweep down Scandale Fell into Kirkstone Pass, and rest on a crag in the vale, some way above Brothers' Water. There is, however, a preponderance of disbelief of there being now any nest or settlement of eagles among the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland.

From Sty Head Tarn to **Sprinkling Tarn**, and on to
 11 **Angle Tarn** there is a track whose general course is due
 south-westward, running under Great End and Bow Fell on
 the right, the Longstrath Valley, leading into the Stake Pass
 and to Rosthwaite, opening out on the left. The descent
 11½ into Langdale by **Rossett Gill** is decidedly rough travel-
 12 ling for a mile, and then we have two miles of cart-road
 at the head of the Great Langdale Valley, before reaching
 14 the Dungeon Gill Hotel.

The return journey to Buttermere might be by Wastdale Head, Black Sail and Scarth Gap.

RED PIKE, HIGH STILE, AND HIGH CRAG.

(6 miles of hill-work and 3 of road).

It is a tempting piece of work for the hardy pedestrian to ascend ~~Red Pike~~ by Sourmilk Gill, visiting Bleaberry Tarn, (which contains lots of trout) on the way, and return home on the ridge over High Stile, and High Crag, and then down by the Scarth Gap path. It is a scramble up the Gill, but there can be no difficulty about the way, for the brawling beck is there as a guide to ~~Bleaberry Tarn~~, from whence the summit is visible and must be reached by winding among the crags. Those, however, who cannot accomplish such very steep work, can reach the summit by the Scale Beck, taking the same course as recommended at the top of page 300. From the summit of Red Pike there is an unusually wide prospect, it being open all round excepting in the direction of High Stile. Five lakes are seen and some of the highest mountain-groups in the district.* The best walking ground, in our direction, is slightly under the southern ridge; but most of the way to High Crag and Scarth Pass is rough and stony. However, if the elements permit wandering about the knolls, the traveller will be well rewarded.

TO BORROWDALE, DERWENTWATER, AND KESWICK.

(20 miles.)

The majority of persons who stay at Buttermere have

* While standing here it will be obvious what a short cut this is to Ennerdale, the best way being by the depression in the direction of Gillerthwaite farm.

previously seen Keswick and its environs. Moreover, we have so amply described them in the preceding section, and also the various roads between there and our present headquarters (see pages 245 to 253) as to render it quite unnecessary to give details here. Those who have *not* seen beautiful Borrowdale will undoubtedly pay it an early visit, for they cannot employ their time better. Most likely, the route will be by Honister Pass, Borrowdale, Keswick, and back by the Vale of Newlands.

THE VALES OF LORTON AND NEWLANDS.

(22 miles)

This is a favourite drive. Scale Hill and the Station in Lanthwaite Wood, are visited on the way. After this, the scenery is merely rural; but there is the *Yew tree* to visit, chiefly famous from Wordsworth's lines.

' There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they march'd
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea,
And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt,
Perhaps at earlier Cressy or Poitiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound,
This solitary tree! — a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed.'

The return route is generally by Lorton Fell (page 253) and the Vale of Newlands (page 249).

GRASSMOOR, WHITESIDE, SAND HILL, GRISEDALE
PIKE, EEL CRAG, AND WHITELESS PIKE.

(14 miles of hill-work).

The great mountain mass, of which Grassmoor is the highest point (2791 feet), which covers the whole country between Derwentwater and Crummock Water, is of the highest interest to those who can 'rough it' on the fells. The views commanded from the different summits of the group are of the most various character. From Grassmoor, is seen the whole of the rugged valley of Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater, and, away northwards over quiet uplands, to Solway and the Scotch Hills, while to the south and west we have the Scafell group and the peaks about Ennerdale. Whiteside affords a more extensive view over the rich vale towards Cockermouth. Grisedale Pike overlooks Bassenthwaite, Derwentwater, with Skiddaw and Saddleback for a background. At Eel Crag the view is more confined to the south; but, on getting round to Whiteless Pike, the Buttermere Valley is again displayed. This is indeed a glorious round on the hill tops.

The best way to begin this circuit is to ascend Rannerdale Knott, as described at page 295; but, before getting to the extreme end of the hill, turn off to the right, and take Rannerdale Beck as a guide to the summit of Grassmoor, keeping on the south-eastern side of the stream under Whiteless Pike. On the top, a fine smooth plateau will be found, over which the mountaineer will spring with delight. We doubt whether we should recommend the considerable deviation to Whiteside, because what is to be seen from there is equally well done from Sand Hill (2525) which is on the direct

way to **Grisedale Pike**. When the latter has been reached the **Grisedale Beck**, and the road running by its side, should be noted in the valley below. This is the way up from Keswick, and, of course, the way down if our traveller wishes to go in that direction. He will easily get down to the **Forcecragg Mines** which are seen at the top of the road. *We* complete the circuit by **Hel Crag** (2648) and thence to **Whiteless Pike**, from whence we get down on the southern slope towards **Sail Beck**, and so home by the **Knotts**.

ROBINSON.

(5 miles).

After having done **Grassmoor**, there is little to say in favour of **Robinson**. However, it is a much shorter and less arduous walk, while the north-westward views from the summit are grand. The way is by the main road past the church for about a mile and a-half, when the road begins to descend towards **Keswick**. Here cross the beck on the right and take to the hill-side. It is only about a mile to the summit, in a south-easterly direction.

MELLBREAK.

(8 miles.)

This is an easy and delightful walk. The route commences the same as to **Scale Force**, (page 299). The beck must be crossed at the fall, and a north-easterly direction taken on the slope of the hill. In half a mile **Black Beck**

will be crossed and the walk continued, on good mountain ground, in the same direction as before. From the latter stream it is about a mile and a-half to the highest point. After enjoying the prospect, the descent may be made in the direction of Loweswater, which will bring the walker down into Nosedale at a farm called Bargate. The road he is now upon may be taken up the valley for little more than a mile, where it turns sharply away to the right. Here it must be left for the hill-side. It is not necessary to climb, but rather keep on the level at which the road is left. In about a mile the source of Black Beck will be reached, and the descent can be made in the depression towards Scale Force.

Short Circular Tours.

NOTE. — By leaving out the Wastwater and Ennerdale region, which is very little visited, it will be seen that most of these Tours might be shortened to three days.

A very few visitors enter the District at Penrith and go to Ullswater or Hawes Water first. These will easily adapt their work by taking up the Tours at those points.

THE whole of the Lake District has now been described in the course which will be found most convenient to the majority of tourists ; but a considerable number come to have a 'run through,' and, in order to enable them to make the best use of their time, the following Tours have been sketched out.

It is unnecessary to repeat the information which has been already given. The traveller will therefore find, in the following pages, merely an outline of his route, but, with the help of the Index, full descriptions may be found in the former part of the volume.

Before starting, the pedestrian should see that he is well provided with travelling gear. He has, no doubt, a guide-book and map : but has he a compass ? If he will make

inquiries in any dale he visits, or at any farmhouse he passes, he will hear of tourists who have lost their way, many of them getting into difficulty and danger, and having to spend the night upon the mountains. Every house has its tale of one or more strangers coming in cold and exhausted after such nights, and seeking help ; or of others only saved from such a fate by having met with the farmer, or some one of his men, who has directed them into the right road to their destination. Often, again, a stranger may be heard to relate how he has left one valley with the intention of crossing to another, and, after hours of walking, has at last found himself in the same from which he started, or even in one west of it, when he thought he was going east. The sequel to all these stories is that the stranger had no compass. A sudden fog may perplex even the best guides ; then also a compass is a necessary help. ‘Ah nivver sud eh gitten ’em doon seeaf, if yan et gentlemen hedent hed a compass,’ said one of the guides in relating an adventure among the mists on Scafell ; and plenty more might give similar testimony.

WALKING TOUR OF NINE DAYS.

BEGINNING AND ENDING AT WINDERMERE.

FIRST DAY. — **Windermere** : visit Orrest Head and Elleray. **Bowness** ; circuit of Lake by steamer, arriving at **Ambleside**.

SECOND DAY. — Visit Rydal Falls, Rydal Water, and **Grasmere**. Ascend Fairfield and explore Easedale.

THIRD DAY. — By Red Bank, Elterwater, and Yewdale, to Coniston; ascend Old Man and sail in Gondola.

FOURTH DAY. — By Tilberthwaite and Blea Tarn to Great Langdale; then by Rossett Gill and Sty Head to Ullswater.

FIFTH DAY. — Ascend Scafell and descend to Eskdale and Stanley Gill. By Calder Abbey to Ennerdale, by carriage.

SIXTH DAY. — Up the Ennerdale Valley and over Scarth Gap to Buttermere, where visit Scale Force and Crummock Water. By Lorton Fell to Keswick.

SEVENTH DAY. — Ascend Skiddaw and visit Derwentwater and Borrowdale.

EIGHTH DAY. — From Keswick to Wythburn, and over Helvellyn to Patterdale and Ullswater.

NINTH DAY. — By High Street to Hawes Water; and Nan Bield Pass to Staveley or Windermere.

CARRIAGE OR WALKING TOUR OF FOUR DAYS.

BEGINNING AT WINDERMERE AND ENDING AT CONISTON.

FIRST DAY. — Windermere: To Bowness and then to Waterhead by steamer; visit Ambleside, Rydal Falls, Stockgill and then drive over Kirkstone to Patterdale.

SECOND DAY. — Coach to Troutbeck Station; and from thence by railway to Keswick. Ascend Skiddaw and row on Derwentwater.

THIRD DAY. — Visit Barrow Fall, Lodore, Borrowdale, Honister Pass, Buttermere, Scale Force, Crummock Water, and then walk over Scarth Gap (peep of Ennerdale) and

Black Sail to ~~Ullswater~~ **Ullswater**: or, drive to there, via Loweswater.

FOURTH DAY. — By Strands to Eskdale, where visit Stanley Gill. Over Birker Moor to Ulpha; and by the Duddon to Broughton Station. To Coniston by railway.

WALKING TOUR OF FIVE DAYS.

BEGINNING AT KESWICK AND ENDING AT PENRITH.

FIRST DAY. — Ascend Skiddaw; survey Derwentwater by boat, and take conveyance through Borrowdale, and by Honister Pass to ~~Buttermere~~ **Buttermere**.

SECOND DAY. — Visit Scale Force and Rannerdale Knott. By Scarth Gap Great Gable and Sty Head to Scafell, and down into Great ~~Langdale~~ **Langdale** by Rossett Gill.

THIRD DAY. — By Blea Tarn and Tilberthwaite to Coniston; ascend Old Man; drive to ~~Ambleside~~ **Ambleside**.

FOURTH DAY. — Visit Rydal and Grasmere, and have a steam-yacht excursion on Winandermere; ~~Ambleside~~ **Ambleside** for night.

FIFTH DAY. — Over Kirkstone Pass to Ullswater. Visit Ara Force; then take steam-yacht to Pooley Bridge and coach to ~~Penrith~~ **Penrith**.

CARRIAGE OR WALKING TOUR OF FIVE DAYS.

BEGINNING AT KESWICK AND ENDING AT PENRITH.

FIRST DAY. — Ascend Skiddaw on pony. After dinner survey Derwentwater by boat. ~~Keswick~~ **Keswick** for night.

SECOND DAY. — By Borrowdale and Honister Pass to Buttermere. Visit Scale Force and Crummock Water. By Lowes Water and Ennerdale to ~~Calder~~ Bridge.

THIRD DAY. — Visit Calber Abbey. To Wastwater, Eskdale, and Stanley Gill, and then go over Birker Moor to Broughton Station ; Railway to ~~Coniston~~.

FOURTH DAY. — To Ambleside by Tilberthwaite. Visit Rydal and Grasmere ; and, have a sail or row on Winandermere. ~~Ambleside~~ for night.

FIFTH DAY. — Over Kirkstone Pass to Ullswater. Visit Ara Force, and then take steam-yacht to Pooley Bridge, and coach to ~~Penrith~~.

WALKING TOUR OF SIX DAYS.

BEGINNING AT CONISTON AND ENDING AT WINDERMERE.

FIRST DAY. — Ascend the Old Man, descending on the western side to Seathwaite Tarn ; then up the Duddon Valley to Cockley Bridge, and over Hardknot to ~~Eskdale~~. Visit Stanley Gill.

SECOND DAY. — Ascend Scafell, and come down by Sty Head, and thence to Great Gable ; thence by the river Liza and Scarth Pass to Buttermere.

THIRD DAY. — Over Honister Pass to Borrowdale. See Lodore, and row on Derwentwater to ~~Kestwick~~. Ascend Skiddaw.

FOURTH DAY. — By Castlerigg, Armathwaite, and western side of Thirlmere to Dale Head ; over Helvellyn to ~~Ulls-~~water.

FIFTH DAY. — Steam-yacht on Ullswater to How Town ;

over High Street to top of Kirkstone Pass, and down to Ambleside.

SIXTH DAY.—Rydal, Grasmere, Winandermere, and home by train, either from Lake Side or Windermere.

CARRIAGE OR WALKING TOUR OF FOUR DAYS.

BEGINNING AT CONISTON AND ENDING AT WINDERMERE.

FIRST DAY.—By Yewdale and Tilberthwaite to Little Langdale; over Wrynose and Hardknot to Eskdale, and Wastwater; thence to Calder Bridge.

SECOND DAY.—Visit Calder Abbey; Ennerdale; Lowes Water; and Crummock Water. The night at Buttermere.

THIRD DAY.—Over Honister Pass to Borrowdale and Keswick. Row over Derwentwater from Lodore. Ascend Skiddaw.

FOURTH DAY.—Rail to Troutbeck and coach to Ullswater. Steam-yacht trip and visit Airedale Force.

FIFTH DAY.—Over Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside. Visit Rydal, Grasmere, and Winandermere.

PART VII.

Meteorology, Geology, Botany, &c.

METEOROLOGY.

This subject is important and interesting to the Tourist, as much of his enjoyment depends on the changes of the weather to which he is liable.

Few, if any, visit this part of the kingdom, without a pre-conceived apprehension that because in mountainous districts the weather is changeable and often wet, they must expect to meet with frequent and serious hindrances to their progress. It is true, that in July the weather is generally more unsettled with us than in any other month : but even then, as at other times, the experience of tourists will prove that there is very rarely a whole day, or, at any rate, there are still seldomer two or three successive days, in which their progress need be suspended. The very intervals between showers are often peculiarly enjoyable, from the purity of the air ; and the lights and shades on the mountains are in such intervals often truly captivating, and serve in great measure to lessen the disappointment of being

obliged to keep within doors more than is agreeable. Several such intervals will generally be found, in which one may stroll about without risk of suffering from showers.

In the months of August and September, the weather is with us much more settled than in July ; and then day after day, and often week after week the tourist may calculate on a succession of rambles without interruption.

We are aware, by the results obtained from the observations of the late Dr. Miller, of Whitehaven, of the amazing depth of rain which falls on some of the Lake mountains. The annual average quantity of rain in many parts of the south of England does not exceed 20 inches, and sometimes does not reach even that amount ; but it was shewn by these observations, that in 1852, 81 inches were measured on Scafell Pike ; at Great Gable 86 ; at Sty Head 124 ; at Seathwaite, Borrowdale, 156 ; and at Sprinkling Tarn 168 inches nearly. The mean rainfall for England is about 30 inches. The annual average at Kendal, in the south of the district, is 52 inches. This town and Keswick had, before these observations by Dr. Miller, been considered the wettest places known in England. Notwithstanding these great differences in the quantity of rain, the number of rainy days is not in the same ratio, there being no very great difference between the wettest locality and one in a much drier district. In several other parts of England, they have a greater number of days on which rain falls than in these where the quantity is so extraordinary. There are however places in the Tropics, where the annual quantity amounts to 200 and even 300 inches. In a district of Hindostan, N.E. of Calcutta, Dr. Hooker states that, in one month, 264 inches were measured ; and more than 600 is the annual fall there ! In comparison with these, how trifling is that of 20 or even 50 inches in the year. In Provence, in the south of France,

the fall in a year is about 20 inches. In 1843, they had but six days of rain in that year and two months of the following year ; and in the next four months of 1844, only three, making nine days only in eighteen months on which rain fell. Who would not therefore prefer the favoured land in which we live to either of these districts ?

The quantity of rain in these mountainous districts appears from Dr. Miller's observations, to increase as we ascend the eminences, until we attain the height of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, when it begins to diminish. In any one locality, if several guages are placed at different altitudes, the lowest almost invariably registers the greatest quantity. In the Lake District, Scafell Pike, which is the highest land in England, and 3,208 feet above the sea-level, registered in 1847, 128 inches ; and Sprinkling Tarn, 1961 feet high, 207 inches. At the latter place, the largest quantity has been registered that has been yet taken in any situation. There are a few exceptions to these facts, however, in these very localities.

The result of these observations shows that at least 60 inches more rain are deposited in England than we were previously aware of ; that 150 inches sometimes descend in the Lake District in a year — more than falls in most of the Tropics with which we are acquainted, and sufficient to drown two of the tallest men in Great Britain, standing one on the top of the other. They have further informed us of the fact, that six-and-a-half perpendicular inches of water are sometimes precipitated from the atmosphere in twenty-four hours, and ten inches in forty-eight hours, a quantity which would be thought large for any two consecutive months in most parts of England. The almost incredible depth of 20 inches occasionally in a single month — a fall nearly equal to the calculated yearly average for all other parts of

England. Dr. Miller's experiments have, in short, enabled us to collect a number of new and curious facts bearing on the quantity and very unequal distribution of rain in this island. The law of gradation in the amount of rain between the valleys and the tops of the highest mountains, is also thus ascertained at various intermediate points, with a high degree of probability.

A little consideration will greatly lessen our surprise at the enormous quantity of water deposited in the hilly districts of Westmorland and Cumberland. To those unacquainted with these localities, it may be briefly stated that the Lake District valleys radiate from a series of mountains of slate and primitive rock, having Great Gable (2949 feet in height) as a nucleus or central point; and in the immediate vicinity of which are Scafell and Pillar, of the respective elevations of 3,162 and 2,927 feet, and Great End and Bowfell, and Glaramara not much inferior in altitude. These mountains are distant only about ten or twelve miles, in a direct line, from the Irish Sea, and, as no hills intervene, they are consequently fully exposed to our wet and prevailing winds, which are from the S.W. The warm south-westerly current arrives at the coast loaded with moisture obtained in its transit across the Atlantic; and these experiments justify the conclusion, that this current has its maximum density at about 2,000 feet above the sea-level; hence it will travel onward until it is obstructed by land of sufficient elevation to precipitate its vapour; and, retaining a portion of the velocity of the lower parallels of latitude whence it was originally set in motion, it rapidly traverses the short space of level country, and with little diminution of its weight or volume; sudden condensation consequently ensues, in the form of vast torrents of rain, which, in some instances, must descend almost in a continuous sheet, as when 9 or 10 inches

are precipitated in forty-eight hours. When we reflect that a warm moist current, perhaps only three or four degrees above the point of saturation, in coming in contact with the mountain-ridges, probably meets with a stratum of air ten or fifteen degrees lower than its own inherent temperature, we shall cease to marvel that such quantities as 4, 5, or even 6 inches of water should be deposited in these localities in the course of a few hours. The mountains are, in fact, huge natural condensers, destined to force from the atmosphere the mighty volumes of water requisite for the supply of our lakes and rivers.

One might have supposed that the greatest fall of rain would have been at Wastdale Head, as it is surrounded by the highest mountains, and the valley opens out fairly to the S.W. But the maximum quantity is not found to obtain where theory would indicate,—the vale of Borrowdale, which affords the principal supply of water to the river Derwent, and the extensive and picturesque lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite. To refer again to the fact that among the mountains the quantity of rain increases to the altitude of 2,000, and then diminishes above that limit:—this may perhaps be accounted for by concluding that, as the clouds are seldom a mile high, (or little more than one and a half times the height of Scafell), in our climate, in winter, there can be no doubt that, during the winter months especially, the under surface of the *Nimbus* or rain-cloud, (the lowest except the *Stratus*), is far below the tops of our highest mountains, and we may safely conclude, not unfrequently, its upper surface also. Now, when this is the case, the guages on Scafell, Great Gable, &c., will receive no rain at all, when it is descending abundantly in the valleys beneath. The lowness of the rain-cloud at this season is probably the principal cause of the small quantity of rain at

the hill tops in proportion to that in the valleys during the winter as compared with the summer months.

The WINDS in this part of our island are chiefly from the west and south-west, and these are loaded with moisture evaporated from the Irish Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. When their contents reach the colder air of the mountainous districts, they are condensed and are deposited on the sides of the eminences which arrest their progress, and thus occasion the extraordinary amounts of rain in these particular localities. The difference in the temperature of different portions of a not very extended district in a mountainous country is often considerable. In the process of restoring the equilibrium thus temporally destroyed, currents and eddies of wind are propagated, and are often the causes of sudden and strong gusts which rush down the sides of the mountains, and agitate the surface of the adjoining lakes, to the risk of the slight sailing vessels that are kept on most of the larger sheets of water in the district. The agitation of the surface is often attributed by the natives to what are termed 'bottom winds,' or violent currents of air rising from the bottoms of the lakes, and thus causing these agitations of the surface. The various directions of the winds among the masses of the mountains, at no great distance from each other, may be ascribed to the various deflections of the aërial currents, occasioned by the different positions of the flanks of the hills, turning the direction of the current from its original course, so that a wind from the west, for instance, may be deflected by the flank of a mountain and become a north-west or south-west wind at another part near to the same place, according as the face of the hill may tend in one direction or the other. But little dependence on the probable changes of the weather can be placed in the direc-

tion of the wind near the surface, as these confirmations of the eminences must often and sometimes very materially alter the original course of the currents in the air. The most reliable evidence is to be had from the course travelled by the clouds themselves ; and, if that be from the south or south-west, we recommend the tourist to have his umbrella or waterproof ready.

S. M.

BOTANY.

The Lake District, and the margin of comparatively level land extending to the Cumberland shore, affords such a scope for the natural production of plants as few of the English counties possess.

The great diversity of altitude, and consequent variety of climate ; the numerous and extreme changes of mineral and vegetable soils ; the complete circuit of aspect occasioned by the multiplicity and varied character of its hills and dales ; the perfect exposure to the sea-breezes in some parts, the exclusion from them in others ; and the very different degrees of moisture to which the district is subject, accommodate the growth of a great variety of British Flora—the product of almost every locality between extreme anglo-alpine and the verge of the sea.

Perhaps no district, of the same limited extent, furnishes a more numerous assemblage of Cryptogamic plants ; that least explored but very beautiful department, and which may be not inappropriately called winter-botany. A great proportion of the singular system of blooming peculiar to this

class is developed at the season when most other vegetation is at rest, and therefore uninteresting; here then may the zealous botanical tourist still continue his study with as much ardour as in the summer; and derive pleasure and edification from the contemplation of the various gay and modest tints of those minute works of the Creator, when the casual observer will find nothing to attract his attention from the general business of a wintry landscape. Those who would acquaint themselves with the Mosses and Lichens of the lake and mountain districts, will need some degree of perseverance and *sure-footedness* in exploring the dark ravines and cavernous fissures of the moist and slippery rocks, and of the gloomy woods where these delight to grow: and will meet with perhaps the greatest variety, and those in the highest perfection, where the sun shines seldomest and the rain or spray from the waterfall falls oftenest among them. For it should be remembered that no satisfactory progress can be made in collecting and distinguishing the cryptogamia when the plants are shrivelled by drought.

No little energy will be requisite, also, to hunt out the lichens — some of which are found inhabiting almost every rood of undisturbed ground from the verge of the ocean to the storm-beaten summits of the highest mountains. And last, not least, very considerable patience is necessary to duly investigate and decipher the microscopic stamp of family, so minutely but distinctly impressed upon every specific member of the whole tribe of both mosses and lichens; and a great many are too small to be accurately determined by the naked eye. But to the enthusiast in botany, the pleasing excitement of the pursuit, and the gratification of the capture, well reward the fatigues of the search.

Mr. W. J. Linton has produced a very excellent little

This is a detailed geological map of the Lake District region, showing various lakes, rivers, and towns. The map is color-coded to represent different geological formations. Key features include Maryport, Cockermouth, Keswick, Ulleswater, and Ambleside. The map also shows the High Eke, Greystoke Park, and the River Derwent. The map is oriented with North at the top.

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book on the Ferns of the Lake District,* but we cannot point to any satisfactory detailed account of the Flora.

GEOLOGY.

Believing that the great majority of Lake tourists do not wish or expect to find an elaborate treatise on Geology in a volume intended chiefly to point out the beauties of the scenes and the readiest way of reaching them; but feeling also that a complete Guide-book would scarcely merit the title did it not afford some information upon the marvellous arrangement and character of the different systems of rock of which this beautiful region is framed, we propose to supply a moderate knowledge of the structure of our hills.†

It were useless to speculate upon the long ages that elapsed during the formation of any one of the vast rocky systems of the district, and impossible to form any conception of the stupendous forces which, operating from beneath on the different stratifications, bestowed upon the region the grand external features that render it so attractive even to the most superficial observer. We, therefore, undertake merely to point out the localities of the various formations and to notice very shortly their nature and character.

THE SLATE ROCKS. — Nearly the whole area of the Lake District proper consists geologically of three great groups of

* Windermere: J. Garnett.

† This study may be much aided by the possession of Ruthven's Geological Map of the Lake District, to be had of Mr. Stanford, London; or the Publisher, Mr. Garnett, Windermere.

slate rock, as first pointed out by that self-taught and sound geologist, the late venerable Jonathan Otley, of Keswick. These vary considerably in form, character, and aspect, but agree, as their name indicates, in possessing more or less perfectly, the property of cleavage, or of being split into slate or flags. This attribute, however, is in many parts, either lost entirely, or greatly impaired by the influence of Plutonic eruptions, which have forced their way into and through the slaty strata so as greatly to modify, not only their disposition and arrangements, but also their specific structure.

The oldest of these slate-rock formations is that called *Skiddaw Slate*, which covers a tract of country extending from the vicinity of Egremont eastward to that of Greystoke, and from Keswick northward to Isell and Bewaldeth. It contains the Lakes Bassenthwaite, Crummock, and Loweswater, and forms the mountains of Saddleback and Skiddaw, and that beautiful range which rises between the vales of the Derwent and Cocker, including Grasmoor, Whiteside, and Grisedale Pike. The aspect of the country it forms, though not so rugged as that of the next group of slate rock, sufficiently indicates that this formation has been subjected to the action of some enormous elevating and deranging powers, and, though of vast thickness, the underlying granite has been forced through it in a state of fusion, and appears at a spot to the eastward of Skiddaw, while another igneous rock, the Syenite, has been pushed upwards in such masses as to form the whole bulk of Carrock Fell and of High Pike. The slate rock is darker in colour and less cleavable than the more recent formations, and varies considerably in character and appearance in different situations, especially, as mentioned before, where it approaches the igneous rock by which it has been penetrated, when it is said to become

metamorphic. Besides the great main deposit, this rock is found at the south-west corner of Cumberland, where it forms the mountain Blackcombe ; and also in the neighbourhood of Shap. It has always been held to be destitute of fossil remains, but we understand that these were discovered in it by the late Mr. Ruthven, of Kendal, to whose practical knowledge of this branch of local science we are indebted for a very valuable Geological Map of the District, to which we gladly refer our readers.

Overlying the Skiddaw Slate, we have the second, a still more extensive division of the great slaty formations, called *Green Slate and Porphyry*, and forming, with the exception of those mentioned, every mountain of importance in the fell country. This vast group owes its formation to the action of two opposite elements, fire and water, consisting as it does, of Plutonic masses, of various structure, alternated and interblended with large deposits of aqueous rock, possessing more or less of the properties of slate. The prevailing colour of this slate, when not affected by igneous influences, is, as its name imports, chiefly a fine light green. That after, and probably during its formation, it has undergone a succession of the most inconceivable convulsions is evident, from the frequent distortion of its stratification, the wild and rugged character of its crags and precipices, and the altitude of some portions over others in the same vicinity. Scafell Pikes, for instance, rising nearly three thousand feet above the bed of Wastwater. It is also said to contain few or no fossils, and abounds supereminently in beautiful and valuable mineral productions, as will be shewn hereafter. Besides the main deposit of the green slate to the south, a considerable extent of it occupies the northern borders of the older rock, lying between that and the Carboniferous series.

GRANITE AND SYENITE. — *Granite*, varying in colour and composition, is protruded through the Green Slate and Porphyry in large masses in Eskdale, Wastdale, and Wasdale Crag, near Shap. From these Granite rocks have been derived most of the erratic boulders distributed over the north of England, as far east as the sea-coast, and as far south as Staffordshire. In Peel Park, at Manchester, an institution worth visiting, is a large mass of granite bearing an inscription which purports that it was found in that neighbourhood, whither it had been brought, by the operations of nature, from the parent rock near Ravenglass, in Cumberland. It is now generally agreed that, at a period very remote, when the climate was much colder, and most of this country was submerged by the sea, the lake mountains forming a rugged island, these detached masses of stone were borne away from their native beds enclosed in ice, and dropped in the situations where they now occur. The beautiful stone called Syenite, is protruded through the green slate, as well as through the earlier rock, on both sides of Ennerdale and extending eastward from that lake to Buttermere.

THE CONISTON LIMESTONE extends along the south-east border of the great middle deposit of slate-rock, with many breaks and twists, from Millom, by Coniston and Winandermere, across High Furness and part of Westmorland, to Shap Fells. This represents the Coniston Limestone, a formation which excites much interest amongst geologists from being the line of division between two great systems, and from containing fossil remains in great abundance and variety, which may be obtained with little trouble where the rock is exposed above the farm of Dixon Ground, in Church Coniston. Its numerous 'faults' and dislocations shew that

it also has suffered very violent treatment from the subterranean forces ; and these displacements are especially obvious where it crosses the valleys ; for instances, Winandermere and the vale of the Kent.

BRATHAY FLAGS.— Superimposed again upon the Limestone is a group of similar course and extent called Coniston, or Brathay Flags, which consists mainly of a dark, almost black, stone easily worked into flags. The manner in which the line of cleavage in most of these rocks runs across the line of deposit is well demonstrated in this flagstone, and may be studied to advantage in the roadside wall on the high-way from Ambleside to Coniston, as it passes through the enclosures above Brathay, where these lines are seen very plainly as well as divisions running parallel to the line of deposit, and containing brilliant incrustations of Iron Pyrites, which appear upon the edges of the stones used in building the wall. The rock also preserves a few remains of organic life. Remarkable displacements of these two formations, and sometimes of the next, are exhibited as in Low Furness, Ravonstonedale, and the vicinity of Ingleton.

CONISTON GRIT. — Upon the Flagstone rests, in its turn, a formation called Coniston Grit, or Hard Grit, a coarse, hard, tenacious stone, whose structure has enabled it to resist the disturbing forces more successfully than most of its neighbours. A similar rock occurs on Howgill Fells and in the country at Sedbergh, towards Kirkby Lonsdale. It has also been hoisted up by enormous disruptions of the carboniferous strata, so as to form the summits of Ingleborough and other hills in that direction.

IRELETH SLATE. — The Coniston Grit forms the base of the third great system of Slate Rock, called Ireleth, now

Bannisdale or Bretherdale Slate, reaching from Ravenstone-dale to Duddon Sands, and from Morecambe Bay to Windermere Village and Hawkshead. It consists of masses of dark slate intersected and broken by bands of quartz and beds of grit and limestone. Unlike the other two great slate divisions, it has formed no hills of any magnitude, though it has been greatly disturbed and contorted, and contains a considerable part of the lakes of Winander, Esthwaite, and Coniston. A few fossils are found in it, and it is perforated frequently by dykes of igneous rock.

KIRKBY MOOR FLAGS.—Another formation of slatestone, called Hay Fell, or Kirkby Moor Flags, occupies the line of country between Kendal and Kirkby Lonsdale, and consists of flagstones varying in structure and colour, and mingled irregularly with grit and other rocks. This group affords great numbers of fossils, and is also extensively perforated by basaltic and porphyritic dykes.

OLD RED SANDSTONE.—The most considerable patches of Old Red Sandstone and Conglomerate occur near Shap and on the Cumberland side of the lower reach of Ullswater, forming the fells in the former locality, and the hills of Dunmallet and Mell Fell in the latter. These formations owe their origin to attrition by the sea of the earlier rocks; the cohesion of the coarse fragments constituting the stone called Conglomerate, and that of the fine particles, the Sandstone. This, and their position, as related to the slate-rock, prove that these deposits were formed at a period subsequent, not only to the formation of the slate groups, but also to the disruption by the great Plutonic influences, — a striking demonstration of the antiquity of these vast systems. Unlike the Old Red Sandstone of other parts of Britain, that of the Lake District is said to exhibit no fossil remains.

CARBONIFEROUS SERIES. — The Great central formations we have noticed are engirdled by an almost complete circle, representing the important series of rock called Carboniferous, which includes the coal measures and the extensive limestone deposits of the country. These have been arranged in several groups, one of calcareous stone, rich in animal remains; another consisting of beds of limestone and sandstone, and beds of coal and shale; a third of grit and other stone with little lime, but considerable quantities of coal; and lastly the rich coal fields of West Cumberland. These vast formations occupy what was the ancient coast line when the district was insular, and during the periods of deposit and induration, must have undergone considerable changes of elevation and arrangement.

NEW RED SANDSTONE, &c. — Magnesian Limestone and Conglomerate are found in a few localities, one near Whitehaven, another near Rosley; and immediately underlie a very extensive deposit, namely, New Red Sandstone, which occupies a wide field, over, and external to, the Carboniferous series, ranging from Kirkby Stephen to Maryport, and from Whitehaven, across the Duddon, to Low Furness and Cartmel. This being the most recent formation, we close with it our sketch of the Geology of the Lakes, which, short and imperfect as it is, we consider sufficient to accomplish the object stated at the beginning, and more in accordance with the plan and purpose of this work, than if the subject had been treated in a manner more worthy of the rank it holds as a branch of physical science. The mineral productions of the district will be noticed separately.

ECONOMIC MINERALOGY.

It is supposed, and on good grounds, that the Mineral treasures of the Lake Country have been made available to the purposes of life, in war, in the arts, and in commerce, for something like two thousand years; and there is also reason to believe that of these the earliest made use of by the primeval inhabitants of this country was —

COPPER. — The Copper Mines of Coniston therefore may be held to be the most ancient works of the kind north of Cornwall; and some idea of the enormous extent to which the ores of this metal have been deposited originally in the Coniston Fells may be deduced from the fact that, though these mines have been wrought almost incessantly for so many centuries, at no earlier period have such quantities of ore been obtained as of late years. At present, and for a long time past, the copper ore transmitted from Coniston averages three hundred tons per month, and the ore exposed is sufficient to maintain this rate for many years yet to come. It occurs almost entirely in the form of sulphuret, though considerable quantities of different oxides, and traces of sulphate, carbonate or malachite, phosphate, and even pure malleable copper have been found in various parts of the workings. The ore is deposited in the green slate and porphyry rock in 'veins, lodes, and cross courses,' and is generally embedded in a matrix of quartz. The extreme hardness of the rock and the vast extent and depth of the mines render the process of obtaining and dressing the ore very laborious and costly; and it is entirely due to able management that the great prosperity of these copper mines has been

secured and maintained for so long a period by the present proprietary. Deposits of Copper, small in extent, are scattered nearly all over the second division of the slate-rock, and mining operations in search of it have been instituted and carried on for longer and shorter periods, and with more or less success, in many different localities, as Torver, Seathwaite, Ulpha, Eskdale, Newlands, Caldbeck, Wythburn, Langdale &c., but, with the exception of those in Newlands and Langdale, it is probable that none of these have been wrought of late to any advantage.

On account of its antiquity, precedence has been accorded to Copper in this notice of Minerals of the Lake District ; but that metal is far from standing first amongst our mineral productions in point of quantity exported, — in this respect it is far exceeded by coal, slate, iron, and probably by lead.

COAL. — From the Coalfield of West Cumberland there was exported, in 1857, coal to the amount of 673,000 tons, chiefly to Ireland ; and home consumption exceeding 200,000 tons. Adding to these figures 100,000 tons for the produce of the East Cumberland Collieries, we have a total, in round numbers, of 1,000,000 tons, given, at seven shillings per ton, £350,000 as the annual value of the coal fields in our West Cumberland map. The colliery at Whitehaven is very extensive, the excavations having been carried for miles beyond low-water mark, under the bed of the sea. This was the case also at Workington, where, in 1837, through the criminal temerity of an agent, who perished, though warned by the old workmen, in removing the pillars of coal left to support the roof of the mine — the sea broke in and filled the whole of the works, destroying many lives, and property to the value of £120,000. This mineral is deposited in ‘seams or bands’ varying greatly in quality and thickness—

and also in depth — ‘some creeping out’ at the surface and others lying at an unknown distance below it.

IRON. — The mineral of the district next, or perhaps equal in value to coal, is iron, the ore of which metal is found in great abundance in Furness, and in West Cumberland, in the district lying immediately north of Egremont, and also in more limited quantity, in Millom, Eskdale, and other localities. In 1857, the iron mines in Low Furness yielded ore to the amount of 560,000 tons, and in the same period there were drawn from the Cumberland mines about 198,000 making the yield in the whole district, say, 758,000 tons. It occurs chiefly in the form of a red oxide, and is deposited in masses, varying greatly in dimensions, in the cavities of the limestone rock of the country. It is occasionally found close to the surface, but more frequently at considerable depths. Another form in which iron occurs in the district is that of sulphuret, or iron pyrites. This is nowhere worked for profit now, though it is widely diffused throughout the great green slate and some other formations, and large quantities exist in the waste heaps of the Coniston mines. It is found also in the carboniferous series, amongst the Cumberland coal measures, especially at Harrington, where it was lately used in the manufacture of certain chemicals. Iron occurs also as a magnetic oxide, and in various other combinations, the most interesting of which is that known by the popular name of *wad*, blacklead, or plumbago. This is found only in Borrowdale, and is one of the multitude of valuable minerals deposited in the green slate-rock, in which it lies in irregular heaps or ‘sops.’ Statistics of this mineral are not procurable, indeed, the wad mine has not been worked for some years, but has recently been re-opened. It is generally known at the present day that the name blacklead is erro-

neous. The substance so called being carburet of iron, consisting of the same elements as steel, but with the proportions of these reversed — the one being formed of iron, with a small percentage of carbon of charcoal, and the other of carbon, with a small percentage of iron.

LEAD. — No mineral production is so universally distributed throughout the hill-country as lead. There is scarcely a valley or even a hill that does not exhibit some indication of the presence of this metal. Like copper, it has its chief habitat in the green slate-rock, but it occurs also in other formations. Of the numerous lead mines in the country those at Greenside, in Patterdale, setting aside Alston as out of our range, are by far the most extensive and successful. For many years large quantities of lead and a considerable amount of silver have been obtained from these mines ; the ore being the common sulphuret, holding in combinations, besides silver, various other substances, the most important of these being arsenic. Contrary to the custom at the other great mines of the district, the ores are smelted and separated on the spot ; the silver being taken out by a very simple and ingenious process, the principle of which depends upon the different temperatures at which the two metals are fusible, while the arsenic is separated by sublimation, the fumes being condensed in long chimneys which run up the sides of the mountains. It may be remembered that an eminent Scottish professor nearly perished by suffocation in 1857, from having broken into one of these chimneys while ascending Helvellyn. As at Coniston, the excavations in Patterdale are all at considerable elevations, with the different workings at different altitudes ; as there also the ore is embedded in very hard rock, so much so that we have heard one of the managers say that the softest material his men had to penetrate was *flint*.

SLATE. — A very important source of employment and enterprize in the Lake District exists in the slate-quarries, the most extensive of which now in operation are in an important displacement of the Brathay flag-rock at Kirkby-Ireleth. The slate obtained in this formation is of a dark colour, whilst that quarried from the middle slate-rock at Coniston, Langdale, Rydal, and other places is of a pale green hue; the most beautiful of all, and which always commands the readiest market, being got from a quarry at Hodge Close, in Tilberthwaite. The tourist passing through the Langdales and Tilberthwaite to Coniston will be struck with the enormous heaps of *débris* indicating the positions of abandoned slate-works; and the caverns and galleries in some of these will amply repay the trouble of inspection. On the eastern and southern sides of Coniston Old Man too are numerous waste heaps, shewing where slate of fine quality was obtained formerly. Operations have been renewed in some of these works, but only upon a limited scale. At an abandoned quarry on Walna Scar, slate and flags were obtained beautifully striated with broad ribbon-like marks, crossing the cleavage-line and showing how the slate-rock was originally formed by successive layers of aqueous deposit. These may be examined by the tourist descending into the vale of Duddon from Coniston, in the heap of slate *débris* lying a little to the left of the road about half way down Walna Scar, just before entering the first large enclosure. The slate-works in the stupendous precipice called Honister Crag, also in the green-slate rock, are remarkable for their altitude above the pass leading from Borrowdale to Buttermere, and from the manner of bringing the slate down upon sledges, which was also practised at Coniston.

It is scarcely requisite to notice the flags, lime, marble,

gypsum, millstones, grindstones, &c., of the country, as these though eminently useful, are of little interest to the philosophic, the poetic, or the practical tourist. Several metallic ores are scattered through the hills, though not in quantity sufficient to render them of commercial importance, and amongst these may be mentioned zinc, antimony, cobalt, aluminium, barium, and gold; whilst of the precious stones the garnet, agate, and jasper are found in the Borrowdale and Wastdale fells, the two latter pretty abundantly on the beach at St. Bees and Fleswick.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that, as no district of similar extent displays such a variety of natural beauties in its external aspect, so does no district present, within equally limited bounds, such diversity of geological formation and arrangement, or a like variety of mineral productions, as does the Lake Country of England.

A. C. G.

Measurements of Hills, Lakes, and Waterfalls.

HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS.

					FEET.
Scafell Pike,	-	-	Cumberland	-	3208
Scafell	-	-	"	-	3161
Helvellyn,	-	-	"	-	3118
Skiddaw	-	-	"	-	3058
Great End	-	-	"	-	2982
Bowfell	-	-	Westmorland	-	2960
Great Gable	-	-	Cumberland	-	2949
Pillar	-	-	"	-	2928
Crossfell	-	-	"	-	2928
Fairfield,	-	-	Westmorland	-	2863
Saddleback	-	-	Cumberland	-	2847
Grassmoor	-	-	"	-	2747
High Street	-	-	Westmorland	-	2663
Red Pike	-	-	Cumberland	-	2650
Lingmell	-	-	"	-	2649
Coniston Old Man	-	-	Lancashire	-	2633
Crinkle Crags,	-	-	"	-	2631

Grisedale Pike	-	-	Cumberland	-	-	2593
Kidsty Pike	-	-	"	-	-	2560
Red Screes	-	-	Westmorland	-	-	2541
Ill Bell	-	-	"	-	-	2476
Sergeant Man,	-	-	"	-	-	2414
Harrison Stickle,	-	-	"	-	-	2401
Pike o' Stickle	-	-	"	-	-	2323
Froswick	-	-	"	-	-	2359
Harter Fell	-	-	"	-	-	2141
Causey Pike	-	-	Cumberland	-	-	2100
Screes, near Wastwater	-	-	"	-	-	1983
Black Combe	-	-	"	-	-	1969
Honister Crag	-	-	"	-	-	1700
Wansfell	-	-	Westmorland	-	-	1581
Silver How	-	-	"	-	-	1345
Helm Crag,	-	-	"	-	-	1299
Loughrigg Fell	-	-	"	-	-	1101

HEIGHTS OF THE WATERFALLS.

					FEET
Scale Force, near Buttermere	-	-	-	-	160
Barrow Cascade, two miles from Keswick	-	-	-	-	124
Lodore Cascade, near Keswick	-	-	-	-	100
Sour Milk Force, near Buttermere	-	-	-	-	90
Colwith Force, five miles from Ambleside	-	-	-	-	90
Dungeon Gill Force, in Langdale	-	-	-	-	90
Ara Force, in Gowbarrow Park	-	-	-	-	80
Stock Gill Force, Ambleside,	-	-	-	-	70
Rydal Falls, in Rydal Park	-	-	-	-	70
Birker Force, in Eskdale	-	-	-	-	65
Stanley Gill, in Eskdale	-	-	-	-	62

THE LAKES.

		Length in miles.	Greatest breadth in miles.	Depth in feet	Feet above sea-level.
Winandermere	- -	10.98	1.343	240	134
Ullswater	- -	7.5	0.65	210	477
Coniston Water	- -	5.25	0.5	190	147
Bassenthwaite	- -	3.75	0.8	69	226
Derwentwater	- -	3	1.156	72	238
Crummock Water	- -	2.5	0.6	132	321
Wast Water	- -	3	0.5	270	204
Hawes Water	- -	2.5	0.34	...	694
Thirlmere	- -	2.7	0.35	101	533
Ennerdale Water	- -	2.5	0.6	80	369
Esthwaite Water	- -	1.6	0.38	80	217
Grasmere	- -	0.9	0.55	...	208
Buttermere	- -	1.3	0.36	90	331
Rydal Lake	- -	0.7	0.22	54	181
Elterwater	- -	0.62	0.24	...	187
Brothers' Water	- -	0.4	0.22	72	520

Customary Charges.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

During the season, which extends from May to November, the charges are two shillings and sixpence for breakfast (including meat, fish, &c.); three shillings and sixpence for a soup and joint dinner; and one shilling and sixpence for a plain tea. A private sitting-room is charged from three shillings and sixpence per day, according to its quality. In most cases servants are charged in the bill, one shilling and sixpence per day.

The charges for Private Apartments of a very good order, are from twelve to twenty-five shillings per week for each room, which includes attendance. Sitting-room fire and the use of kitchen fire are extras.

TRAVELLING.

During the season, the charges for Carriages and Drivers are uniform, all over the District. It is probable that at other times there may be some little diversity, depending on the amount of custom; but the traveller may rely on the prices here given as a safe rule.

It must be understood that the drivers of the country cars and other vehicles are dependent on the payment they receive from travellers. The innkeepers charge for the carriage and horses only; and the payment of the driver is

therefore an established one, and not considered dependent on the pleasure of the traveller. The rate is threepence per mile outwards, — the return journey not being charged for. Another way, in which I have myself been accustomed to pay, is one shilling for the first, and sixpence per hour, or fraction of an hour, afterwards. If excursions occupy a day, or several days, the driver's pay is six shillings per day.

The charge for a one-horse conveyance is one shilling per mile outwards, and, if a return journey, sixpence per mile back. For a two-horse one shilling and sixpence per mile, and half rate for return.

For conveyance to a certain point there is no charge for food for man and horse ; but if there is any waiting at the end of the drive, in order to return, the feed of the horses and the driver's dinner will amount to about five shillings and sixpence. The hire of a single-horse conveyance for one day is twenty shillings, and the driver's pay of six shillings makes it twenty-six shillings a-day, exclusive of the feed.

The Tolls are invariably charged to the traveller.

As the Times of Departure of COACHES are frequently changed, the tourist is recommended to provide himself with *Garnett's Time Tables*, published monthly, which may be had of the principal Booksellers in the Lake District. Coach fares are about threepence per mile outside, and fourpence-halfpenny per mile inside.

The Routes of the Coaches are — (1) between Windermere Railway Station, Ambleside, Grasmere, and Keswick, over which line several run daily during the season. — (2) Bowness and Keswick. — (3) Bowness and Patterdale. — (4) The Ferry and Coniston. — (5) Ambleside and Patterdale. — (6) Ambleside and Coniston. — (7) Pooley Bridge

and Penrith, in connection with the steamboat on Ullswater. — (8) Troutbeck Station and Patterdale. — (9) Newby Bridge and Grange. — (10) Keswick and Buttermere. — (11) Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, and Windermere. — (12) Omnibuses from Grasmere to the head of Winandermere, in connection with the Steamers. — (13) Omnibuses from all the principal hotels meet the Trains and Steamers.

Directory.

Contraction. — L.H., Lodging-house.

WINDERMERE.

Annesdale. — Miss Preusser.
Ash Cottage. — H. G. Gibson, Esq.
Banks. — The Lancaster Banking Company ; and Messrs. Wakefield, Crewdson & Company, Bowness.
Bank Cottage. — Mr. Geo. Waters, photographer.
Bay Villa. — O. Burchardt, Esq.
Baths. — Mr. T. Edmondson.
Belfield. — Mrs. Bryans.
Belle Isle. — J. R. Bridson, Esq.
Bells How. — Mrs. Fisher.
Belmont House. — Mr. G. Kendall, L.H.
Belsfield, — H. W. Schneider, Esq.,
Bingle, the. —
Birthwaite House. — Mr John Hartley, confectioner.
Birthwaite Lodge. — Mrs. Morewood.
Biscay Lodge, — Mr. Ladyman.
Briery, the. — R. Withers, Esq.
Brantfield (L.H.) — Mr. T. Hartley.
Broad Oaks. — J. Hutchinson, Esq.
Brow Head. — Edward Cohen, Esq.
Burnside. — G. A. Aufrère, Esq.
Calgarth Park. — Lieut. Col. Watson, J.P.
Cambridge Villas. — Mr. I. Croasdell.
Chapel Ridding. — Edward Gibson, Esq.
Cleator Lodge. — Mrs. W. Holme.
College, the. — B. A. Irving, Esq., M.A., head master.
Cottage, the. — Miss Robinson.
Crag Brow. — Mrs. Coupland.
Craig, the. — Lord Decies.
Craig Foot. — Mrs. Beck.
Crescent Villa. — Montague M. Ainslie, Esq. ; J. Jackson, L.H.
Cringlemire. — Jas. Nicholson, Esq.

- Crown Hotel. — Mr. D. Cloudsdale.
 Dovenest. — Miss Benson.
 Ecclerigg. —
 Elim Grove. — Rev. A. B. Tarbutt ; Mr. Thomas Pattinson,
 builder.
 Ellera. — Arthur H. Heywood, Esq., J.P.
 Ellera Bank. — Mrs. Cunningham.
 Ellera Hotel. — Mr. T. Swainson.
 Ellerthwaite. — Jas. Thomson, Esq., J.P.
 Fairfield. — Captain Dettmar.
 Fairhaven. — Captain Sandwith.
 Fallbarrow. — J. Rawson, Esq.
 Fallbarrow Cottage. — W. Rawlinson, Esq.
 Ferney Green. — Mrs. Cutler.
 Ferry Hotel. — Mr. Borwick.
 Fountain Cottage. — Miss Wilson ; Mr. J. Titterington, L.H.
 Grange, the. — N. Rattray, Esq.
 Green Bank. — Joseph Livesey, Esq., and Mrs. W. Bownass.
 Green Bank. — Mr. Sisson, grocer.
 Grove House. —
 Haigh, the. — G. H. Puckle, Esq., J.P.
 Hazledale Villa. — Miss Parkinson.
 Hazlethwaite. — R. M. Somervell, Esq.
 Hazlewood Cottage. — Major Tredennick.
 Harrowslack. — George Goore, Esq.
 Helm. — Wm. Pritt, Esq.
 High Fold, *Troutbeck*. — Mr. W. Mounsey, registrar.
 Highfield. — Edward Banner, Esq.
 High Street. — Mr. William Harrison, builder.
 Holbeck. — Jas. Wrigley, Esq.
 Holbeck Cottage. — Miss Meyer.
 Holeherd. — John M. Dunlop, Esq., J. P.
 Holly Hill. — F. Clowes, Esq.
 Holly Lodge. — Mr. Bambridge.
 How Villa. — Mr. T. Mounsey.
 How Foot. — Rev. J. H. Carlisle.
 Howe, the, *Troutbeck*. —
 Ibbotsholme. — Samuel Taylor, Esq., J.P.
 Lake Cottage. — Miss Wright.
 Lake Hotel (private). — Mr. Richard Hayton.
 Lake View Villas. — G. T. Edwards, Esq. ; Mr. Holland, L.H.
 Langrigge House. —
 Lily Cottage, *Troutbeck*. — Mr. Turner.
 Low Wood Hotel. — Mr. R. Logan.

- Matson's. — Geo. Heeley, Esq.
 Mortal Man Inn, *Troutbeck*. — Mr. Todd.
 Mylnbeck. — Mrs. Ransome.
 New Hall Bank. — Mr. W. Dobson, L.H. ; Mr. Dobson, solicitor.
 North View. — Mrs. Mac Dougall.
 North Cottage. — Mr. R. Dickinson, L.H.
 Oak Bank. — Capt. Elms.
 Oakland. — W. F. Palmer, Esq.
 Oakthorpe — A. Hamilton, Esq., M.D.
 Old England Hotel. — Mrs. Jas. Scott.
 Old Oak. — Mr. J. Atkinson, spirit merchant.
 Orrest Head. — Mr. Joseph Crosthwaite.
 Orrest House. — Captain Little, R. N. ; Mr. James Atkinson.
 Orrest View. — Mrs. Willan, L.H.
 Park Range. — Mrs. Burton ; Mrs. Geldard ; Mrs. Wright.
 Post-Office. — Mr. J. Garnett, printer and publisher.
 Post-Office, *Bowness*. — Mr. R. Robinson, stationer.
 Priory, the. — Miss Carver.
 Queen's Hotel. — Mrs. Roden.
 Rayrigg. — Rev. Fletcher Fleming.
 Rayrigg Villa. — Mr. E. Deason.
 Rectory — Rev. Canon Edward P. Stock, M.A.
 Rock Field. — Miss Turner.
 Rockside. — Mr. M. Taylor, L.H.
 Rockville. — John Fisher, Esq., solicitor.
 Royal Hotel. — Mrs. Jas. Scott.
 Station-Master. — Mr. Wm. Beckett.
 St. Catherine's. — The Earl of Bradford.
 St. Mary's Cottage. — Mrs. John Pedder.
 St. Mary's Terrace — Mr. W. J. Pennington.
 Sunbeams. — Mr. J. T. Bownass, solicitor ; Brunskill Brothers,
 photographers.
 Stonecliff. — Mr. Rawcliff ; Mr. Seed, L.H.
 Storrs. — Rev. Thos. Staniforth.
 Terrace, the. — Mrs. King ; Miss Holt ; R. Hutchinson, Esq. ;
 and Mrs. Kay.
 The Cragg, *Troutbeck*. — Captain Dawson, of the 8th, King's.
 The Square, *Bowness*. — Mr. J. Metcalfe, draper and confec-
 tioner ; Mr. C. Birkett, chemist and grocer ; Mr. R.
 Gregg, grocer ; Mr. J. Atkinson, banking agent and
 draper ; Mr. Nicholls, bazaar ; Mr. Wharton, parish
 clerk.
 Thornbarrow House. — Rev. Walter Brooksbank.
 Town End, *Troutbeck*. — Mr. George Browne.

Troutbeck Vicarage. — Rev. Joseph Hudson.
 Vicarage (St. Mary's). — Rev. H. Ainslie, M.A.
 Victoria Street. — Mr. N. Swann, draper ; Mr. John Airey,
 draper and grocer.
 Waterside Cottage. — Rev. W. Merriman.
 Wansfell. — Thomas Wrigley, Esq.
 Windermere Hotel. — Mr. John Rigg.
 Windermere Bank. — Mr. R. Hayton ; Mr. J. Brockbank, L.H.
 Windermere Villa. — Thos. Dobson, Esq., M.D.
 Winlass Beck. — Mrs. Jeffray.
 Wood, the. — Mrs. Crewdson.
 Woodlands. — Sir Henry H. Berney, Bart.
 Woodside. — Mr. J. Brownrigg, builder.
 Wheatlands. — Mrs. Atkinson.
 Yew Tree. — Mr. R. Atkinson, builder.

AMBLESIDE.

Belle View. — Rev. Charles Herbert, D.D., Vicar.
 Bank Cottage. — Mrs. J. A. Smith ; Miss Kelly.
 Beech Cottage. — Mrs. James Newton.
 Brathay Vicarage. — Rev. H. S. Callender.
 Brathay Bank. — John Barratt, Esq.
 Brathay Hall. — Giles Redmayne, Esq., J.P.
 Broadlands. — Miss Claude.
 Brunt How. — James Bousfield, Esq.
 Chapel Cottage. — Mrs. Hannah Kendall, dressmaker.
 Clappersgate. — Miss Mary Cookson.
 Croft. — Mrs. Fletcher.
 Cross Brow. — Mrs. Townson.
 Cross Syke Hill. — Jonathan Thompson, lodging-house.
 County House. — Mrs Brockbank.
 Chapel Hill. — Mrs. T. H. Cousins, L.H.
 Crescent Villa. — Mrs. William Barton ; Mrs. James Gibson ;
 Mrs. Mathew Clark, L.H.
 Eller Bank. — Mrs. Thomas Newton, L.H.
 Ellerhow. — Henry Boyle, Esq.
 Fairfield House. — Mrs. J. Fleming.
 Field Foot. — W. Dilworth Crewdson, Esq., J.P.

- Fishgarths. — W. Ravenscroft, Esq.
 Fox Ghyll. — Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.
 Fox How. — Miss F. Arnold.
 Free Grammar School. — Mr. J. Bentley and G. Joyce.
 Fisherbeck. — Mrs. Shepherd ; Mrs. John Robinson ; Mrs. John Dove, L.H.
 Fir Tree Cottage. — Mrs. Isaac Dixon, L.H.
 Fairfield View. — Mrs. George Lupton, L.H.
 Gale Bank. — Miss Napier.
 Gale House. — Augustus Johnstone, surgeon.
 Gale Cottage. — Francis Broughton, M.D.
 Gale How. — George Wrigley, Esq.
 Gale How. — Miss Wilson.
 Gale Lodge. — Miss Morse ; Miss Smith.
 Gale Mount — Mrs. William Wilson ; Mrs. Brian Mason ; Mrs. William Oldfield ; Miss Dorothy Troughton, L.H.
 Glen Brathay. — Miss E. Bromehead.
 Glen Rothay, *Rydal*. — William Ball, Esq.
 Green. — Miss. Ann Preston.
 High Bailiff. — Mr. Thomas Mackereth, Loughrigg Terrace.
 High Close. — E. B. W. Balme, Esq., J.P.
 Hill Top. — Mr. Wm. Garnett, land surveyor, L.H.
 Hillside Cottage. — Mrs. Thomas Backhouse, L.H.
 Ionian House. — Mrs. Edward Tyson, L.H.
 Lake Road. — Messrs. Parker and Head, Leighton, Houldin, R. F. Bell, Townson, Bownass, Grier, Mason, Nichols.
 Lake View. — Rev. T. Rae, wesleyan minister.
 Lesketh How. — Frank Maude Taylor Jones, Esq.
 Loughrigg Brow. — Rev. Canon Charles D. Bell, M.A.
 Loughrigg Cottage. — Morris Reynolds, Esq.
 Loughrigg Holme. — Miss Quillinan.
 Lowfield. — Miss Ridgeway.
 Low Nook. — Matthew Kennedy, Esq.
 Lowfold. — Mrs. John Rigg ; Miss Bailey ; Mrs. W. Sharp, L.H.
 Lake Road. — Mrs. William Slater ; Mrs. J. Hodgson ; Mrs. Ensell ; Mrs. John Jackson, L.H.
 Lake View. — Mrs. Isaac Slater ; Mrs. Matthew Fleining ; Mrs. David Gould, L.H.
 Mill Cottage. — Mrs. Jane Bonney, L.H.
 Market Place. — Mr. Abbot, coaching agent ; Mr. Hird, watchmaker ; Allen Mackereth, grocer ; Mr. James Simpson Turner, spirit merchant ; Mr. W. Moor King, surgeon.
 Meadow Bank. — The Misses James.
 Miller Bridge. — Rev. J. Clay.

- Nab Cottage, *Rydal*. — Mr. R. Wilson.
 Neam Wood, *Skelwith Bridge*. — Arthur Adams, Esq.
 Oak Bank. — Mrs. Irton Fell.
 Old Brathay. — Mrs. Hodgson.
 Orchard. — Mr. Thomas Bell, chemist and druggist.
 Parsonage, *Rydal*. — Rev. J. Atkinson.
 Post-office, Market Place. — Mr. W. J. Ewington.
 Pullwyke. — Mrs. Hull Brown.
 Prospect Cottage. — Mrs. J. Walmsley, L.H.
 Queen's Hotel. — Mr. John Brown.
 Rose Cottage. — Mrs. Iles.
 Rothay Cottage. — Robert J. Simpson, Esq.
 Race Cottage. — Mrs. Ann Higgins, L.H.
 Rydal Hall. — General Hughes le Fleming.
 Rydal Lodge. — Mrs. Irving.
 Rydal Mount. — Robert Crewdson, Esq.
 Salutation Hotel. — Mr. Michael Taylor.
 Scale How — Mrs. D. Harrison.
 Seathwaite. — Mrs. N. Donaldson.
 Seathwaite Rayne. — Mrs. Firth.
 Solicitors. — George Gatey, Market Place ; Mr. H. W. Heelis,
 Church Street.
 Spring Cottage. — J. Friend, Esq.
 Surgeon. — Robt. Harrison, Esq., Fairfield View.
 Sweden Bank. — Rev. Walter Michael Tomlinson, curate.
 Mr. Richard Martin.
 Sweden How. — Edward Brown, Esq.
 Springfield. — Mrs. Ann Green, L.H.
 The Cottage. — E. H. Clerke, Esq.
 The Knoll. —
 The Oaks. — Mrs. Hopkinson.
 The Nook. — Mr. R. P. Hunter, draper.
 Under Mount, *Rydal*. — Miss Smith.
 Walton Cottage. — Mrs. Wilfred Stalker, L.H.
 Wanlass How. — David Mac Iver, Esq., M.P.
 Water Edge House. — Mrs. Robert Hardy, L.H.
 Waterhead. — Mrs. Carr.
 Waterhead Cottage.
 " " — Mrs. W. B. Clarke.
 " " — William Pritt, Esq.
 " Hotel. — Mrs. Backhouse.
 " House. — Thomas Frederick Bolton, Esq.
 White Lion Hotel. — Margaret Rainford.
 White Moss Cottage. — Mrs. Joseph Hodgson.

Willy Hill, *Clappersgate*. — Mrs. Hargreaves.

GRASMERE.

Above Beck. — Captain Hopwood.
 Allan Bank. —
 Brig Allan. — Mrs. Fleming.
 Butharlyp How. — Mrs. Sykes.
 Ben Place. — Mrs. Hodgson.
 Bell View. — Miss Simpson.
 Beck Steps. — Robert Graham.
 Beck Allans. — P. R. Harrison, College.
 Broad Gate Villa. — Mr. J. Usher.
 Broad Gate House. — Mr. R. J. Sproat, L.H.
 Cragg Cottage. — Miss Fleming.
 Cragg Side. — J. H. Tremmenheere, Esq.
 Church Style. — Miss Wilson.
 Dale Lodge. — Robert Farquhar, Esq.
 Easdale House. — Rev. H. M. Fletcher.
 Eller Close. — Miss Taylor.
 Forest Side. — Mrs. Young.
 Glenthorn. — Rev. E. Jefferies, M. A, Rector.
 Green Bank. — Mr. J. Gilbanks.
 Helm Side. — Mrs. Arnold.
 Hollins. — John Harward, Esq.
 Howe Foot. — Miss Cookson.
 Hunting Style. — The Misses Ross.
 Heugh Folds. — Miss Richardson.
 Kelbarrow. Mrs. R. Gladstone.
 Kitty Cragg. — Hallawell, Esq.
 Kirk Allans. — Mr. M. Dixon.
 Lancrigg. — Lady Richardson.
 Lea, The. — Rev. A. Oliver.
 Lake View. — Mr. T. Pickthall.
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